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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION.
IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT
IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE.
THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS
ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY
BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

IS DEMOCRACY DOOMED?

A DEBATE

IN the two articles which follow, the new political philosophy which threatens to sweep over Europe is discussed as a new world issue. Hitherto we have thought of Fascism as an Italian phenomenon; this it is no longer possible to do. Democracy is dead in Europe, says Mr. Desmond, and he implies that it is moribund in the United States. In his opinion the whole world will soon have to choose between Communism and Fascism. First will come civil wars, then a great Red-Black struggle. As between the two, Fascism is the more likely alternative, since large groups among the middle classes of France, Spain, Germany, and England are pining for dictatorship, and every type and class looks for salvation to a Superman.

On the other hand, argues Mr. Elliott, civilized humanity will not relinquish the inalienable rights for which it has fought so bitterly. Perhaps the old parliamentary systems are too clumsy for the adequate settling of the complicated problems of our age, but we shall find new democratic machinery to protect our rights and our dignity as individuals. Fascism may "work" in Italy, temporarily, but wait till it begins to turn upon its creators!

I—FASCISM: THE NEW WORLD ISSUE

SHAW DESMOND

FASCISMO is Benito Mussolini. Benito Mussolini is Fascismo. To understand the Italian Dictator is to understand Fascismo. Fascismo is not only Italian; it is already a European issue. More, it is potentially a world issue in which America may be involved.

Fascism is going to split Europe into two camps,— the “Red” and the “Black”. It will be increasingly difficult for men and women who sympathize neither with Fascismo nor with Communism, with the Black Shirts nor the Reds, to hold themselves aloof. They will be compelled to take sides.

Since the war, the writer has been traveling through Europe gathering his facts and has reached two conclusions: First, that we are about to see attempts at Fascist dictatorships in various European countries; second, that this will be followed by civil wars in those countries between Black and Red,— that is, by national wars,— and then by war between the Red International and the Black International, as the national organizations of each side link up.

Only one thing could prevent the coming struggle between Black and Red, a prophylactic worse than the disease, and that is the new world war for which all Europe is stealthily preparing, despite all Leagues and Pacts. But as, according to the information at my disposal, and to quote the words of a British senior Admiral with whom I discussed the question, “Europe will not be ready for a new war for twelve to fifteen years,” and as Fascismo is an immediate issue, it seems almost assured that we shall see the Red and Black war of which I have spoken.

When I first met Mussolini in the Socialist International he was a syndicalist, contemptuous of constitutional action by the vote and a believer in direct action or force. Benito Mussolini is still contemptuous of constitutional action. He still believes in force. He has but exchanged the Syndicalist label for the Fascist. Men change their labels,— rarely their natures.

The real Mussolini is a deadly parallel to that other dictator whom I knew, Nicolai Lenin, whose corpse in the Kremlin is

more living to-day than ever was the living Lenin. Lenin has become a legend. Mussolini is already a legend. Lenin had a desperate sincerity. So has Benito Mussolini. Nicolai would have let his arms and legs be torn off for the cause in which he believed. So would Benito. The former established a sheer minority dictatorship based upon force. So has the latter. The former demanded implicit obedience without criticism. So does the latter. Lenin believed in his star. So does Mussolini. Moscow and Rome, enemies in a word, are exactly the same thing under a different name.

What the world, and especially America, still as remote from European thought currents as though she were Ireland or Peking, has not realized is that behind Fascismo there stands a philosophy, — a terrible or a beautiful philosophy, just as one looks at it. It is the philosophy of the Superman, or as the opponents of Fascismo would put it, of the Supermonster.

It is, in a word, the only *practical* alternative to democracy. And democracy in Europe no longer exists.

"*L'Etat, c'est moi*," said Mussolini. I, because by God I am called. I, because I am the superman incarnate, even as that Napoleon of whom I secretly believe I am the incarnation, was the heaven-sent messenger. I, because like Napoleon, I am law-giver as well as war lord. I, because the people, paying to me the allegiance which the inferior always pays to his spiritual superior hail me as Cæsar. Above all I, because of the results. Supermen do not argue.

But he does not say, "*Après moi le déluge*." The great Dictator means Fascismo as a permanent condition. He means, he believes, secretly, that it will cover Europe as a garment. He regards it as the great revelation of our time to a sick and sorry world.

Once you grant the superman premise of the great mystic-realist, as Mussolini really is, the rest follows of itself.

When he is cut off,—and Benito Mussolini may live twelve hours or he may live twelve years,—the God in whom he has come in his later years to believe, will elect his successor, even as the Popes are elected. (He has already nominated his own successor in case of accident.) This is the new Roman apostolic succession.

To his successors as to himself, the forty millions who compose

the great factory which now is Italy will be required to give unquestioning obedience. "I ask discipline, not criticism," says Mussolini. And now we see emerging the Idea.

Everything is to be done to make this Idea absolute, fool and fault proof. For this Idea is the Imperial Idea, at its head an Imperial superman, — perhaps, some day, who knows, Benito Mussolini himself. What Napoleon did, Napoleon can do.

Here is the machine behind the Idea. First, the passing of the law making Mussolini responsible only to the King, and not, as heretofore, to the King and Parliament. (But how long will a superman who is king-maker find himself in loyalty to the king?)

Secondly, the establishment of the mediæval "podesta" as the nucleus of government, virtually wiping out local and administrative elections. With this goes the delegation of sweeping administrative powers to prefects, these prefects being appointed by the central government, — that is, by Mussolini himself.

Thirdly, the abolition of all political action by the law which recognizes only the Fascist compulsory arbitration courts which at a stroke cripples both the plutocracy and the democracy, — both regarded by Fascismo as enemies of the State . . . Mussolini again. From these courts there is no appeal, save to Caesar . . . again Mussolini.

Lastly, criticism of the government or of the Premier, whether in Italy or abroad, is punishable by confiscation of the property of the critic. This gets rid of the last vestige of democracy, — that is, the right to free speech.

Now becomes clear the reason for Mussolini's flirtation with the Roman Church, to which he was once so bitterly opposed. The psychological metamorphosis is obvious, — as obvious as that of his transmutation from Socialism to Fascism. In the latter case it came from the characteristic lack of recognition of genius by the leaders of the Italian Social Democracy, Mussolini one fine day walking out from a meeting of the Labor Union chiefs to declare to them as Disraeli once declared to the British House of Commons, "You will not listen to me to-day. The day will come when you will have to listen!" For the truth is that the world might never have seen Italian Fascismo if its founder had not been a slighted man, and Benito Mussolini could just as easily have made a Red Rome as Lenin made a Red Moscow.

The Dictator's religious metempsychosis in the beginning was calculated, not temperamental as was his political transformation. He saw in the tremendous organization of the Roman Church the most highly developed disciplinary machine in the world, ready to his hand as dictator-superman. He reached out his small white hand to the levers, and those master-mechanics who stand behind the machine did not hinder him. Then, being but a man, though superman, he became enamored of the machine and the spirit behind the machine. Now, Benito Mussolini is probably as sincere and devout a Catholic as any other child of Holy Church.

It is unnecessary here to stress the world possibilities of this alliance for Fascismo, when one remembers that the Catholic Church is a universal church and that if it ever ally itself, even though only tactically, with Fascismo, the Italian repercussions will be felt throughout Europe.

I believe from conversation with two of his lieutenants that what the Italian superman is aiming at is a sort of Holy Roman Empire, — at the head of it, God and His Superman. In the Dictator's own words: "Powerful as in the days of the first Empire of Augustus, Rome must again become the wonder of the whole world."

With this will go the building up of a new Italian Colonial Empire, so founding an outlet for Italy's fast increasing population and giving the "Imperial touch". Italy is to challenge England and France as a great colonizer and is to prove to the world, by force if needs be, that the old Roman colonizing spirit is not dead. In fact, we are to have old Rome revived, but upon an immensely vaster scale and with an iron discipline of which even the Caesars never dreamed.

The Imperial Italian flag is to float over parts of Asia Minor, over a section of Mosul perhaps (has not the Dux been negotiating with England upon this?). The Imperial Italian trumpets are to blare their way across a world from sunrise to sunset even as those of old Rome once did. Mussolini in imagination already sets his mailed foot upon the neck of a prostrate world.

"Breed me more sons!" he cries to the Italian mothers, and they cry in return, "Dux, we will breed them!"

"I will give you bread and circuses," he cries to the Italian people, "and only ask your obedience in return."

"Dux, we will obey," cry the people in that Litany of Death which is already muttering over Europe. For the Dictator offers to Europe's starving millions in a continent faced by the triple phenomena of gradual breakdown of international credit, increase of unemployment, and reduction of purchasing power per head, the three things upon which the Red propaganda flourishes, bread and roses. From my recent visits to the Continent I say without possibility of contradiction that there are literally millions of the common people and especially of the middle classes who would welcome a Fascist dictatorship, especially in France and Spain, and to an increasing extent in England so far as a certain section of the middle classes are concerned, one of course to be allied with the dynasty.

For Mussolini offers the oldest lure in the world, — the lure of romance. Let no realist, so called, underestimate it. The young men and young women of Italy as of some other European countries, notably of France and Germany, under the spur of "revenge", are to-day sick for romance, — even though it be the old romance of "death or glory". And the Italian superman even now is preparing to hurl his legions of youth forward on the path of glorious death, when Italy claims her place in the sun.

The Air Marshal of one of the great Powers, with whom I recently spent some days, told me that some time ago he stood by the side of the new Napoleon at a great review on the banks of the Tiber. At a signal of the slim white hand of the man who actually, perhaps, does hold the future of Europe in that same hand, over a thousand airplanes rose in the air. "They were not for playing with," my friend added significantly.

But Mussolini does not forget the bread with the circuses. In exchange for liberty he has given the Italian people a surplus of the national revenue instead of the original deficit of 17,000,000,000 lire. He has taken an Italy which was gradually falling into chaos and hunger under the disintegration of a corrupt and corrupting Social Democracy, and reduced the thirty millions of working days lost in 1920 through strikes to a trifle of 286,000 lost within the year after he took office, and now to vanishing point. He has put Italy to work where work did not exist. He has given her a new hope and a new ideal. He has put fire into her veins.

This is the man that England with the 800,000 Fascisti which

their chiefs told me they have now enrolled; that France, where the Fascist movement is being earnestly debated in the Chamber; that Spain, with the Fascist chief, General Primo di Rivera, recently the national chief also, — are copying. For Fascismo is now a world issue, with a North American Fascist League already in existence (what about a “clean government” Fascist movement in the United States?), and with the possibilities following an armed struggle in Europe between the Fascisti and their enemies, the Reds, so far as European indebtedness to America is concerned. For if Europe begins to break up, what becomes of the debts?

This series of civil wars will come because the Great War crippled Democracy and because Moscow killed it by flinging the vote and constitutional action upon the scrap-heap, appealing thus to the bullet instead of the ballot. It will come because of the increasing intensity of the Red propaganda as the recent statements of British, French, and German authorities have shown in the parliamentary debates upon the spread of Bolshevism. And the final spur to civil war will be the now desperate position of the European middle classes, crushed between the upper millstone of the plutocracy and the nether millstone of Red Democracy.

Europe's governments nominally hold themselves apart from Fascismo, save in Italy. But when the Red and Black war comes, the officials will be found behind the new Fascismo, or, as one of them said recently to the writer in London, “We shall take Fascismo over as a going concern, appointing our own men instead of those now at the head.”

The European diplomat, whose psychology is as completely unchanged by the War as that of the people he leads, would welcome such a struggle as clearing up an ugly situation and distracting the attention of the voter from the steady growth of unemployment and disintegration of international credit.

In a word, every type and class, save the Red, is now ready to appeal to the Superman as Savior. “Save us or we perish!” they cry.

Only, before now, supermen have hung on crosses!

II — THE CASE AGAINST FASCISM

WILLIAM Y. ELLIOTT

THE essence of democracy may be summed up very simply: All governments derive their just powers from the constitutionally determined consent of the governed. It is impossible to defend democracy, even against such a political philosophy as Fascism, if one agrees to accept the heritage of every use and misuse to which the word "democracy" has been put. It has been used, for instance to describe the Athens that Plato knew, even though the proportion of Athenian citizens to the aliens and slaves whom they ruled was about one to five. In its modern use, however, democracy may be taken as covering any form of government in which there is no legal discrimination as to political rights or civil liberties against any duly qualified citizen, and in which the officers of the government are responsible for their acts, either by judicial review of these acts as to their legality, or by the ultimate power of the electorate to turn officials out of office. Democracy on a large scale necessarily implies representation. The widest variety of machineries of government exist to ensure this rule of law and the responsibility of government. England successfully uses a form of parliamentary responsibility; we put our faith in a division of powers under a constitution with the Supreme Court as umpire and the President as leader.

In the nature of things none of these machineries of government is in danger of perfection, and each of them must depend, for the effectiveness of the democratic control exerted, upon the political psychology and the constitutional morality of the citizens and their representatives. It is idle to ask a people or a race who are what Aristotle called "natural slaves" to assume the full panoply of democratic government or of national self-determination. But where any nation has by a long and educative struggle won some degree of representative control of the policy which shapes its laws and its foreign affairs, through the right of each qualified citizen to vote and freely to associate himself with others to attain a common political end, it is a step backwards to substitute the principle of arbitrary dictatorship for the principle of constitutional responsibility.

That is what Fascism proposes to do, and not for Italy only. The liberal democracy of the last century, with its emphasis upon the protection of freedom and with a faith that it was better to count heads than to break them, is, according to Mussolini, an outworn philosophy. Democracy has broken down under the intense strain put upon it by class warfare under an industrial system. With the coming of a profoundly disruptive dogma like Communism, which advocated the sabotage and overthrow of the bourgeois liberal state, the basis of agreement necessary for the practise of constitutional democracy has disappeared. The "Lo here! Lo there!" pack are in full cry. But the fact is that Democracy, though strained, has really broken down only where it was very new or where it had never really existed. Its strength lies in the broad base of its pyramid of law.

"Fascismo," in the apt words of Mussolini, "seizes individuals by their necks and tells them, 'You must be what you are. If you are a bourgeois you must remain such. You must be proud of your class.'" The principle of performing a function imposed by a will over which there is no constitutional control is to be the new basis of social peace. Mussolini is the professed disciple of Machiavelli. The only test to be put upon a state is the degree to which it succeeds in preserving "law and order", — that is, submission, — and the degree to which it succeeds in speeding up production. Fascism is, then, a collectivistic and anti-individualistic doctrine so far as political ideals are concerned, although it is intensely anti-socialistic in its opposition to the collective ownership or operation of finance and industry. It has no patience with the idea that the moral personality of the individual can only be achieved in an atmosphere of tolerance and free expression. It has laid down patterns for the functioning parts of the state organism.

Democratic thought has been accustomed to measure the progress of humanity in terms of the freedom and dignity achieved by the moral personality of the individual. Fascism proposes, as Prussianism did, to substitute for that measure "the grandeur that was Rome". The individual finds his true glory, it says, in the state. Now it is noteworthy that "the grandeur that was Rome", while it contributed much to the mechanics of civilized human intercourse during the Imperial period, never approached

the creative "glory that was Greece" under the freer age of Pericles in Athens. It is noteworthy also that Imperial Rome was built upon the sound foundations of the earlier Republic, and that as soon as the vigorous spirit of free citizenship departed from the Empire, and the Roman populace became content with bread and circuses, the grandeur of Rome departed also. The moral and spiritual case for a free citizenship is extremely well documented historically.

Whatever the ends of Fascism may be, there is a general agreement that its methods are precisely those of Bolshevism. Mussolini and Lenin stand side by side in their attack upon the whole theory as well as the practise of democratic government. In order to become the servant of a particular ideal of what is good for humanity, it is necessary to lash that many-headed beast, the Public, into order, discipline, and conformity to the ideal. In the case of Lenin the ideal happened to be Communism. Under the dictatorship of the Communist Party, Russia has had very rough going indeed, but Bolshevism seems at least as firmly in the saddle as Fascism is in Italy. Under the dictatorship of the Fascist Party, Italy has also enshrined a collectivist ideal, but her economic practise has been such as has been prescribed by Count Volpi and the *Banca Commerciale*, — in short the most orthodox of capitalist régimes.

Bolshevism's dictatorship, working with an impossible economic apparatus and declaring war upon capitalism, has not — so economists generally insist, — proved to be even a tolerable system of production. Fascism's dictatorship, having worked with a better economic apparatus and technique, and having established itself as the bulwark of the capitalist control of industry, has proved to be a much superior machinery of production. There is, apparently, no pragmatic superiority in the mere possession of a dictator. But so great is the economic superiority of Mussolini's capitalism, especially in the control exercised over Labor, and in the excellent relations established in matters of international finance, that some of the same gentlemen who were a short time ago all for extending the crusade to make the world safe for democracy as far as Moscow, are now heralding Mussolini as the prophet of a new political order. It is obvious that what they were attacking in Bolshevism was not dictator-

ship and the abolition of civil liberties. It would be amusing if the old revolutionary socialist in Mussolini should suddenly leap out and devour these silly sheep of the Fascist flock.

If Lenin could call democracy "a mere bourgeois superstition", Mussolini has been not less biting on several occasions in his references to "the more or less putrescent corpse" of the Goddess of Liberty. Let no one be deceived: property rights to Mussolini are purely a matter of expediency. Yet many who were so eager to scent out Bolsheviks in the United States, have welcomed declared Fascists and Fascist organizations in America. It is true that the latter do not advocate world-wide revolution, but they are avowed disciples of dictatorship, and they wish to control all Italians abroad, even to the "seventh generation".

Clearly the case for Fascism rests upon only one ground with its protagonists outside of Italy: "Fascism is more efficient than democracy because it does not have to placate public opinion or to work through the wasteful and demagogic machinery of elections in order to get strong men for its rulers or strong policies for its state. There is no possibility of lost motion in the parts because everything is directed from the centre of the machine, each part performing its separate function without question." When a philosophy so completely hostile to democracy as to advocate dictatorship and the suppression of all free political criticism or association has spread, even thinly, over much of Europe and the Balkans, it is time to ask its significance.

What is the meaning of this widespread movement? One thing is certain: parliamentary government in which the executive is at the mercy of a system of log-rolling coalitions among party groups is on trial for its life. The need for more independent administration and expert advice is felt. But is that equivalent to saying that democracy itself is on trial? Hardly. The ultimate question is one of evolving new constitutional machinery. The degree of democratic control will no doubt vary with the degree of political capacity in a given citizenship. But democratic control will remain. Italian parliamentarism, which worked only moderately well prior to the strain put upon it by the war, was based upon a system of proportional representation that rendered a strong executive and a stable parliamentary majority impossible. Democratic control, in order to be really effective, must not be

frittered into bits so that the party system becomes a means of escaping responsibility rather than of fixing it. What could Fascism do in England that parliamentary government there cannot? Certainly parliamentary government has achieved much that Fascism cannot hope for. English so-called Fascism is limited to meeting Communist violence in sporadic instances, mainly to preserve free speech. Baldwin has expressed the sound judgment of England against Fascist dictatorship.

Fascism sprang up on account of the breakdown of a particular constitutional system. Without reviewing either Fascism's violence or its virtues, let us at once put the main questions: Is it the best form of government of which Italians are capable, and is it a form of government that offers hope of a better political future if it is adopted in other countries? Is it the only alternative to Communism?

The answer to the first question admittedly depends upon the political character of the Italian people. At the present time Mussolini holds power in Italy subject only to a fictitious legal responsibility to the Italian King, and to a real necessity of placating his black-shirted followers in the hierarchical Fascist organization, for he has driven most of his more formidable opponents and critics into exile, including the grandsons of the Garibaldi whose democratic heroism brought Italy into the *Risorgimento*. Even if the Italians can live forever upon bread and circuses there is some doubt as to his ability to rule the country with a rod heavy enough. He must keep Italy at the peak of productive effort in order to keep up the lira and to command the support of the industrialists and financiers who are now guiding his economic policy. But there are divergent elements in Fascism: the old order of black-shirted "heroes" who want the theatrical gesture and the pose of feudal lords, on the one hand; and on the other, the business leaders of the type of Volpi, Minister of Finance, and the former Nationalists. Farinacci, the egregious *enfant terrible* of Fascism, and a host of local *ducini*, or small Fascist bosses, may be taken as representative of the former element. It is a very hard following to control, given any leader less histrionically qualified than Mussolini; and even Mussolini has had recourse to the *podesta* system to curb these turbulent and feudal followers.

This *podesta* is appointed by the central government, as he was in the days which inspired Machiavelli's *The Prince*. There is now one for each commune of less than five thousand. As the whole of Italy is divided into communes, and as there are about 7500 of these ruled by the *podesta* without responsibility to any council whatever, by far the greater part of the communes come under this system. It is as if town managers, appointed from Boston and subject only to the control of Boston, ruled most of the area of New England. This seems the logical consequence of the new effort on the part of the four great Nationalist leaders who are part of Mussolini's inner council, — Volpi, Federzoni, Corradini, and Rocco, — to control the more intransigent elements of the feudally minded black-shirts. It shows to what a pass a dictatorship must come in its efforts to centralize authority, and it gives promise of future conflict between local Fascist bosses and the *podesta*, to say nothing of the inevitable difficulties that have always confronted an attempt to organize local government under the rigid control of a centralized bureaucracy.

But, say the pragmatic Fascists, it works! Nothing could be more fallacious. Like the laws which force all labor under Fascist and State control, like the laws making all civil servants, even the judiciary and the professors, join the Fascist party, it has not yet been tested. The test will come when this new, universally imposed Fascism begins to turn upon its creators. That time will be at hand after the first intoxication of grandeur has passed off, and the Italian worker and peasant have settled down to the routine business of paying off the huge debt to England and to this country which has not up to this time been actually financed by any budget. The test will come when even the magnificent theatricality of Mussolini begins to pall, and the insupportable brutality of his feudal levies of "smashers" becomes wearisome. Posing in the lion's den, or being saved from "assassination" will hardly suffice the modern Caesar then.

There remains always Napoleon III's gesture of a war to rally failing grandeur. To this end Mussolini has built up a potential army of five million effectives. But is there any conceivable war from which Italy could emerge at the same time with credit and with profit? The League may offer an opportunity to pick the bones of Turkey, if the latter attacks Iraq, but past experience

with the rejuvenated sick man of Europe shows that the picking is apt to be slim and costly. Baiting Germany over the Tyrol minorities, and flouting the League do not promise hope for future peace. The League of Nations has become a reality, although Fascism does not believe in it. It is apt to wish to control its policemen. Modern wars are not good business ventures, in any case, and would be very stoutly opposed by the Nationalist bankers behind Mussolini's throne.

Communism is dead or moribund in Italy and all Europe. But the smashing of coöperatives, the methods of terrorism employed against the Aventine opposition, the muzzling or suspension of nearly all the great papers in Italy, and the long record of Fascist repression and violence, have not tended to heal the old sores left by the war-time division in Italy. Nothing short of a return to the constitutional methods of democratic, though not necessarily parliamentary, control can ever heal them. Italian salvation is hard enough to work out. No one can question the ardor of Mussolini's efforts. He has applied himself to the problem of financial reconstruction with a devotion that seems quite likely to cost him his life, as Wilson's great effort did. If he were not rather a tragic and heroic figure, one might liken him to Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado* with his load of ministries, — Mussolini himself is Minister of the Air, Army, and Navy, and was Minister as well of Home Affairs and Foreign Affairs until the Matteotti scandal shook him loose from the former of the two. But with the added burden of the Premiership and of the rôle of *il Duce* to the Fascists, he is really more like some Atlas trying to support and hold together the beginnings of the Italian Empire that he hopes to create. If the office of Premier were in fact as well as in law placed upon a constitutional basis of election by a really representative parliament, even though it were freed from responsibility to the parliament, as our President is free, the leader who succeeds to the mantle of Mussolini might preserve that garment unrent by civil strife. The time seems ripe in Italy for the inauguration of a constitutional régime, while Mussolini is still an idol to a great part of Italy, as he seems undoubtedly to be. But let him continue to flout the processes of constitutional democracy and put his trust in fear and force, and the future will be revenged upon his dream of a fairer, a greater, and a more prosperous Italy. Perhaps

a foretaste of what may follow will come shortly, when Mussolini may have to go under the surgeon's knife and leave a triumvirate consisting of Farinacci, Federzoni, and General Badoglio in complete charge.

Under modern conditions, which lack the sanction of the religious myth of divine right, Mussolini can hardly dispose of the dictatorship in Italy by testamentary legation. The last will and testament of the arch-prophet Lenin himself was disregarded by his followers. History, which has produced so many "reincarnations" of Caesars and Napoleons, has always written the same aftermath to the dream of personal empire. What other liquidation of Fascism is possible than a constitutional one, based upon democratic responsibility, unless it be the liquidation of feudal strife? It is significant that experienced correspondents in Italy compare Mussolini's rule supported by the Black Shirts with that of Diaz and his *rurales* in Mexico. They predict the same aftermath.

In the long run, after all, democracy may be a more economical as well as a sounder basis for the happy balance between freedom and authority. The pragmatic philosophy of government, that anything is good which works, is not the philosophy of statesmanship. The question that the statesman must answer, on the basis of human nature, past history, and present probabilities, is, how well will it work? For that question is also equivalent to, how long? The men who can so nearly as Mussolini say, "*L'Etat, c'est moi*," ought to add, (for their successors will have to add it), "*Après moi le déluge*." Democracy is sometimes slack; it often fumbles. But it does not juggle so irresponsibly with the peace of the world.

THE CURATE AND THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard

Drawing by Gustaf Tenggren

WHEN the Curate first proposed to the Dean's Daughter, she would not have him at all.

In those days, the Dean's Daughter was young and very pretty. At night she used to roll up her hair in curl-papers, and in daytime she let it hang over her shoulders in long, thick curls; and from her shapely ears hung long pearl earrings.

The young lady was exceedingly popular, and fairly besieged by suitors. She had just been debating in her mind whether she should marry a young baron who had lately come into his patrimony, or accept a distant cousin who was standing for election as Councilor at Malmö. They were good-looking chaps, both of them.

The Curate, on the contrary, was downright ugly. His hands in particular distressed her. It seems that in his childhood he had wandered about the countryside as a common beggar, and his hands had then been so badly frostbitten that they never again could be other than red and swollen. Besides, with his swarthy skin, his beetling brows, and his big shock of coal-black hair, he appeared too wild and strange for words.

However, in after years, when his hair and eyebrows turned gray, he was better-looking. He never could have advanced to a rectorship and risen to the high office of Dean of the Cathedral had he not gone gray rather early in life. Formerly, he had looked more like a highwayman than a clergyman.

The Dean's Daughter used to relate how the Curate, when he first came to the deanery as assistant pastor and amanuensis to her father, burst into the house in his stocking-feet, his boots hanging on a cane over his shoulder, and how her mother, taking him for a gypsy, came near driving him out. In truth, the Dean's lady always felt a bit uneasy for her silver whenever the Curate appeared in the dining room, and the old Dean himself preached Sunday after Sunday rather than let the "wild robber" take the pulpit.



*"She listened in breathless suspense. . . Someone was crying
in the next room"*

The first thing the Curate proceeded to do, upon his arrival at the deanery, was to fall in love with the Dean's Daughter. This he did, too, at the very first dinner with the family.

It was not surprising, for the Dean's Daughter had soft gray eyes, a clear pink and white complexion, and glossy chestnut-brown hair with a glint of gold in it. Moreover, her features were of exquisite mold, the cheeks rounding toward the neck in a delicate curve; and in either cheek was a little dimple, which shows even to this day when she smiles.

The Dean's Daughter was really frightened when she saw that the Curate liked her. She hardly dared venture out into the garden or into the lane. One who had such eyes as the Curate's might take it into his head to lurk behind the road-ditch and kidnap her.

The Dean wrote to the Bishop and the Consistory in all confidence, requesting that another curate be sent him. The one he now had, he said, was a regular barbarian and of no use to him. The fellow sat at meals with his elbows on the table, like a common peasant; he spat on the floor and he wore heavy boots, greased with train oil, that left marks on the carpet. For a whole month the Curate lived at the deanery with no duties assigned him. The Dean would no more let him in among the parish records than he would send him into the pulpit.

The Curate, meanwhile, went about the place, quietly waiting; he expressed neither surprise nor complaint. He had occupation enough following the movements of the Dean's Daughter.

She was wont to sit weaving in a little gable room. The Curate soon discovered that by clambering over a hayloft and creeping across a shed roofed with loose logs, he would come to an aperture that gave on the loom room. At this opening he would sit, hour upon hour, doubled over on his elbows, while the young girl, rosy-cheeked and bare-armed, worked at the loom.

Nor was he long discovering her favorite haunt in the garden. The garden was enclosed by high hedges, as is common in Skåne, and one could be as shut-in there as in a room. But there was a little gate leading to the fields at which the Dean's Daughter would stand sometimes for hours, looking out over the waving corn. And while she stood there the Curate lay hidden in the thick rye but a few feet away, — devouring her with his eyes.

However, in the course of time the Dean received a reply from the Bishop to the effect that his request would be granted. The old Dean was so pleased he could hardly wait to dismiss the Curate. Thrusting the Bishop's letter into his pocket, he at once went down to the Curate's room.

The young clergyman sat writing when the Dean walked in. He was composing a sermon, but he looked as abashed as if he'd been caught inditing a love letter. When the Dean asked him what he had just put away in the drawer of his desk, he could scarcely reply for embarrassment.

The old Dean, thinking he would soon be rid of the Curate, was more kindly disposed toward him than he had been hitherto. For the first time, he wondered how the Curate came to be as he was, and why a man of his sort had become a clergyman. So he began to draw him out.

The Curate now opened his heart to the Dean. He always had had a strong desire to preach, he said. He had preached to the trees at the roadside, when he and his mother went about begging. How or when the thought had first come to him he did not know, but all his life he had wanted to be a parson, just so he could preach.

The old Dean marveled that one who had been so poor had managed to attend school; and the Curate then recounted his experiences. All through his school years he had suffered both hunger and cold; but in all the hardships he had comforted himself with the thought that some day he would lift his voice and speak in the House of God.

Time and again, the Dean thrust his hand in his pocket to pull out the Bishop's letter, but somehow his courage failed; he had not the heart to do it. Instead, he asked if he might read the sermon the Curate was writing.

When he had read it, he shook his head and went his way without a word of comment. But the next Sunday the Curate preached, and he didn't do so very badly, either!

The Dean now undertook to train the Curate; he not only taught him to preach, but to keep the parish records. But many a time he averred that greater sacrifice he could hardly have made than when he refrained from dismissing the Curate.

One can readily understand that if a man of the Dean's years

and wisdom found it hard to fraternize with the Curate, it must have been harder still for the Dean's Daughter, who was not over twenty, and who had been fêted and spoiled all her life.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in midsummer. The deanery was entertaining guests, but they had all gone for a drive in the manorial woodlands, and the servants were out on leave. The only person at home was the Dean's Daughter. Ah, to be sure, there was still another, — the Curate! But the girl knew he was to preach at the sub-parish church that afternoon, or she never would have remained in the house by herself.

Before going to church, the Curate wished to cool his throat with a swallow of unfermented beer from the silver beaker which always stood on the sideboard in the dining room. When he came into the room and found the Dean's Daughter there quite alone, he proposed to her. She gave him a flat No, and he, without further importuning, went his way.

The Dean's Daughter, glad that this long-dreaded moment was over at last, stepped into the parlor and began to pirouette before the mirror. Seeing how dainty and fair and graceful she was, she laughed at the ugly, swart Curate, who thought he could capture her.

Suddenly, she gave a start. What was that? She listened in breathless suspense. . . . Someone was crying in the next room. One of the guests must have returned, she thought, and she ran back into the dining room to see who it was.

Here the crying could be heard very distinctly, but not a living soul was to be seen. The dining hall, spacious though it was, held no nook where a person could hide. All the same, the Dean's Daughter looked under the table and behind the chairs; she peered into the stove-corner, the cupboard, and behind the doors. There was nobody in the room, yet the weeping continued all the while; it seemed to come from a post near the window, about where the Curate had stood when he proposed to her.

The girl tried to persuade herself that it was only imagination. Clenching her teeth, she bravely moved toward the place whence the crying seemed to issue, thinking that now, surely, it would stop.

But indeed, this was no hallucination! The sighing and sobbing

went right on. Somebody was weeping desperately, hopelessly, only two paces away. It was as the weeping of one who claps his hands to his face, throws himself down, and cries as if he would cry himself to death.

Now she was so terror-stricken that she had to sit down to keep from fainting. For a quarter-hour she sat rigidly motionless, her hands tightly clasped, her face white as death, — listening to the unseen weeper. She could not flee, could not cry out; she was as if paralyzed. At every fresh sob, she shook with fright.

Only once did she attempt to move. It suddenly struck her that perhaps the sounds came from somewhere outside. With great effort, she made herself rise, go to open the window, and look out. The yard was quite deserted. Again she dropped into her chair.

It seemed to her that the one who wept must suffer anguish greater than any she had ever imagined. It was a soul in such torment that death and annihilation would have been as balm to it. Nothing on earth could bring consolation to one who wept like that!

For the first time in her life she understood what suffering was. She, too, could have wept had she not been so benumbed by fear. Such mournful, such agonizing sounds! — as if they came from a soul that had been turned away from Paradise.

This lasted a quarter of an hour, — until the sub-parish church bell began to toll. The sexton had seen the Curate coming down the path between the fields, and had rung for vespers.

The Dean's Daughter would not have minded it had the Curate been at home just then; she would have been glad of someone to call to her side. But, at about the time the ringing commenced, the crying ceased.

And now she, in turn, fell to weeping, and did not stop until the home folk returned from the outing.

The instant she heard the crunching of wheels in the driveway, she rushed out to meet the home-comers and tell all that had transpired. But now she could not speak; her lips were as if locked.

"It was for you," said a voice within her. "No one but you must know of this."

The rest of the afternoon she moved as in a dream, thinking herself in another world. All that was said, all that was done,

seemed strangely foreign to her. Then, of a sudden, she came wide-awake. She was standing in the kitchen, and heard the maids say how wonderfully the Curate had preached that afternoon. Every one in church had wept.

Of what had he talked?

He had talked of the anguish of sinful souls when they are shut out of Paradise.

The Dean's Daughter, in mortal terror now, felt herself weighted by a great sin, for which she must atone.

After the evening meal, when the Curate had said good-night, she followed him out into the hall.

"Won't the Pastor please tell me the truth!" she implored. "Was the Pastor crying when he went to church this afternoon?"

"Yes," said he, "I could not help it."

Then the Dean's Daughter knew it was him she had heard. And a wave of tenderness welled up in her heart, as she realized how great was his love, and what he had suffered by her rejection of him. It was wonderful to be so beloved! She thought no more of her other suitors, nor did she remember how poor and homely the Curate was.

"I don't want the Pastor to be so unhappy," she said. "I will try to learn to like the Pastor."

APRIL

A dainty spendthrift, April flings
Her silver out in showers,
And walks across the hills to leave
Light prints of crocus flowers.

—*Earle McGee*

JUDAISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX

The Problem of Anti-Semitism — II

LAST month THE FORUM opened a discussion of the Jewish problem with an article by Lotbrop Stoddard tracing the racial inheritances of the modern Jew. The present paper, which will be published in two parts, traces the development and interprets in general the causes of anti-Semitic persecution, which, as Mr. Fox points out, began long before the Christian era. Future articles in this series will discuss the problem in its specific present-day applications in Europe and the United States.

ANTI-SEMITISM, that infantile sickness of the human, all too human family, has developed with the passing of the centuries into a chronic disease; and although from time to time it may even appear, when superficially regarded, to have spent its force, its periodical recrudescences are both persistent and (to its victims) exceeding painful. In its usual connotation, however, the word "anti-Semitism"

is strangely inaccurate and ill-chosen; for the Jews form but a fraction of the Semitic Race, and anti-Semitic hatred has never been vented against other Semites with anything approaching the relentless ferocity with which it has been, and still is, habitually directed against the people called Israelites. Moreover, the Jews have always been consistently persecuted by Semites, such as the Persians and Moroccans, who feel and manifest an intense pride in their common origin with Israel; so that, in reality, the Jew is the only Semite who is harried and hunted by every race, including his own, for the simple reason that he is a Jew.

Anti-Semitism, then, reduces itself in the last analysis to anti-Judaism. And there is this to be added: the religious element, though very much to the fore, is by no means the dominant reason for anti-Jewish feeling. Religious hatred only masks a deeper and more fundamental antagonism arising from a conflict of social ideals, — an antagonism which, from remote antiquity, has relegated Judaism to a position of splendid and dangerous isolation among the peoples of the Old World (who are also, be it remarked, the peoples of the New). The various existing "religions", or codified systems of morality, are indeed themselves but the by-products of different social conceptions, determined

by climate, sun, means of subsistence, and oro-hydrography (the four "Categories of Influence" established by Bocle): it is the economic and sociological factors alone which are found ultimately to matter.

Anti-Semitism anticipated Christianity by many centuries: we find it in full swing in Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, and Rome. If we concentrate exclusively upon the religious factor, Judaism is seen in simultaneous and permanent conflict with the symbolism of Egypt, the apparent monotheism of Iran, the bureaucratic cult of Rome, and the polytheism of Hellas.

In reality, the rationalistic monotheism of Israel differed not spectacularly from the religions of the Gentile world chiefly by reason of its unique social and ethical orientation, and of its elimination, for all practical purposes, of cosmogony and mysticism (the mysticism which figures so prominently in the Christian religion being derived, not from Hebrew, but from Egyptian and Hindu influences).

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One Lord!" The unity of the Jewish monotheistic doctrine, admitting of no compromise, deviation, or mitigation whatsoever, has been instrumental in the formation, throughout all Israel, of a characteristic and clear-cut conception of the world, with the unity of substance as its basis. To cite two instances only: we find this idea sublimely expounded by Spinoza (at variance, on that point, with Descartes), and by Karl Marx, who discourses of the unity of matter with all the noble inspiration of Isaiah's utterances upon the kindred theme of the unity of God.

Gentile philosophy has oscillated between the affirmation and the negation of the Life-Force: the former tendency finds expression in Hellenism; the latter, in Buddhism. The Greek yielded to the demands of his passions in the hope of obtaining perfect happiness and satisfaction from them. But they brought him nothing but disillusion, envy, and turmoil of spirit. Homer has given us a wonderful exposition of this troubled psychology. The Jew does not advocate submission to the passions, as the Greek, nor mortification thereof, as the Hindu. The Jew admits the passions up to the full limit decreed by Providence: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" With the idea of suicide he does not dally; for the comfortable belief

in compensations beyond the tomb is completely foreign to his ingrained habits of thought: the reward of good or evil actions awaits man here and now. On the other hand, he believes implicitly in progress, and seeks not to create contradictions, but to conciliate them.

The point has been well put by the French sociologist, H. Leroy Beaulieu:

Judaism has invariably been a Law, a religion of the intellect, a cult of the reason, scarcely conducive to mystical transports and to pious languishments. And whereas the peoples who have believed in the Hereafter,—who have been cradled in sweet and consoling dreams; who have adopted as their own the dogmas of reward and punishment, of Heaven and Hell,—accept, with bowed heads, the poverty and sickness which come to them, the Jews reply to the evils that afflict them, neither by the fatalism of the Mussulman, nor by the resignation of the Christian, but by rebellion and revolt. (*Israel chez les Nations.*)

In the course of its autonomous existence, the Jewish People made proof of numerous forms of government. But none of these experiments in ruling and in statecraft, — the paternal dictatorship of Moses; the theocracy of the Prophets; the institution of monarchy, limited and checked by a religious constitution; the republic of the faithful, under the presidency of the High Priests; the despotism of the last petty kings, bolstered up by the legionnaires of Rome, — was ever acceptable to this nation of intensely practical idealists. Perhaps they came nearest to their ultimate social ideal on the rare occasions when it could be written: "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." This much at all events is certain: the Jews did no more than extend the barest toleration to the various sorts of governance to which they were subjected.

The Semite was the organizer of the family, as an institution; and he could only conceive of the State in terms of a great family: the qualification of citizenship must, in his view, both depend upon and proceed from the basic fact of lineal parentage, extending outwards from the original social call (the family) to the *gens*, from the *gens* to the tribe, from the tribe to the union of the tribes. The significance of this subordination of the principle of the State to that of the family is strongly accentuated in the

dispersion of Israel. The Diaspora is rightly judged by many historians to be a phenomenon unique in the annals of mankind. It is indeed a portent, as unparalleled as it is impressive, that a nationality should not only exist, but continue to progress entirely apart from any form of State-organization, by the sheer force of race solidarity, whereof a vast legislation founded upon respect for the personality of each individual Israelite has fixed with precision its directing principles. If Pharaoh Nechao, Nebuchadnezzar, Antiochus Epiphanes, Titus, Adrian, and Torquemada were foiled, each and all, in their attempts to make an end of Israel, the only adequate explanation of their defeat lies in the profound and ineradicable sense of human dignity which the *Thora* had burned everlastingly into the soul of Jewry, welding into an invincible power this nation, shorn of State and territorial possessions indeed, yet jealously conserving its unity of tradition, and guarding intact the assurance of its primacy as the Chosen People of God.

From the times that succeeded the constitution of the Kingdom of Israel, — that is to say, in the eighth century before Christ at a period when Rome was but a miserable collection of hovels, — the social character of Judaism began more and more definitely to manifest itself. The Jewish State tended to crystallize in a highly distinctive and original social régime, — the alliance, under the auspices of Jahweh, of the *Anabim* and *Ebionim* (the poor and disinherited) against the rich and powerful. According to this conception, the temporal power of the king takes upon itself the aspect of a religious and social apostolate: the king must be the king and leader of the poor against the rich. Riches in private hands are the fruit of spoliation and of injustice. The unique function of religion and politics is to protect the poor against the rich by the annihilation of the privileges of wealth. Usury is a heinous crime. The rich man is *a priori* a blackguard, for he cannot have amassed his fortune except by blackguardly means. Anticipating Saint Jérôme, many centuries later, and the Fathers of the Primitive Christian Church, the pietists of Judea stoutly maintained that every rich man is a scoundrel, or the son of a scoundrel. The elect of the House of Israel were the *Ebonim* and the *Anavim*, collectively called the *Chassidim* (the Just Ones). “The Just Ones”: for the exceeding great desire of Israel was

for social justice, for "Righteousness". The Court, the Army, hereditary Aristocracy, stank in the nostrils of the Jew. The idea of Fatherland was for him synonymous with the idea of justice, and the idea of justice was wedded to that of social equality. The pious Israelite accepted poverty without a murmur, because he was conscious of being the friend of God and the elect of his Nation. The *Ebion* did battle for his country with utter self-abnegation as an equal among equals; but he fiercely repudiated all "patriotism" based on inequality and rooted in unrighteousness.

The Fifth Book of Moses, called Deuteronomy, is a serious attempt (perhaps the earliest in history) to create legal guarantees for the poor and oppressed to the detriment of the entrenched forces of wealth and power. Here we find, in a theocratic setting, a complete socialistic program inspired by faith in human solidarity, opposed alike to militarism and to civil hierarchy, striking at the very roots of luxurious living, and regulating the profits of commerce and of industry. Deuteronomy sternly forbids money-lending with usury and suppresses the practise of lending under "security" by forcing the creditor to restore the pledge on the same day at sundown, if the debtor be unable to redeem it. "When thou dost lend thy brother anything, thou shalt not go into his house to fetch the pledge. Thou shalt stand abroad, and the man to whom thou dost lend shall bring out the pledge abroad to thee. And if the man be poor, thou shalt not sleep with his pledge: In any case thou shalt deliver him the pledge again when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his own raiment, and bless thee: and it shall be righteousness unto thee before the Lord thy God." By prohibiting the seizure of clothing, and of utensils necessary to life, Deuteronomy anticipated modern "civilized" law by about three thousand years. But the following law assuredly finds no place in any of our statute-books: "When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it. . . . When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again. . . . When thou gatherest the grapes in thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow."

From the social point of view, Judaism was the first system to

assert any decided tendency to integral justice. Whereas Aristotle found it impossible to conceive of the existence of a State without slaves, and the Romans considered the *Latifundia* as the foundation of their régime, the Mosaic law proclaimed the socialization of the land, and decreed that the soil should be possessed by those who cultivated it (and this by the practical method of apportioning "holdings" in land according to the number of workers in each family). It must, however, be remarked that while powerfully asserting these social tendencies, the Mosaic system escaped the reproach of *summum jus, summa injuria*, by specifically guarding itself against anything in the nature of a wholesale leveling-down: "For the poor shall never cease out of the land," — an explicit recognition, this, of natural inequality as opposed to those inequalities which are artificially created in the name of "civilization". And, inasmuch as the Jews in Palestine were essentially an agricultural people, they jealously conserved, in its integrity, the agrarian organization instituted by Moses; and violations of the Mosaic prescriptions, when they headed in the direction of land-grabbing on the part of the greedy and unscrupulous, were vehemently denounced in the fiery philippics of the Prophets.

The Prophetic Daemon, or Genius, of the Hebrews, which is verily and indeed the quintessence of the Spirit of Israel, has manifested a consistent tendency to claim a purely spiritual hegemony over the other nations, in so far as it professes to point them the way to the attainment of all terrestrial happiness and prosperity. So we have Micah's magnificent prediction that when true civilization is achieved and the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, "All people will walk every one in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever." The spiritual successors of the Prophets, from Maimonides to Marx, have continued the tradition. The nomadic conditions at the outset of Israel's existence, and the subsequent isolation in the Ghetto, have powerfully fostered this missionary sense of cultural responsibility. Rising above the miserable contingencies of the present, Jewish thought preoccupies itself above all with the future.

*"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is — but always to be — blest."*

The exquisite courtesy and tolerance habitually shown by the Hebrew people to the strangers within their gates finds clear expression in the prescriptions of Leviticus: "And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

Grown to maturity upon the soil of Palestine, the spirit of the Law and the Prophets has continued to persist among the children of Israel through all their vicissitudes. Obviously, it has not always kept intact the fulness of its pristine purity: in the nature of things, it was folly to expect otherwise. But, circumscribed by political, social, and moral superstitions, and cloistered in a race, exclusiveness as pernicious to the Jews themselves as to the peoples who surrounded them, this spirit of justice and righteousness has nevertheless tarried in Israel, and has never failed, during the passing of two thousand years, to act and react as a salutary corrective whensoever social morality has been decadent.

In Jewry, this spirit gave birth to the communistic sect of the Essenes, which produced John the Baptist and Jesus Christ. This same spirit later inspired Islam (which is but a materialized form of Judaism adapted to the nomadic mentality), and furnished Christianity with an antidote to the bureaucracy of the Church in the so-called Christian States. It was not without reason that the authorities of Church and State discouraged the reading of the Old Testament, and punished those who translated the Hebrew Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. When the Reformation restored to life the masterpieces of Jewish literature, their spirit of revolt engendered a religious revolution which speedily expressed itself in terms of social and political rebellion. So, in England, the Puritan army of Oliver Cromwell drew its inspiration from the ideals and the hatreds of the Prophets; and Jeremiah arose from the grave to cut off the head of King Charles I. And every American citizen knows the part that was played by Puritanism, — with its essentially Jewish outlook, — in the consolidation of the fortune of his country.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

THE Evangelical Lutheran Church had its origin in the Reformation under the leadership of Martin Luther, who believed that he was restoring the stream of New Testament Christianity. Expelled from the Roman Hierarchy by the Anathema of the Pope in 1521, Luther disclaimed the Pope's authority to separate him from the Church of Christ and began his mission as a reformer in the spirit of St Augustine, St Francis, Wycliffe, and many others. Since his day the faith which bears his name has spread to the ends of the earth, and falls into three main groups, — (1) Evangelical Germany with her neighbors, Poland, Russia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, France, Holland; (2) a group of northern nations which have established the Lutheran Church as the State Church: Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Estonia, and Latvia; (3) the United States of America, which counts twelve million adherents. In other parts of the world Evangelical Lutheran groups are also found, and the total (between eighty and a hundred million, with about seventy thousand congregations and forty-nine thousand pastors) comprises the largest confessional body in non-Roman Evangelic Christendom.

The Lutheran Church emphasizes Christian education. Its central fundamental doctrine is justification by faith alone in Jesus Christ. Its confessional position is indicated in a statement drawn up at the Convention of Lutherans from twenty-two nations held at Eisenach two years ago: "The Lutheran World Convention acknowledges the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the only source and the infallible norm of all church teaching and practise; and sees in the Lutheran Confessions, especially the Unaltered Augsburg Confession and Luther's Small Catechism, a pure exposition of the Word of God."

Lutherans were present in the earliest American colonies. A Lutheran Christmas service was held on Hudson Bay, 1619, and a Lutheran congregation was formed on Manhattan Island in 1648. Early Swedish and German immigrants planted churches in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and Luther's Catechism was translated into the languages of the Virginia Indians in 1646. The first Synod was organized in Pennsylvania in 1748, and a General Synod was organized in 1820. To-day there are seven general Lutheran Church bodies in the United States and Canada with a communicant membership of 2,457,017 and thirteen smaller general Lutheran bodies, using predominantly the English language in services, although the Gospel message is brought to the people in sixteen different languages.

The Lutherans of the United States and Canada have 16,406 churches; 10,799 ministers; 2,622,554 communicants, — and constitute the third largest Protestant Church in this country. There are more than 60,000,000 enrolled Lutherans in Europe; 5,000,000 in North America; 500,000 in Asia; 400,000 in Africa; 300,000 in South America, 350,000 in Oceania. In other words, Lutheranism represents about 47 per cent of Protestantism, 14 per cent of Christendom, and five per cent of the world population.

WHY I AM A LUTHERAN

NATHAN SÖDERBLOM
Archbishop of Upsala

Confessions of Faith — IV

AM I a Lutheran? Certainly I am a member of the One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic church. That Church of God is found in most countries, even in Sweden, yea, it forms the very soul of our nation, according to the words of Gustavus Adolphus anent “the majesty of the Realm of Sweden and God’s Church that dwelleth therein”.

I, myself, and my fellow-believers fully accept St Paul’s spiritual and universal faith, — but we do not call ourselves Paulinians. We fully accept the divine authority of Christ, proclaimed sixteen hundred years ago by Athanasius at Nicea, — but we do not call ourselves Athanasians. We fully accept St Augustine’s personal experience of God’s supreme sovereignty and human impotence in salvation, — but we do not call ourselves Augustinians. We fully accept the wave of love which reached even our distant country in the Franciscan revival of the thirteenth century, — but we do not call ourselves Franciscans.

We fully accept the message of Evangelic trust and freedom entrusted by God to his prophet Martin Luther, the mightiest genius of religion after St Paul. But Martin Luther vehemently forbade his friends to call themselves after him, whose body would soon become a sack of worms. They should call themselves simply Christians and by all means not after his mortal name.

In the second generation of the Reformation in Sweden, under a young king who had through his mother become a Roman Catholic, and under the regency of his uncle, a sympathizer with the mitigated Heidelberg faith, the free Council of Upsala of 1593 endorsed the Evangelic Lutheran creed in all its most authentic and explicit form. But no official document in our Church calls us or our Communion, Lutheran. We call ourselves simply the Church in Sweden. But the use of the name of Martin Luther for our section of the Church has become a custom and an historic necessity.

Why am I a whole-hearted member of that section of the Church of God?

First of all, I was baptized as a child in the Christian Communion. No human understanding can distinguish the moment when the work of the Spirit begins in the soul of the child. Therefore the Church carries the baby to Christ, beginning its initiation into the mysteries of God's revelation and the Christian life.

Just as every one of us enjoys the accumulated treasures of civilization in a special country and is and becomes a member of humanity through an enlightened patriotism, so also the Christian is introduced into the spiritual world and the communion of Saints, that is, into the realm of Reality and Truth, in being, first unconsciously, then little by little consciously, introduced into the genuine tradition and spiritual deposit of his own section of that Universal Church, and he is appurtenant to the Universal Church in proportion as he is a loyal citizen in his own religious fatherland.

Baptism implies a pledge: "baptizing them and teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you." I realized only later in life that the pledge is not equally understood and fulfilled by every section of the Church of God. I had always taken it for granted that every child in our Western civilization learned to read and write and know other useful things as I myself and all Swedish children did. And it puzzled me to hear later that this was not at all the case. Whence the difference? Seeking the answer, I found: Martin Luther and Reformation.

Nothing impressed my childish mind more in Church and in home than the singing of the hymns, which gave wings to imagination and devotion. Asking why such worship, which enveloped and elevated even the mind of a child, is not found everywhere, the answer was the same: Martin Luther and Reformation.

I was seized by the grandeur of the Bible, read in Home and School and Church in our own Swedish tongue and penetrating our literature. Whence that knowledge of the Bible? Answer: Martin Luther and his disciples in Reformation.

Sitting at the great Christmas high mass, awe-struck in the twelfth century Parish Church with its mediaeval paintings, sculptures, monuments, while the priest, who was my father, worshiped in alb and chasuble before the altar and in his high

tenor intoned in the pulpit, "*Var kristtrogen fröjde sig,*" I had no idea that Evangelic Christendom did not accept such venerable and beautiful forms of worship everywhere. Why that reverence? Answer: Martin Luther.

My mother was my first teacher and the best one I ever had. Parts of Martin Luther's Small Catechism were rather hard to learn by heart. But earlier than my memory goes, I have always felt a thrill in my soul when repeating or hearing Martin Luther's confession of his faith in Jesus Christ. I knew later that that piece of literature has been called the most perfect sentence in the German tongue. It runs: "Jesus is My Lord, Who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, secured and delivered me from all sins, from death, and from the power of the devil, not with silver and gold, but with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent sufferings and death; in order that I might be His, live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence, and blessedness: even as He is risen from the dead, and lives and reigns to all eternity."

After studies in philosophy and philology at the University of Upsala, where every matter studied threatened to take my entire mind and life, I went over to the study of theology. Hebrew and Greek are compulsory, because servants of the Church must be able to go to the sources and make a literary research according to the revolutionary rule of humanism, applied to the Bible with more consistency by Luther than by Erasmus. The study of Religion is put into the full daylight of research and scholarship in that seeking for truth in all domains of existence that characterizes a free University. Such is the principle, even if shortcomings hide it. Understanding later on that such a rule for training the Ministry is not applied everywhere, I asked why I was brought to it, and the answer came again: Martin Luther and Reformation.

Analogous experiences are familiar to everyone. If they imply depreciation of other forms of faith and worship and Church organization, they are unworthy of the Christian name. The divine and eternal truth cannot be grasped in its entire fulness by the human mind. The Apostle writes: "I know in part." If any section of the Church claims to know perfectly, it repudiates the testimony of the Apostle. White light is broken into

many colors. In the same way the different sections and directions in the Church of God ought not to boast nor to despise each other, but to contribute with their own purified gifts to the whole of Christianity.

Every one is dependent on the spiritual soil from which he emerges. Only the superficial mind, which never penetrates into the depths of human life, is more or less independent of its own origins. If some one underrates his own spiritual fatherland, if he does not try to see and appreciate what he owes to his education and surroundings, he sins in lack of gratitude to his Creator.

If I try to sum up a definite answer to your question, I might say in the first place that I owe to my section of the Church an overwhelming sense of the greatness of God's free grace as granting forgiveness and peace to the troubled human heart and saving men from perdition, not through their own perishable endeavors and observances and works, but through faith in Jesus Christ.

From this three seeming antinomies are derived:

I—In our Faith, freedom and service are closely united. The thesis of Luther in his "Treaty on Christian liberty" runs: "A Christian is the freest Lord of all things, subject to no one." That he is through trust in God. His confidence, his faith frees him from fear. He fears nothing and nobody except the One Fearful who is God. Trust delivers him from submission to the world, to evil, and to other men. "The one who has a gracious God, should he not break through mountains of copper no longer mortal, but living already here the eternal life." Thus trust in God creates the superman.

But at the same time the Christian is defined by Luther as "the readiest servant submitted to all". That he is through love. Because he can love God only in his fellowmen. Love becomes the passion of his life and makes him eager and thankful to serve with all the spiritual and material means that God has trusted to him.

Such service is not indiscriminate and arbitrary, but each Christian must serve in his own vocation, he must build up all his human relationships, his civic activities and the work of his soul and body unto the living and organic Unity that is his calling. Faithfulness in that calling makes life and work sacred. The

entire human existence thus becomes a service, a worship in the house of God.

II — I have mentioned the high appreciation, some say the overvaluation of knowledge and studies, in authentic Lutheranism and Calvinism. We believe in serious research, in profound thought and clear-cut doctrine. And the personal message has an important place in our worship.

But beside the pulpit which unites us with our brethren in Evangelic Christendom, we have in our sanctuaries an altar, which unites us *mutatis mutandis* with our brethren in Orthodox and Roman Christendom. (Both pulpit and altar are found also in Anglicanism.) The altar means adoration and mystery. The altar and the sacrament of the altar means that human understanding is unable to grasp the mystery of salvation. There is a place in our common worship as well as in theology, where the reason recognizes its inability and falls down in adoration. No sect in Western Christendom outside the Church of Rome has accentuated in its doctrine the Real Presence and the mysterious communion of the Sacrament as has our Evangelic Lutheran sect, although our faith repudiates any quasi-rational magical explanation of the virtue of the Sacrament.

III — The third seeming antinomy unites tradition and freedom. If we have kept time-honored usages and forms in worship, Church ornaments, and organization, that does not mean any allegiance to nomistic or legalistic religion; on the contrary, it is due to a consistent application of Christian freedom. For freedom does not always mean opposition. It is not often realized that the so-called Lutheran faith has no more genuine characteristic than a perhaps sometimes mistaken but sincere and consistent repudiation, in the name of Evangelic faith and freedom, of any form more brutal or more refined of the religion of law. Not even forms and customs described in the New Testament are considered by our Communion as rules for the future. No law can instil life. The principle of faith and love has to be applied under the guidance of God freely to all human conditions, and to all domains of religion and life.

That chief doctrine was ever and ever again preached by our evangelist Olaus Petri, an indefatigable herald of the grace of God through Christ, and at the same time a humanist. His younger

brother, Laurentius Petri, was during more than forty years Archbishop of Upsala, the first of my predecessors after the Reformation. Consecrated by Bishops who were themselves consecrated by a Bishop duly consecrated in Rome, he held "apostolic succession" in the common sense of that word, the true meaning of which has been once and forever explained by Dr. Arthur Headlam, now Bishop of Gloucester. But his genuine apostolic succession is proved more intimately by the following rule in his Church Ordinance of 1571, which belongs to the symbols or confessions of the Church in Sweden. He says that the enemy pretended earlier that ceremonies and vestments and customs were necessary for salvation, although they were indifferent and sometimes contrary to the pure Evangel. Now, he adds, the same enemy attacks us from the other side, telling us that we must for the sake of salvation abolish venerable customs and destroy church ornaments and vestments and customs, although many of them are adiaphora or irrelevant to the Faith and some are dear to the Christian people. No statement can prove more clearly the idea of Christian freedom than this characteristic reverence for things that have become dear to our forebears and that are not contrary to the Evangel.

To be named after Martin Luther is contrary to the prophet, who in the sixteenth century restored and fulfilled the golden line of Evangelic faith and mystical communion with God in St Paul and St Augustine and others. But when a section of the Church must have a name of its own, if we cannot keep to the admonition of the Apostle in the third chapter of First Corinthians to name ourselves only after Christ, I should myself prefer the method criticized in the same chapter. In Corinth they named themselves after St Paul or after Apollos or after Cefas. Some sections of the Church of Christ are named according to their forms of organization, — Papal, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregationalist; others are named in accordance with their special forms of piety, — Baptists, Methodists; some are named after a place or a country, such as Roman, Greek, Anglican. If a special sect-name is necessary, it might be taken from one of the great servants of God and Christ, since the unspeakable richness and mystery of religion is more easily apprehended in a human life than in any formula or doctrine. Thus Augustinian,

Benedictine, Franciscan, Calvinist, Wesleyan are to me, I dare say, expressive names so far. Shall I repeat that, as far as I can see, the history of religion has no genius after St Paul equal to that of Martin Luther?

Perhaps such a custom of using the names of heroes and saints for subdivisions of the Church can bring into it a more correct idea of Christian perfection. Perfection and holiness are too often regarded in a negative sense as lack of faults and sins, instead of in a positive sense. When in consecrating saints, Rome attributes an essential and perhaps the most essential importance to miracles operated by the candidate, that means a primitive conception of religion, which seems to me incompatible with Christianity. But it is at the same time a very strong and wholesome correction of the current Evangelic opinion, because it means that sanctity and perfection are regarded as the outcome and testimony of divine power, not as the absence of more or less conspicuous human imperfections. Faults are obvious in Martin Luther. He often repudiated any attempt to make him a saint. But to come to his writings from those of the great experts of mystical exercises is, as a brilliant devotee of mystical religion wrote to me, when to his astonishment he discovered Martin Luther, like coming from the air of a hot-house to a well of fresh water. Luther was devoured by a passion for peace of soul and divine truth.

If we call ourselves or are called by others by the name of one of those heroes of Christian faith and communion, they all with one voice ask us with the Baptist to look not at themselves nor at ourselves, but at Christ, and they invite us with St Philip to come and see Jesus of Nazareth. Thus overcoming the sectarianism and the too human boundaries of our traditions and conceptions, they oblige us to feel united around the Cross, the supreme symbol of divine grace and human faithfulness.



IN THE WICKED OLD PURITAN DAYS

ROY FLOYD DIBBLE

Drawings by Howard N. Cook

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JOHAN ENDICOTT, Governor of the province of Salem, sat tugging at his beard in dismay. And well he might; for barely had he landed in Massachusetts in 1628 when he was told of the scandalous actions that, for the last two years, had brought disgrace and ridicule upon the holy-minded Puritans. Decidedly, such knavish goings-on could not be permitted; and so John Endicott, clothed in righteousness and armed to the teeth against the Devil, prepared to deal summary justice upon that Satanic spot called, — woefully un-Puritanic name! — Merry-Mount, and upon the chief instigator of its evil deeds: “that unworthy man, and instrumente of mischeefe,” Thomas Morton of Clifford’s Inn, Gent.

A “kind of petie-fogger”, a typically English lover of field sports and nature, an adventurous blade who, so it was rumored, numbered murder among his many lesser crimes, Morton had severed his connection with Clifford’s Inn and with the honorable title of “Gent.” some years before. “In the yeare since the incarnation of Christ, 1622,” he had sailed for Massachusetts, where he had been strongly impressed with the fact that he found “two sortes of people, the one Christians, the other Infidels; these I found most full of humanity, and more friendly then the other.” He had been equally impressed with the “bewty of the Country”. “I did not thinke,” he wrote later, “that in all the knowne world it could be paralel’d for so many goodly

groves of trees, dainty fine round rising hillucks, delicate faire large plaines, sweete cristall fountaines, and clear running streames that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweete a murmuring noise to heare as would even lull the sences with delight a sleepe, so pleasantly doe they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they doe meet and hand in hand runne downe to Neptunes Court, to pay the yearely tribute which they owe to him as soveraigne Lord of all the springs." But some of his "sences", instead of being lulled "with delight a sleepe", were stirred into such activity that, three years later, he returned to New England with a bunch of Falstaffian cronies who proceeded to make things excessively hot for the cold-blooded Puritans.

Headed by one Wollaston, this riotous and rascally crew settled at Passonagessit (now Quincy), built houses on a spacious upland less than a mile from the ocean, and started gaily on their hilarious career. One New England winter, however, convinced Wollaston that he much preferred the milder climate of



Virginia; so thither he went, and Morton was thus enabled to become "Lord of Misrule", as the Puritans called him, — though he himself liked better to be known as "Sachem of Passonagessit", — to found the first, if not the last, "Schoole of Athisme" in New England, and to change the name of the place to Merry-Mount. Inspired by the examples of Saint Paul and Comus, Morton told his thirty-odd followers that they were to "converse, trad, plante and live together as equalls." Sad to relate, the influence of Saint Paul decreased as that of Comus increased, and in 1627, so that faithful chronicler, Bradford, mournfully remarks, "they fell to great licenciousnes, and led a dissolute life, powering out them selves into all profanenes." They learned, among many other interesting things, that the neighboring Indians cared much less for beads and similar trinkets than for firewater and muskets; and a brisk trade in these articles brought in a goodly emolument in the form of valuable beaver-skins. A friendship thus formed by mutual economic interests

soon developed into much more intimate associations. Things came to a climax on May-day in 1627, as Bradford relates: "They allso set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing aboute it many days together, inviting the Indean women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking together (like so many fairies, or furies rather), and worse practises. As if they had anew revived and celebrated the feasts of the Roman Goddes Flora, or the beastly practises of the madd Bacchinalians. Morton likewise (to shew his poetrie), composed sundry rimes and verses, some tending to lasciviousnes, and others to the detraction and scandall of some persons, which he affixed to this



idle or idoll May-polle." One verse gives Morton's significant estimate of the "Indian women":

*Give to the Nympe thats free from scorne
No Irish stuff nor Scotcb overworne.
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Yee shall be welcome to us night and day.*

This would never do. Dignified old graybeards resolutely refused to believe Morton's statement that this was merely "harmless mirth made by younge men, that lived in hope to have wives brought over to them." Such immorality in itself was certainly bad enough, and the Puritans also feared that the "Scume of the countrie", attracted by such highly congenial practises, would come whooping to Merry-Mount; but even worse was the fact that these besotted wretches were making money that should by right have come into Puritan strong-boxes, and, further, that they were supplying the Indians with liquor and firearms. Both Puritanic and economic motives, therefore, caused that peppery hero, Captain Miles Standish, — who, on account of his squat form, was dubbed "Captain Shrimp" by Morton, — to set out hot-foot for the iniquitous place. Some resistance was offered, but the shameless scamps were so intoxicated that they could not even point their guns at Standish and his followers. Morton himself tried to shoot Standish with a carbine "overcharged and almost half filled with powder and shot", but Standish merely brushed the weapon aside "and took him". There was, in fact, no blood-letting of any consequence, "save that one was so



drunk that he ran his own nose upon the point of a sword." Morton was at once arraigned at Plymouth, and Standish advocated his immediate execution; but milder counsels prevailed, and he was condemned to be sent to England for punishment, though Standish was so enraged at this turn of affairs that he threatened to shoot the prisoner with his own hand. To England, accordingly, Morton was shipped on a boat whose rations consisted of a scanty supply of salt pork, dry biscuits, and lemons. In mid-ocean it chanced that he passed another boat on which Endicott was sailing to become Governor of the province of Salem.

And so it happened that Endicott, hearing, almost at the moment of his arrival, of these atrocious doings, tugged at his beard in dismay. But he was not a man to rest inactive; so up he rose and made haste to Merry-Mount, where he "caused that May-polle to be cutt downe, and rebuked them for their profanenes, and admonished them to looke ther should be better walking." Morton, an unscrupulous competitor in the fur trade, had been driven out of business and was in custody; the eighty-foot pine-tree May-pole, wreathed with garlands, ribbons, and ribaldry, and crowned with the antlers of a buck, was destroyed; justice had been properly meted out on all concerned; and Endicott came marching home to take up the duties of his Governorship in peace.

But peace did not last long. In New England, Morton had been merely a disquieting, — and disgusting, — nuisance; in England he was to become a positive danger. The knowledge acquired as a "petie-fogger" enabled him to plead his case so effectively that he was not punished; but his pride, his pleasures, and his fortune had been deeply injured. The reckless vagabond, inspired by a burning desire for revenge, allied himself with Sir Ferdinando Georges, an aged seeker of military and court fame, who had labored long and fruitlessly to gain a position of influence in New England. Acting together with others in authority, the two plotters planned a scheme by which the present charter of Massachusetts would be abrogated and another granted which would place the Governorship in the hands of Georges. So it came about that, in 1629, Endicott, — now Governor of Massachusetts, — and his followers were astounded to learn that

Morton was back at his "old nest" Merry-Mount. The odious fellow found, to his great sorrow, that "some of the worst of the company were disperst, and some of the more modest kept the house;" nevertheless, he stayed on, devising crafty plans against his enemies, and he was so wily and elusive that his second capture was delayed until late in 1630. This time his punishment was severe: he was first to be "sett in the bilbowes" (stocks), then sent back to England, and his house at Merry-Mount was to be burned, "that it might no longer be a roost for shuch unclaine birds to nestle in," and that "the habitation of the wicked should no more appear in Israel". In the "bilbowes", accordingly, he was put; and a crowd of his Indian friends came to gaze curiously upon him, wondering what these strange Puritanic customs meant. When led to the ship, he resolutely refused to set foot upon her and so had to be hoisted on board by a tackle.

In England, however, he was again liberated, and once more, now twice as furious as before, associated himself with Georges for the annulment of the Massachusetts charter. He wrote an account of his activities to a friend in New England, "lest you should think I had died in obscurity, as the brethren vainly intended I should;" and he succeeded in having the ears of Governor Winthrop, — successor to Endicott, — cropped because of his "Amsterdam fantastical ordinances, his preachings, mariages, and other abusive ceremonies, which do exemplify his detestation to the Church of England." He also amused himself by writing "The New English Canaan", — "an infamouse & scurrilous booke . . . full of lyes & slanders, and fraight with profane callumnies against . . . the ways of God." One of these slanders was aimed directly at "Captain Littleworth" (Endicott), who, according to Morton, was to be complimented because he had been "cured of a disease called a wife".

This inchoate, libelous, coarse, now enormously amusing, and now enormously dull, book was written in high spirits, when Morton was certain that swift and sweet revenge was to be his. So proud was he of his performance that he pointed with pride to himself as "a second Perseus: I have uncased Medusa's head, and struck the brethren into astonishment." But all the devices and plans of Georges failed for lack of money. Morton therefore knocked around England for the next few years, now in jail and

now out again; and the year 1643 found him back at Plymouth, a disreputable, penniless Sybarite, "grown old in wickedness," still vaguely plotting schemes of revenge. But Merry-Mount was now entirely disrupted, his bosom companions had all disappeared, the "lasses in beaver coats" were — where? — and his only ally was "one person who is old, weak and decrepid, a very atheist and fit companion for him." He derived some slight satisfaction in poaching on the estate of Captain Standish, who, now long in years but shorter in stature and temper than ever, came bristling after him with a fowling-piece. In 1644 he was once more jailed, fined one hundred pounds, and narrowly escaped a whipping; but "being old and crazy" he was set at liberty, and went to an obscure place where, "living poor and despised, he died" in 1649. And when the news of his death came to John Endicott, — who was now for the third time Governor of Massachusetts, who had succumbed three successive times to the "disease called a wife", who was rejoicing in the knowledge that a church stood near the very spot where the May-pole of Merry-Mount once blighted the landscape, and who was now maturing plans for the extinction of another set of reprobates called Quakers, — the great man smiled with relief, opened the pages of his Bible, and, as he read calmly on, stroked his beard in peace.



PAX ANGLO-AMERICANA?

ARTHUR PONSONBY

IF what we are accustomed to call the "causes of war" really do cause war, then a prolific family of wars is now being bred for some future generation. There is still time to forestall this calamity if the common people throughout the civilized world will take appropriate action. Anglo-Saxons, who have always displayed a genius for government, are more alert than other peoples to the futility of war. Upon them, therefore, devolves the responsibility for making a determined effort to abolish it forever.

WE are entering the second quarter of the twentieth century. Are we entering a new era? That is the crucial question. The answer involves a survey of the ambitions and intentions of the nations. Whatever else may have happened there can be no manner of doubt that the world has become very much smaller, and its component parts have become more closely interdependent. The vibration of ideas is universal, all contacts have multiplied. Intercommunication and transit continue to increase in rapidity. Mankind has become united in a large mass, sensitive to the impulses of any of its sections. This change has occurred within the span of a couple of generations and presents us with problems which our predecessors in all the centuries of history never had to consider. The human mind appears not yet to realize this new intimacy nor to know how to use it. For the time being we are more intently occupied in perfecting the machinery than in planning how we should utilize the association which the machinery makes possible. Unless, in the second quarter of the twentieth century, man sets to work to free himself from slavery to his soulless offspring, the machine, he himself may lose his soul.

The nations of the world in the first quarter of the twentieth century have disgraced themselves. They drifted into a four years' war which settled nothing, a world war which machinery, bred of human ingenuity, made the most barbarous and devastating ever waged in the world's history. Retribution has overtaken all who participated in it. But has any lesson been learned, has any great resolve been made? That is the question which concerns practically every living being. If the period of the next twenty-five years is to be the dawn of a new era, there is one thing and one thing alone which can make it that, — the abolition of war.

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So accustomed have people become to war as an institution, so powerful are the interests which maintain it, so sedulously is the glorification of force taught in the schools, and so deep-seated is the acceptance of the superstition of war as an indispensable and inevitable expedient that the idea of "abolition" is at once condemned as a Utopian fancy. But when it can be demonstrated with telling illustrations from the experience of those now living that war is not bred by man's hatred for man, by racial animosities, by an uncontrollable combative instinct on the part of passionate people, or by any untamable elemental instincts; when it can be shown that the idea of settling delicate international problems and differences by such methods is crass imbecility; and when it can be pointed out that the war of the future is to be a matter of massacring millions of the civilian population, and the wholesale destruction of defenseless cities, — then people may pause and think. Many indeed are pausing and thinking and asking themselves too whether they should tolerate an institution which is an outrage on the moral conscience and an insult to the intelligence of mankind.

Now what are the Governments doing about it? Hopes of a new era are not very bright if we think only of them. But let us consider for a moment the mood of the rulers of the world. They stumbled into the war and they stumbled out of it. No sort of forethought was exercised either in the one case or the other. They prided themselves on their military efforts and were never tired of boasting about them. As to moral effort they were always a little ashamed if it ever became prominent, but there was in any event little enough of it to boast about. They found their countries all suffering in various degrees and in different ways from the consequences of war, and they were embarrassed by the exposure of the lies they had all told to make their people fight. The people honored none of the prominent figures who conducted the monstrous struggle and the disastrous peace negotiations. They all dropped out, died, or fell into obscurity. The people saw no occasion for gratitude, and they were right. There were revolutions, a number of crowns fell, a few dictators tried to make order out of chaos, and many nations attempted to repair ruin by means of slow methods and ill-qualified men. The Governments all continued to be infected by the old nervousness,

and they all showed that they had not learned the one and only lesson which was worth learning from their disastrous experience.

The moderate influences, being singularly ineffective, inept, and without invention, became torn by the largely increasing power of the two extremes, — Fascism and Communism in their various manifestations, — and the old fears were made to possess the peoples as strongly as ever. Germany was forcibly disarmed, but the other nations started again without delay making preparations for the next war. Europe is now a bigger armed camp than it was in 1913, and the President of the United States declares his satisfaction in American military and naval equipment. Shells and bombs are being turned out of the armament factories by the hundred; armored cars, new types of tanks, submarines, mines are being constructed and improved, and the new developments in poison gas are said to be a considerable advance on anything used in the last war. In short, notwithstanding the lesson they have had in the barbarity, inhumanity, extravagance, and futility of force, they are all at work preparing for the next orgy of massacre.

Now let us glance at the international situation from the diplomatic and political point of view. There are far more causes of international dispute than there were in the pre-war years. The disputes, moreover, are not confined to differences between the late allied powers and the late enemy powers, but are widespread between all sections. Indemnities, debts, strategic frontiers, mandates, and treatment of minorities are all causes of bitter controversy. The tangle is so complex and difficult to unravel that, in spite of conferences year by year, a very insufficient approach to recovery has been made. It took four years to throw Germany on her back, and since that, for seven years, her former enemies have been vainly endeavoring to set her on her feet again, — a fine illustration of the imbecility of war.

Germany, distraught and thrown into desperation, is struggling along without stable government, with ever increasing social troubles, snatching at the straws of concessions and promises thrown out to her from time to time by the western Powers. France, the victor, is hardly better off. Also without stable government, she is on the slippery slope of bankruptcy and still seeks some one who will guide her from her sea of trouble into

smooth waters. Intoxicated by victory, the Government held out prospects to her people that all their burdens would be relieved by a flow of money from Germany. Vast military expenditure has been indulged in, in order to safeguard her dearly bought supremacy. Entanglements in profitless and unnecessary wars have drained still further her Treasury and added nothing to her prestige. It is not impossible that in the long run she may suffer even more than her defeated foe.

Italy is gripped by the hand of an unscrupulous dictator, who boasts that he saved her from falling into the opposite extreme. Terror-stricken and submissive, the people have almost lost their souls. The question is not whether such a situation can last, because of course it cannot, but whether or not its break-up will lead to very serious internal trouble.

In Great Britain the post-war boom was followed by instability, and that again by reaction, increasing industrial trouble, and aggravated economic dislocation. Puzzled and undistinguished rulers are trying little palliatives, watching with dismay the negative results of their efforts, and preparing safeguards for the day when an impatient people will call on them to go.

The United States may be considered by some people to have come out of the crisis best. Their assistance helped to win the war, they therefore got glory. Their brave sons fought and fell, they therefore tasted bereavement and suffering. Economically they fared well. From the material point of view their success has removed misgivings about war. To play a noble part in a great adventure and to come out of it with flying colors is a good excuse for some self-satisfaction and a little conceit. They are looking forward to the next adventure. But man learns from adversity and suffering a thousand times more than he ever can from prosperity and success. From the spiritual point of view the American people have suffered most of all. They are slow to wake up to the gigantic deception. Their reluctance to be drawn into European quarrels is very natural. The League of Nations is given the cold shoulder, and even the International Court hardly finds favor. Self-sufficiency, aloofness, and the weakening of idealism and altruism may indicate only a passing mood. However that may be, in the world as it is constituted to-day the United States cannot stand outside; she must be inside the world

family of nations helping them in their struggles and bringing her potent but for the moment more latent moral force to bear toward the solution of the great world problems.

Russia is the outcast. War, revolution, more war, more revolution, civil war, famine, bankruptcy, — all in an acute degree have taught her a suffering which no other nation has reached. She has emerged in a guise which greatly displeases the nations. Fanciful, childish, superstitious, and reckless, Russia is under an autocracy as she was before; but she is using her astonishing powers of invention and creation to establish order out of chaos and, through crude blunders and fantastic notions, to feel her way to a new system of life and to a fuller development, not only of the potential riches of her country, but of the amazing genius of her people. Russia is the pariah. If cast out from Europe she will find friends in Asia. This brings us to situations.

We find the near East and the far East armed to the teeth. By whom? By the great Christian nations of the West who, through their armament firms, pour a ceaseless flow of the latest types of armaments into the countries where the combative instinct is easily aroused, and these armaments may be used at any time, and have been used, against the people in whose country they were manufactured. Asia armed to the teeth is not a pleasant prospect.

That is one situation. The next which claims attention is the calm way in which people speak of the inevitability of war between the United States and Japan. Apparently it is only postponed, but we are going to have it sooner or later. A certain firm in a certain country is supplying both the future combatants with the finest shells. When the United States Inspector comes, the Japanese shells are screened off, and when the Japanese Inspector comes, the American shells are screened off. The necessary animosity must be kept alive to bring in these tempting orders.

There are prominent individuals in England who would like to fight the Bolsheviks so that we might have an opportunity for our incorrigible habit of teaching people how to govern themselves. The troubles in Morocco and Syria are not settled, and Iraq has become the centre of grave dispute.

Never has the saying that war breeds war been more fully

justified. The Great War will have a large family if what we have hitherto been accustomed to call causes of war do eventually cause war.

In turning to the brighter side, fortunately there is ground for hope. The Governments are not doing much, but they are endeavoring to do something. The League of Nations is consolidating its position, and, if it can achieve three great radical reforms, may become a supreme peace preserver: (1) it must be all-inclusive; (2) it must represent more directly peoples as well as Governments; (3) and (most important of all) force must be entirely eliminated as the basis of its authority. Locarno in spirit was a great advance. On paper it means very little and indeed might bring grave trouble. But let it be clearly understood that wars do not arise from breaches of treaties or unprovoked aggression, nor from assassinations and such like incidents. The most serious difference can be got over if there is an absence of ill-will, and if the Governments negotiating do not hold the war card in their hand. The war card means full equipment in armaments and a reliance on the people to be willing to fight. A cursory glance at world history in the years before 1914 will show any student that the war card was in the hands of each of the Great Powers, and it was only a matter of time and opportunity for it to be flung on the table.

In order to eliminate the war card, therefore, armaments must be abolished. This can be done by the Governments prohibiting their manufacture or by the people refusing to use them. The Governments are trying to make a start with a disarmament conference. We wish them all good fortune. But their difficulties are formidable. Regulation, standards, limits of expenditure, investigations into manufacture and arms traffic are all points about which general agreement may be difficult to reach, and drastic measures are hardly to be expected. But with all the greater powers represented some start might be made.

This brings us to the people, and here we find our best hopes can be centred. In all countries, although in varying degrees, the people are disillusioned. They see what a fraud war is, they have discovered how they have been misled, and the majority of them fully understand that international war means a sham fight against the wrong enemy. They have no quarrel with their

fellow workers in foreign lands. Why should they be made to kill them in a vain attempt to settle other people's quarrels?

We have heard a lot about the cruelty of war, and indeed that can hardly be exaggerated. But horrors lose their power to shock. We have heard of the immorality of war, but we find that the churches all the world over join in the war effort with zest. We have heard of the expense and extravagance of war, and indeed we see plainly enough the ruin and bankruptcy it brings, but if we have got sufficient to keep our heads above water other people's money troubles do not affect us very deeply. But when we find that this vast expenditure of human effort and wealth ends in nothing but evil consequences, we begin to wonder whether in the interests of sanity we should not put a stop to it.

The people are the agents as well as the victims, and they can do it if they want to. If they do not do it they must not blame their Governments. In Great Britain they are beginning to want to. They are thinking the thing out and making a determined resolve. They have not forgotten. They at any rate seem to have learned a lesson. In other countries the same spirit exists, though to a lesser degree. It is not favored by those in authority and it is not advertised. But ideas have a way of spreading; no frontiers or fortifications can hold them back. If the people of the United States would join with the people of Great Britain who, without waiting for schemes and plans which require the sanction of Governments and Parliaments and endless discussion before Leagues and Conferences, are declaring by the voice of each individual man and woman in a Peace Letter addressed to the Prime Minister that in no circumstances will they consent to help in an attempt to settle international disputes by the massacre of millions of men, women, and children and by the destruction of cities, a mighty chorus will rise from these separate individual Anglo-Saxon voices joined in harmony. Such a splendid chorus would find a ready echo in foreign lands and would unfailingly influence Governments.

By this means the world might be saved by the common people, and the twentieth century might yet bring the inauguration of the new era in which man will no longer be distracted from the real and nobler work of life by the senseless barbarity of international slaughter.

A PLEA FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

WILLIAM McDougall

WHY is it that one of the most important of all human puzzles, namely our deep instinctive belief in the transcendence of mind, is so persistently neglected? Organized science scorns the claims of those who believe in "supernormal" phenomena, yet numerous men of intellect, including famous scientists, who have devoted careful attention to psychical research, have become profoundly impressed by the evidence. The eminent Harvard psychologist urges men of science to undertake an exhaustive inquiry.

IN all ages the mass of mankind has believed in the occurrence of certain phenomena which have excited wonder because they seem to show that a few persons possess supernormal capacities. As science has become more and more definitely mechanistic, it has become possible to define these alleged capacities negatively, to say that they include all those which seem to fall outside the limits of the possible as prescribed by a strictly mechanistic science. These alleged capacities fall into two distinct groups: (1) Capacity for manifesting knowledge not obtained, directly or indirectly, through sense-perception; (2) the production of physical changes in ways that cannot be interpreted in terms of physical science as now understood and which seem to be irreconcilable with strictly mechanistic science.

We may speak of all alleged manifestations of these two classes as supernormal phenomena. If such phenomena, of either or both classes, really occur, they would seem to show that the categories of physical science are not adequate to the interpretation of life and mind. That is the essence of their claim upon the interest of men of science. For science does unmistakably claim, through the mouths of the great majority of its devotees, that its mechanistic categories are adequate to such interpretation; that the operations of mind do not transcend these categories, are not exceptions to its laws; that the world as described by mechanistic science is a closed system and that the phenomena of mind must be interpreted in a manner compatible with this mechanistic description of the world.

The essential question raised by these alleged supernormal phenomena is this: Can we find in them empirical evidence that mind transcends the categories of mechanistic science?

Now I observe that the vast majority of civilized intelligent men always have accepted, and do still accept the positive answer to this question. Indeed, their lives are controlled in some measure by this belief. For the vast majority still profess to accept religion of some kind, and to accept any religion is to accept this positive answer, to assert that mind is transcendent. It may be said that Pantheism is a religion which does not imply this belief. But it is clear that a mechanistic pantheism, such as that of Spinoza, can be called a religion only by exercising a degree of courtesy which amounts to an actual misuse of language.

I observe, also, that vast numbers of intelligent men, including all Christians, believe they have empirical evidence of this transcendence in the facts of prayer and worship and in what they regard as the historical bases of their religion. Furthermore, a smaller, but still a very large, number believe that they have empirical evidences of such transcendence of more striking and unmistakable kinds, and they base their religious beliefs largely upon such evidence.

Science on the other hand has asserted, more and more confidently throughout the modern period, that such evidences never have occurred and never can occur; that the alleged evidences always are and always will be illusory. It is not to be doubted, I think, that, if this verdict of science should become generally accepted, in the course of a few generations all religion will disappear from the civilized world, except as a subject for antiquarian and anthropological research.

This consideration is the ground of the importance claimed for psychical research. For psychical research is essentially the endeavor to answer this question: Can we find empirical evidence of the transcendence of mind?

If the answer should be clearly and finally positive, it will be a sure basis on which religions may continue to develop. If the answer should be finally negative, we must reconcile ourselves to the disappearance of all religion. Civilization must proceed to adjust itself on a new moral basis.

The determination of this issue lies with men of science. Here is a responsibility which they cannot repudiate without incurring grave reproach. Yet, with very few exceptions, they do repudiate it. They show a scornful hostility to psychical research, or, at

the best, a strict neutrality which in practical effect is the reverse of benevolent.

There are those among the men of science who excuse this hostility by professing to know that the answer must be, in any event, in the negative, that alleged supernormal phenomena cannot occur because, by definition, they would be inconsistent with the strictly mechanistic scheme of the world, a scheme which is believed to be literally and finally true. This is to deduce the negative answer from a metaphysical dogma or prejudice.

Most of the men of science who maintain this dogmatic negative have been led to this position, I believe, not through any critical or philosophical reflection, but through the cumulative effect on them of the successive triumphs of mechanistic science. This is true more especially of the biologists. When they discover, to select one example, that the eggs of a sea-urchin can be induced to develop parthenogenetically by the addition of certain salts to the water in which they live, they are inspired with an unjustified confidence in the adequacy of physical and chemical principles to the explanation of all the phenomena of life and mind.

Another group of scientists who reject the possibility of any positive answer to our question consists of those who report that they approached it with an open mind. But they have found, they say, in every instance of alleged supernormal phenomena, that the supposed facts would not stand criticism but dissolved into error and fraud. They believe, therefore, that this will be true of every alleged instance if it be examined with sufficient care.

If every competent and scientifically trained investigator who has given serious attention to alleged supernormal phenomena, or even if a majority of such men, had reached this conclusion, the argument would be strong and would justify a fair degree of confidence in a negative answer to our great question. But what are the facts? They are exactly the opposite. During the last half century a number of men whose names stand high in the learned world have interested themselves in these alleged supernormal phenomena. Some of these are men of science of high standing, — such men as Sir William Crookes, Lord Rayleigh, and Professor Charles Richet. Others are men of intellectual

eminence who, although not technically men of science, are competent judges of the claims of science, — men such as Henry Sidgwick, William James, Professor Bergson, Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, and Lord Balfour. Now the fact seems to be that no one such man has ever turned away from psychical research declaring himself satisfied of the truth of the negative answer. Instead, every one of them seems to have become more rather than less inclined to admit the positive answer. Some of them have been led, indeed, to assert the positive answer with the utmost confidence.

This state of affairs constitutes, I submit, strong ground for demanding systematic and sustained investigation, by the methods of science, into the alleged phenomena. And more, it constitutes strong ground for believing that eventually the positive answer will turn out to be the true one.

Consider the state of affairs throughout our western civilization. The world is divided into two acutely opposed parties. On the one hand, organized science, which formerly battled for the right to live, is now powerful and aggressive. It wields an immense authority and bears a correspondingly great responsibility. And it steadily maintains before the world the attitude that this question of the transcendence of mind is a closed one, that science has finally answered it in the negative and that no further investigation is needed.

On the other hand stands practically all the rest of mankind; nearly all that part of the learned world which is not directly concerned with natural science, all the representatives of religion, all the members of the various churches. This overwhelming majority continues to affirm its belief in the transcendence of mind, and, for the most part, attaches great practical importance to this belief.

Between these two parties, between the highly organized and efficient army of science which dogmatically denies and the vast public which confidently and somewhat uncritically affirms, we have a tiny group of men, a few score in number, who are trying to get at the truth, who are trying to gather and to evaluate all the empirical evidence that can be adduced.

This is not a satisfactory state of affairs. The social mind cannot be healthy while it is thus acutely divided on a matter

which is rightly felt to be supremely important. Already there are signs that the tension between the two parties is becoming acute. The assembled bishops of the Episcopal Church of America have announced authoritatively the reality of spiritual healing. The English bishops have this aspect of the question under consideration and seem likely to agree with their American brothers. In certain States of this country we seem to be within sight of a time when State schools and universities will be forbidden to teach some, at least, of the conclusions and theories of science.

The representatives of science face this growing volume of discontent confidently and even scornfully. But is such confidence justified? Let us reflect that the position maintained by science is intrinsically weak, because it is not established by the principles of science, but rather, like the opposing creed, remains a matter of faith and of dogma rather than of demonstration. While this remains true, it is foolish for science to believe that its authority will suffice to dragoon the mass of mankind into acquiescence.

I would say to the army of science and especially to its leaders — Beware! Your position is not so strong as you seem to think it. There are within your ranks many who are not convinced of the justice of your attitude. There remains the possibility, even, of a crushing demonstration of the falsity of your position. The ruthless application of the methods of science may deal this blow at any moment. And if it falls, you will be made ridiculous before the world.

The time has come, I urge, when men of science should combine and, by a concentrated and sustained effort, settle this great question forever. It is not yet fifty years since a few pioneers began critically to examine the alleged evidences of the transcendence of mind. During these years a mere handful of competent persons have attempted to carry on the research, handicapped by the hostility of both the dogmatically opposed parties. If organized science would adopt, in this matter, the truly scientific attitude; if it would support psychical research freely and unreservedly, then every type of the alleged supernormal phenomena could be investigated adequately and evaluated critically. And if, after fifty years of psychical research thus

supported and cultivated, no such evidence should be found to have withstood the application of scientific method, then, at last, science might be able to maintain, with justice, the attitude which at present it assumes dogmatically and uncritically.

If, on the other hand, the verdict after fifty years should be that some things do happen which cannot be reconciled with a strictly mechanistic science, that will not mean, as has sometimes been asserted, that science is thereby overthrown and destroyed. It may merely prove that mind is what all men, the few scientific extremists excepted, have always held it to be, namely a creative activity that cannot be brought within the bounds set by the mechanistic categories. And the recognition of this fact, if fact it be, may open a new door for the progress of science and may increase vastly its efficacy in the promotion of human welfare and in the harmonious development of our civilization.

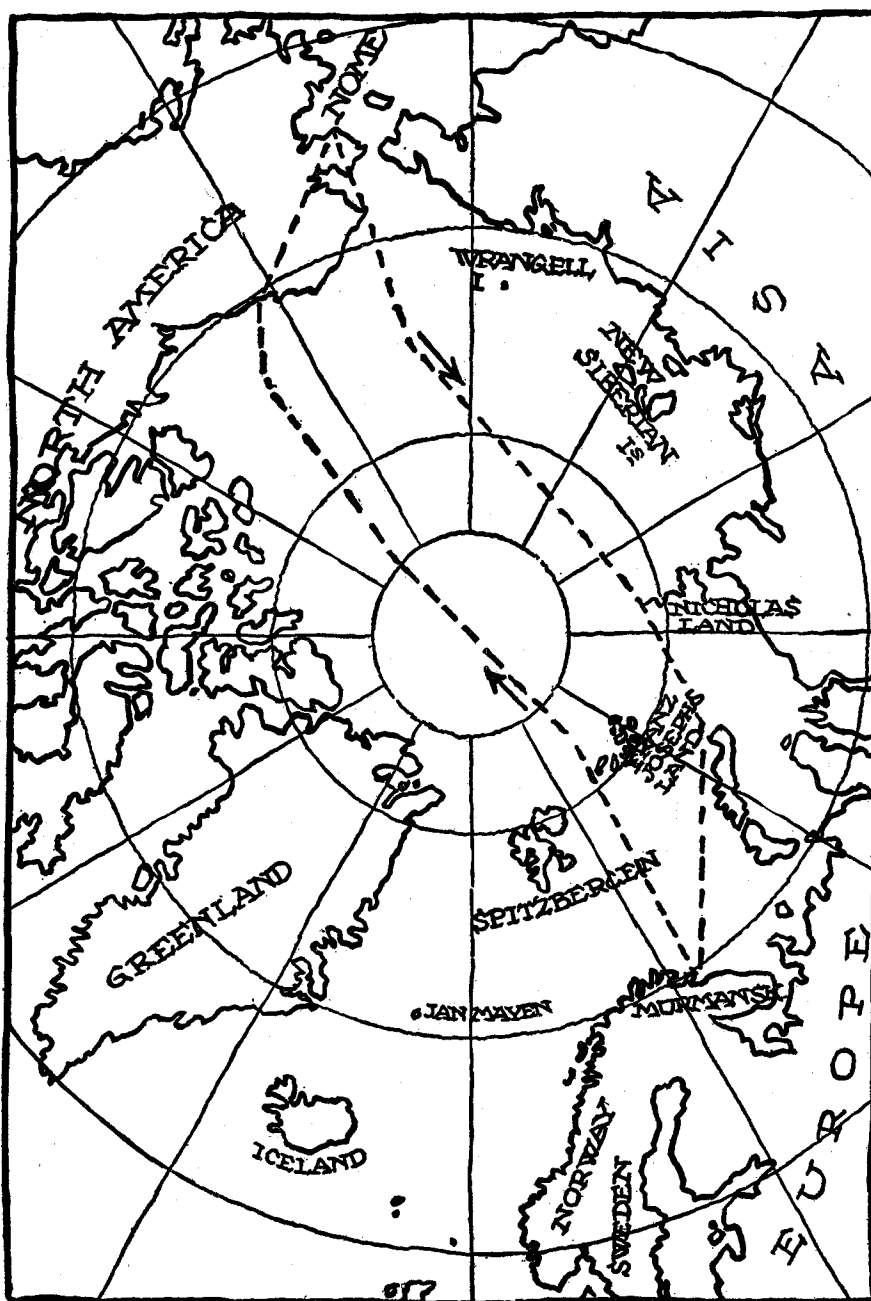
WEED

YOU, weed in my heart
Will you listen to reason?

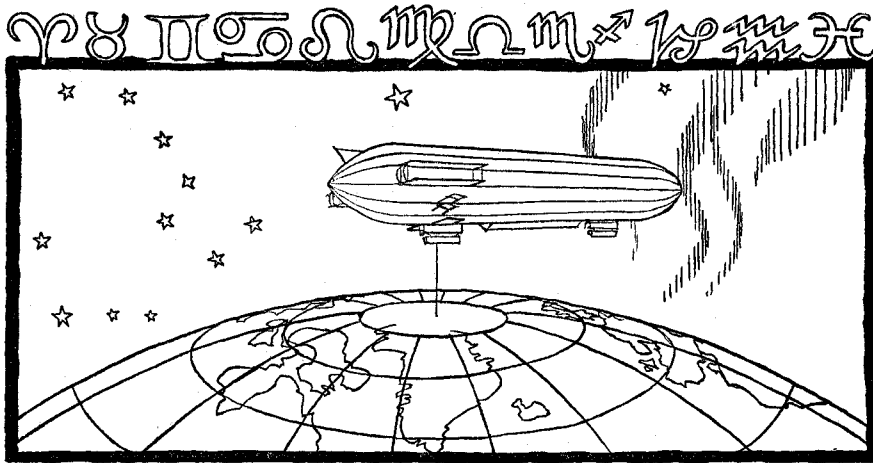
If I let you live, will you die at the end of a season,
Nor steal down into a root to wait for spring's
Insurgent growth to crowd out everything?
I must protect the fragrant garden flowers
That I have sown and reared in quiet hours.
May a gardener ever be merciful to weeds?

*You thrive unwatched,
You have such light-winged seeds!*

—Marie Emilie Gilchrist



Map of North Polar regions showing proposed route for airship exploration



TO THE NORTH POLE BY AIRSHIP

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

Drawings by Johan Bull

IN discussing polar exploration one is often asked the same old question: What good does it do? Why should men risk their lives simply in order to fill in on the map those white patches of valueless frozen land and sea?

Yet the mere fact that these regions form a part, still unknown, of the surface of our world, is enough to make it impossible for us to rest until we have explored them. A fundamental characteristic of human nature is that the unknown, in whatever form, has an irresistible attraction for us, especially when it concerns the world in which we live.

Furthermore, it is precisely the fact of these polar regions being so cold and frozen and barren that makes their exploration of such importance. The physical conditions there, with the long summer day and the long winter night, are so different from those familiar to us in every other part of the world and exercise such a strong influence upon them, that it becomes a matter of paramount importance for our understanding of the physics of the whole globe that we should gain the fullest possible knowledge of the areas near the poles.

The north polar regions, being considerably nearer than the south polar regions, exert a stronger direct influence upon the conditions in our northern hemisphere. They have, therefore, the first claim upon our interest. It is only natural that polar exploration has chiefly concentrated upon these northern regions.

In drawing up the program for future north polar exploration in its main outlines we must understand clearly which are the most important problems awaiting solution.

The first great question that confronts us is that of the distribution of land and sea. We now know the boundaries of all the continental land-surfaces both in the Old World and in the New. The last problem that remained to be settled here was the northern extent of Greenland; but even the northern coast of that country has now been surveyed by Peary and by the Danish travelers Mylius Erichsen, Knud Rasmussen, Lange Koch, and others. There no longer seems to be any possibility of any large continuous land surface within the unknown regions. This does not mean that there may not be large or small islands, still unknown, forming a sort of continuation of the groups of islands already known to us.

To discover and survey such possible islands in the unknown region will be an important task for future research, but there is another task that from a scientific point of view must be deemed of even greater importance. This is the determination of the northern extension of the continental land-masses and the rough limitation of the area of deep sea in the still unknown polar regions. It should be remembered that the boundaries of the great continental land-masses are not fixed by the coasts of the land above the sea, but by the edge of the so-called continental shelf, which, at a comparatively moderate depth below sea-level, often extends far out beyond the coasts and must be considered part of the continent itself. At the edge of this shelf, usually at a depth of between three hundred and six hundred feet below the sea level, the floor of the sea usually drops away precipitously to the great ocean deeps of several thousand feet.

From the north of Siberia this continental shelf extends very far, for hundreds of miles. Its surface, which is remarkably even, is not very far below sea-level, much of it being less than one hundred and fifty feet down. It was over this remarkably

shallow continental shelf that both the *Jeanette* (1879-81) and the *Maud* (1922-24) drifted along their two years' drift routes. Only at one place, namely north of the New Siberian Island, on the *Fram's* drift route in 1893, has the edge of this shelf been definitely located. At that place it was in nearly seventy-nine degrees, north latitude, and more than three hundred miles north of the Siberian coast. At another point, about midway between the New Siberian Island and Cape Cheljuskin, the Russian expedition of 1913 took a sounding of 1319 feet without reaching the bottom, and it seems probable that they were then at the edge of the shelf. North of Canada the continental shelf also extends for a great distance, embracing the entire Arctic Archipelago; but how far it continues to the north of this, and north of Greenland, is entirely unknown. North of Alaska, at Point Barrow and eastward, the edge of the shelf comes very near the coast.

On the Norwegian *Fram* expedition in 1893-96 it was discovered that there is a deep ocean basin, with depths ranging from 9800 to 12,630 feet, in the regions near the North Pole, and that this extends, as a continuation of the Norwegian Sea, far around the north of Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land to north of the New Siberian Island, and probably still farther to the eastward.

This ocean basin forms the northern end of a series of ocean deeps which stretch northward from the east of the Atlantic and constitute a line of demarcation between the two great continental masses, — Eurasia and North America. These deeps form a more or less continuous sea, in which the separate deeps are separated by submarine ridges such as the Scotland-Faero-Iceland-Greenland Ridge, the low ridge between Jan Mayen and Bear Island, and the ridge probably existing between northwest Spitzbergen and northeast Greenland.

It is not yet known how far this deep north polar basin stretches eastward toward Bering Strait and Alaska. I assume that it continues to within a short distance of the north coast of Alaska, which assumption seems to be confirmed by the previously mentioned soundings in this region, which showed that a deep sea extends south to a distance of about fifty miles from the north coast of Alaska and reaches as far north as at least seventy-

four degrees, north latitude, or more than two hundred miles north of the coast. How much farther this deep sea extends and whether it connects with our deep sea north of the New Siberian Island or is separated from it by submarine ridges, remains an open question. That there exists in the upper layers of the sea an open connection between the sea north of Alaska and the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland is proved by the drift of various objects in the ice. These and other evidences show that there is a steady, if slow, drift of the ice-masses from the sea north of Alaska and Bering Strait, across the sea near the North Pole, and on southward between Spitzbergen and Greenland. But whether this sea is mainly deep or shallow is not known.

The largest geographical task that still has to be performed in the north polar regions is to determine the extension of the north polar deep sea in all directions, and to establish roughly the boundaries of the continental shelf on both sides. If the surface of this shelf rises above the sea at various places, thus forming large or small islands, their discovery will be very interesting but scientifically it will be of more value to determine the extension of the actual shelf.

In addition to these purely geographical problems awaiting solution in the unknown north, we must emphasize the fact that it is of vital importance to study the physical conditions in these northern regions. The circulation in our atmosphere is due, mainly, to the heating of the air by solar radiation in the warmer regions and its cooling in the colder ones, especially in the polar areas. To try to discover the laws governing the circulation of our atmosphere without a knowledge of the polar regions and their physical conditions is comparable, therefore, to the action of a man attempting to study the laws by which water circulates in the heating apparatus in a house, without knowing anything about the radiators that emit the heat. It is generally recognized that the meteorological conditions in the Arctic regions exercise a decisive influence upon the weather conditions in our latitudes, and that meteorological observations of the different layers of the atmosphere, — near the surface of the earth and at great heights, — in different parts of the north polar regions are of the utmost importance for the understanding of the laws which govern the weather.

Investigations of the earth's magnetism in the unknown regions will also be valuable, and, especially, accurate records of magnetic variation and inclination. Pendulum observations on the drift ice, with the object of ascertaining the force of gravity above the deep Polar Sea and the continental shelf, will be of great scientific interest in supplementing the observations made by Scott-Hansen on the *Fram* expedition (1893-96).

These, then, are the more important of the unsolved scientific problems that await us in the unknown north polar regions. How can we best solve them by the means available to-day?

Formerly three means of transport were employed in the exploration of the north polar regions: voyaging in a ship, sledge expeditions with or without dogs (or reindeer or horses), and drifting with the ice. The first of these methods has the disadvantage that the ship's movements are greatly restricted by the impenetrable polar ice. The second method is laborious and also restricted in range, while it hardly admits of carrying the equipment needed for the various scientific investigations. The third means of transport is very slow, besides having the great disadvantage that the traveler cannot himself decide in which direction he will go, since this depends on the current and the wind. But if one can drift in a well equipped vessel, this method has great advantages for scientific research.

Recent years have put within human reach two new means of transport which, more particularly as regards mobility, are infinitely superior to their predecessors. These are the airplane and the dirigible airship. That the airplane may be useful for reconnoitring appears certain, but there are limits to its utility, at any rate in its present form, as, *inter alia*, Amundsen's remarkable polar flight seems to prove.

The airship, on the other hand, has great advantages even in its present stage of development. In several respects it seems to me an almost ideal means of transport for the geographical exploration of the polar regions, as well as of other unknown parts of the world. If it can be built sufficiently large it will have a lifting power capable of carrying a crew and equipment sufficient for all the necessary investigations. Its radius of action will cover the whole area of the unknown north polar regions.

Given a large airship of this kind, we can practically solve, in

my opinion, the most important of the geographical problems of the unknown north in the course of a few weeks. I will try to give a brief sketch of the manner in which the exploration might be carried out, in accordance with the plan first put forward by Hauptmann Walther Bruns, and given in more detail in the "*Denkschrift*": "*Das Luftschiff als Forschungsmittel in der Arktis*" recently issued by The International Society for the Exploration of the Arctic by Airship, of which the present writer is President.

Our plan is to travel by airship from the Murman coast, over Franz Josef Land, or perhaps preferably between that and Spitzbergen, through the region about the North Pole, on through the unknown regions north of the North American Arctic Archipelago toward Alaska, and thence to Nome in Alaska, where the airship would be moored to a mast in order to take in a fresh supply of fuel for the motors and, if necessary, an additional supply of lifting gas.

It is estimated that the voyage from Murmansk to Nome, a distance of less than four thousand miles, would take three or four days at the outside. The route would be to a very great extent through wholly unknown regions. Soundings would be taken as often as possible by various methods which, we hope, could be used from the air without a landing. In this way it should be possible to establish whether we were above deep sea or shallow sea. The area of the deep sea and the position of the continental shelf could thus be ascertained to a certain extent in this region. But we would also bring the ship down, if possible, on the ice or in open lanes, in several places, in order to make soundings, to take the temperature of the sea at various depths, and to obtain water-samples from deep water.

Should we discover land or islands on the way, it would be easy to make an extremely accurate photographic survey while flying over them, provided there was no fog. An airship is ideal for surveying purposes. Underneath it, fore and aft, are hung two cameras in an exactly horizontal position. By pressing an electric button photographs can be taken with both cameras simultaneously, of the region over which the airship happens to be. As these cameras are separated by the length of the ship, that is, by about six hundred and fifty feet, which forms a good

TO THE NORTH POLE BY AIRSHIP

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base line, and as the correct altitude of the airship above the surface of the land can readily be determined, it is easy to construct from the two photographs a map of the region photographed, even to give altitudes with a remarkable degree of accuracy. By taking these double photographs at proper intervals a survey could be made of the whole region traversed. In the same way we could secure very interesting maps of the drift ice, with all its unevennesses, pressure-ridges, and lanes, which would help us to understand it better than hitherto.

As regards other observations en route, I may mention that we should be able to determine, with a fair amount of accuracy, the magnetic variation in the region through which we passed; while a variety of valuable meteorological observations and investigations could be made.

From Nome the plan would be to make the return voyage nearer the Siberian side of the unknown region, in order to find out the extension of the deep sea and the shelf on this side as well. During this journey we would carry on observations and investigations similar to those on the outward trip. If possible we would go down several times to make soundings and oceanographic examinations. Then we would shape our course for the unknown northern part of Nicholas II Land, northwest of Cape Cheljuskin, in order to determine the extension of this land toward the north and west. From there we would proceed round the north of Nova Zemla and home to Murmansk.

The airship required for a voyage such as this would have to have sufficient lifting power to carry, in addition to fuel for one hundred hours (considerably more than for the long voyage of four thousand miles) a crew with full equipment, also equipment for all the scientific investigations and soundings, and, lastly, to provide for a possible, although improbable, accident to the airship, full equipment for the whole crew for a sledge expedition over the drift ice, with extra provisions for three months.

We consider that it would be desirable to have an airship of about 130,000 or 150,000 cubic meters capacity. Possibly this cubic capacity could be reduced somewhat by careful economy in the weight of the necessary equipment; but in any event the ship would have to be considerably larger than the largest Zeppelin built up to now, namely the *Los Angeles*, which flew

from Friedrichshafen to America in 1924, and had a capacity of 70,000 cubic meters.

A large airship of this nature should be capable, when using the full power of its engines, of a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. If it traveled at full speed all the way in calm weather it should do the 3700 miles from Murmansk to Nome in fifty hours. Even supposing there were a headwind all the way of thirty-five miles an hour, — a velocity seldom met with in the interior of the North Polar Regions, — the ship could cover the distance named in less than one hundred hours.

Should any unforeseen accident happen to the airship on the way, the distance to the nearest known coast, from wherever one happened to be in the unknown region, would never be so great that she could not get near it in a few hours, before the mobility of the ship was completely destroyed. An accident to a ship of this kind would not, as a rule, occur so suddenly that there would not be a reasonable chance of taking this course. With full sledge equipment for three months, the crew would be able to make their way to habitable regions. It must be conceded, therefore, that the risk to the lives of the participants in an expedition like this is so slight that it can scarcely weigh at all in comparison with the important results which may be expected to flow from the expedition.

The most favorable time for the expedition would be the spring, preferably May, when the temperature in these regions is no longer so very low, when the winds as a rule are not high, and when fog occurs very rarely in the interior of the north polar regions, — which, of course, is extremely important. During the *Fram's* three years' drift across the Polar Sea fog was observed, on the average, on only two days in the whole of May.

As I have explained already, even a single air voyage out and back would suffice to furnish a general solution of the chief geographical problems in the unknown regions. Smaller local expeditions by airship across the route outlined above, wherever this was considered especially advisable, would supplement the discoveries made on the first voyage.

But there are still other tasks awaiting us in the unknown north, which cannot be dealt with satisfactorily during such short air expeditions. I refer especially to the examination of the

physical conditions and their changes, mentioned earlier in this article. An adequate knowledge of these can be obtained only by continuous observations over a long period. But even here our airship would come in useful. With its great lifting power of over a hundred tons, it would be able to carry to any point in the polar regions a small expedition of four or five members, with a house and complete scientific and radio equipment, and with provisions and fuel for a sojourn of one or, preferably, two years. The ship could leave them there and return one or two years later to fetch them home.

The best plan would be, undoubtedly, to take this party to a fixed point on land, because, among other reasons, the series of meteorological observations would be of greater value if they were all made at the same place. But for other investigations, especially oceanographic ones, the observations made from drift ice over deep sea would be very valuable. With this object in view an expedition with the necessary equipment might be landed on the drift ice over the deep Polar Sea in the far north, to drift with the ice for a year, and then be picked up. This would presuppose reliable communication by radio, to report their whereabouts at all times.

From what I have set forth it will be seen that the modern airship has made it possible, in my judgment, to solve all the important problems still bound up with the unknown north polar regions; and that the solution of these will mark an important advance in our knowledge of this world and of its physical conditions.



TRUNDLE BED TRASH

Nancy Byrd Turner

Drawings by Decie C. Merwin

BRANDED

AT four I had a bumptious way about me,
Was prone to strut, toplofty, arrogant,
Which moved the neighbors' freckled boy to flout me:
"Trundle bed trash!" he flung his terrible taunt.
It brought me to the dust. Ah, truth that hurts!
Beyond denying how, night by humble night,
My small bed crept from under the big bed's skirts
And drew me in at verge of candlelight.

Trundle bed trash! When all the dark disgrace
Was known to Mother, she bent above my sorrow.
"Trundle bed Treasure, — tell him that to-morrow!"
Her lovely hair against my wretched face.
And so I laid me down in the poor bed,
Not all convinced, but somehow comforted.

EXPERIENCE

ONCE I came home at sunset, that sad hour,
And could not find my mother anywhere.
Darkly remembering witches and their power
I thought, "She is charmed, she is stolen," and in despair,
All over the place, my voice at dolorous pitch,
Went crying to heaven the lost beloved name,
Till lo, around a sudden corner she came,
Uncharmed, unharmed, and with a willow switch.

Seeing her safe repaid for any hurt.
I kissed the rod, then, chastened, crept beneath
The porch and mused on things of life and death,
And watched my slow tears dripping in the dirt, —
Noting at length with wet, regardful eyes
A splendid chance for chocolate mud pies.



HONEY

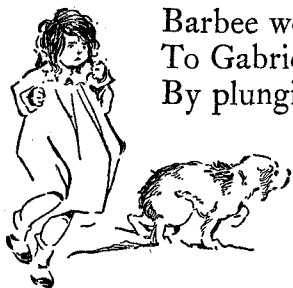
THEY haled me from the nursery to astound
My aunt's young preacher beau with Bible lore.
I mentioned all the patriarchs (I was four)
Then, "Tell us now what valiant Sampson found
In the strong lion." And I, though well aware,
Answered, "Intestines" . . . Nay, I stooped to use
A shorter, uglier word no lady would choose.
It echoed on the pure, expectant air.

Dimly I recollect to-day my hasty
Retreat; my pink aunt wilting in her place;
My perfect knowledge that I had been nasty;
And, most of all, the lean young parson's face, —
His proper, hard held mouth, the agonies
Of laughter in his apostolic eyes.

BARBEE

BARBEE was part of life itself; we could
Not picture earth without her. Dear she moved
Around our home and worked and sang and loved,
Kin of our very selves in all but blood;
And some way found a balm for every hurt,
And somehow made the hardest duty shine, —
Our fireside saint, too busy for a shrine,
Our guardian angel in a gingham skirt.

She had seen us every one into the world,
Each in his little hour. Small doubt was mine
That when the fearsome Judgment skies unfurled,
Barbee would give the gentle countersign
To Gabriel, and, calm, undaunted even
By plunging planets, see us into heaven.



BRAND FROM THE BURNING

A BAD boy whipped my dog, and suddenly
Earth rocked, the stars went on a mad rampage,
And, throwing to all the winds gentility,
I had one wild, red hour of utter rage.
It almost wrecked our simple hearth. And when
The last sky-flung anathema, heart whole,
Roared forth: "*I wish the devil had him!*" Then
Barbee it was who saved me, body and soul.

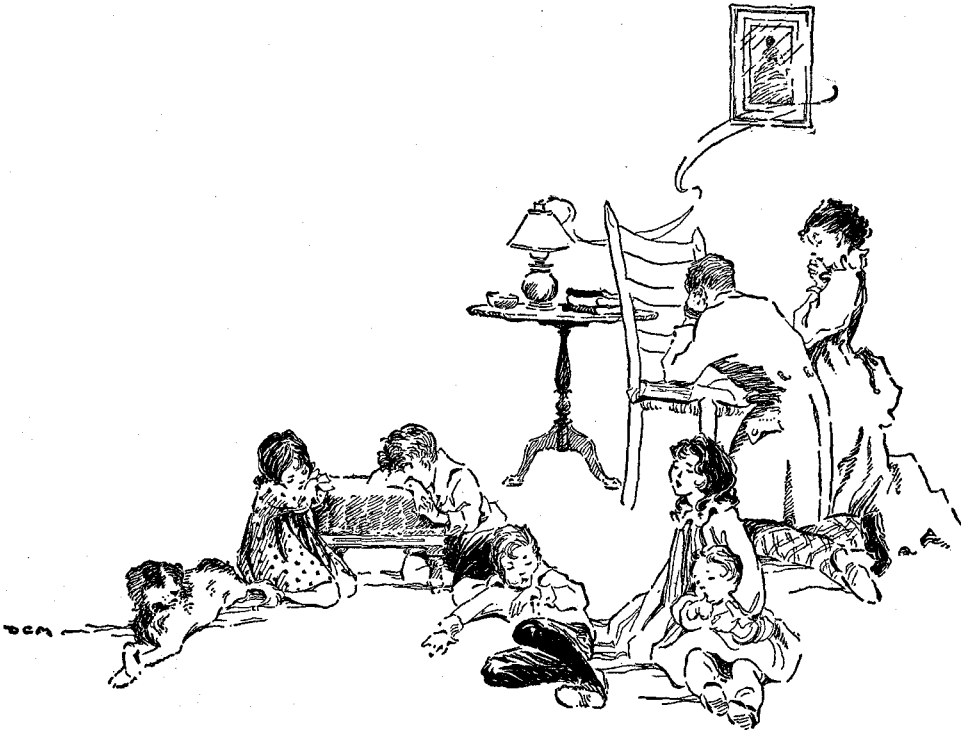
To Mother I seemed a changeling loosed among
Her small, shocked children. Father's head was bent,
Weighing the problem of my punishment.
But into Barbee's open arms I flung,
And on that breast so warm, so wise, so deep,
Still breathing curses, sobbed myself to sleep.



DUSK

SOMETIMES at evening prayer the lamp burned dim;
But Father did not mind. His way was plain
Through psalm and gospel as our orchard lane,
And shadows made no difference to him.
Clear in the dusk rang deeds of holy men,
Five little faces lifted to the Word
Till, "Let us pray," — a solemn bustle, and then
Five little backs bowed low before the Lord.

Often he prayed so near to bedtime hour
That very faint the last Amen would fall, —
The baby crumpled like a folding flower,
Myself immersed in tranquil mysteries,
Francie and Hal flung limp, and slender, small
May Agnes sleeping on her sinless knees.



WHEN I MARRIED A CATHOLIC

WILLIAM POWER

THE writer of this paper describes himself as a beathen, but in his attempt to do justice to opposing sects he manifests a most Christian temper and unmistakable sincerity. He introduces a new and avowedly personal point of view into THE FORUM's discussion of Roman Catholicism, which has so far been largely a matter of attack and defense. There is a widespread impression that marriage between Protestants and Catholics is apt to be a failure; this writer submits impressive evidence to the contrary.

WHEN a man marries a Catholic wife a strange change comes over his being. It is not that he is converted to the Catholic faith. On the contrary, he remains just as firmly non-Catholic as before. It is simply that for the first time in his life he has to do some honest thinking about Catholicism. He cannot make sweeping generalizations concerning the Catholics, their church, and their faith; then tabulate the prejudices and lay them on the shelf, to be called into use whenever needed. The problem steps out of the class of vague generality and becomes deeply personal. He becomes at the same time the defender of Catholicism, as it affects the integrity of his wife, and of the non-Catholic viewpoint on account of his own affiliations. Religion ceases to be an abstraction which, blanket-like, covers all mankind. Instead it is like a jewel of many facets, a phenomenon as multiform as life itself.

A man with a Catholic wife has thus a distinctive point of view on the religious question. To my mind it is the juster. This is my main reason for writing the article. But added to this is the fact that we have lived in Italy, Spain, and France. From an atmosphere of non-Catholic majority, I have been placed in lands overwhelmingly Catholic. Therefore, when I speak of Catholics, I do not speak of them merely as they are in America. It must be forgiven me if in this article I am highly personal; I cannot be otherwise. The religious abstractions I was taught have been contradicted by my personal experience, and I have chosen the latter as my guide. Religion has become in my eyes not so much a clash of thoughts as of temperaments. Religion is as mutable as life itself, depending on individuality, historic inheritance, climate, race, material prosperity, education, contact, and everything else that affects life on this earth.

American Protestants are much too much inclined to lump all Catholics in a heap. Moreover in their minds there always lurks the shadow of the great bulk that constitutes European Catholicism. It is the bugaboo of American religious thought. More false prejudices and conceptions exist about Catholicism at home than exact knowledge concerning it. There is only one set of opinions in Europe I have encountered that has been quite as fantastic. It is exemplified in the ideas of a priest in a small village in the Pyrenees concerning religion in America. He didn't know that there were any American Catholics. He talked about Protestantism but he really didn't know much about it. Just so Protestants will talk about Catholicism. How many of them know anything about its creed, its history, its traditions?

The first and great surprise that one gets upon coming to live in this European Catholic world is to discover that there does not exist any such thing as a Catholic type. Methodist, Episcopalian, Quaker, Baptist, Presbyterian are much more exact definitions than Catholic. The only thing that holds Catholics together is a common ritual. But those who worship by means of this ritual differ so widely as to escape all classification. Catholicism is not so much a sect as it is a world, — a world of struggling, sweating, dreaming, aspiring, despairing, rejoicing individuals, filled with all human faults and virtues, — a great multiform mass of humanity.

Consider the relation of nationality to religion. A Catholic American and a Protestant American have much more in common than a Catholic American and a Catholic of any other land. No better example of that can be found than by watching American colonies in foreign lands. How eagerly one cherishes friends, — Catholic, Protestant, or heathen, — as long as they are from one's own native land. The ties that bind American to American, — homeland, language, customs, and all other familiar things, — are much stronger than religion can create. Catholic and Protestant fought shoulder to shoulder against Protestant and Catholic in the world war. The power of the Church melts before nationalism.

Then too, there is climate and race. The psychology of two such northern races as Protestant Germany and Catholic America are much more closely allied than Catholic America and South-

ern Italy and Spain. The Catholic American would be just as much at a loss to understand the extremely southern and Latin mentality as would be a Protestant American. How often have good French Catholics said to me: "Don't talk to me of the Catholicism of Southern Italy and Southern Spain, it is almost pure paganism. If you want to see real Catholicism, look at the French Church." In the smaller cities of the more northern countries, Catholicism is almost mediaeval. And in dealing with American Catholicism, one feels at once the appalling disconnection with any historic sequence whatsoever.

The Church of to-day is not the Church of the Borgias, as many Protestants would have us believe, any more than the Church of the Borgias was the same as that of St Francis, or that of St Francis the same as primitive Christianity. The Catholic Church itself is to blame for encouraging the error that the Church has remained unchanged throughout the ages. There may be historic sequence, but there is not historic identity.

Individuals too must be judged according to their epoch and historic inheritance, not merely by their rituals. What would Al Smith have in common with St Francis of Assisi, or Senator Walsh with Caesar Borgia? Could we lump into a common classification Al Smith with Léon Daudet, or Senator Walsh with Primo di Rivera?

Again comes the important differentiating factor of training. The Church itself recognizes the difference that schooling makes and strives to give Catholics, the world over, the same sort. And yet a great mass of Catholics are educated in non-sectarian schools.

Then again, there is the overwhelming factor of personality. There are strict Catholics, lax Catholics, jovial Catholics, morose Catholics, Catholics who go to Church on Easter and Christmas, those who go every day, those who don't go at all but send their wives. There are Catholic criminals and Catholic saints. Each of them, to be judged justly, must be judged as an individual.

I have asked you to look upon this Catholic world as a mass of seething, very human individuals. I will now ask you to note that throughout the ages there have been two general tendencies in the Church, — Guelph or Ghibelline, clerical or anti-clerical, conservative or liberal. In studying these two tendencies, it

should be borne in mind that, although the division has been open and bitter in other epochs, at the present moment these parties are not openly and clearly defined. A Catholic may be liberal on certain questions and conservative on others, or wholly conservative or wholly liberal. But there is at present no break in the Catholic Church such as there is in the Protestant Church at home. There are these two vital, struggling, combating tendencies, indicating that mental progress in the Catholic Church is by no means dead, but there is no schism; the Church remains a functioning organism.

It must also be borne in mind that the struggling is not over any theological question. In Europe, the battle of Science versus Theology was fought centuries ago and won. Catholic theology does not bar the road to scientific progress, as certain Protestant Churches do in America to-day. The tremendous background of the Catholic Church and the variety of minds that have gone into its making gives it a flexibility and diversity that no Protestant sect enjoys. As a friend once said to me: "One does not grow out of the Catholic Church; one grows into it." The struggle is between the Catholic hierarchy on one hand and a great mass of the Catholic populace on the other.

This conflict concerning the political and social pretensions of the Church has been one of long standing. To understand it, one must differentiate between the Catholic Church and the Catholic faith,—the one being a body of men, the latter a form of worship. To be a party to the Catholic faith does not necessarily mean that one must approve all the acts of that very human band of men, the clergy. In Europe, although men have great respect for the priesthood, they never lose sight of the humanity of these men who guide them. I had the very good fortune to be in Italy living with an Italian family when the present Pope was being chosen. The interest was the same as in a presidential nomination with us. According to all reports, there were two factions in the Church who were equally strong, and as a result, the present Pope, a more or less compromise candidate, a "dark horse", was elected. Great satisfaction was felt everywhere at the choice. It was satisfaction in the Pope as a man,—his family and his career and his character. But he might have been disapproved as a man. The average European Catholic maintains the same attitude

toward the clergy and the Papal See as we do to our President at home. The President is respected, but no man would think himself the less American for differing with Presidential views. Just so the European Catholic considers himself no less a good Catholic for differing with the hierarchy in social and political matters.

This attitude is not new. Popes have been deposed, imprisoned, killed, and the Holy See has even been shifted, but the Catholic faith has kept on. The great poet of Catholicism spent his life in open combat with the Papal power. Liberalism has never been wholly dead. However, in the religious warfare of Protestant and Catholic, liberalism was practically crushed between the two forces. One of the greatest contributions of the nineteenth century to the world has been the gradual re-birth of the liberal Catholic. Should you ask me to name the country where the individual enjoys most freedom in thought and customs, the country where a man is judged as a man regardless of color, race, creed, or customs, I would name neither England nor the United States, but France, a nation with a Protestant President where the vast majority of the people are of the Catholic faith.

What becomes of the Catholic liberal in the United States? Theoretically he doesn't exist. Neither the Protestants nor the Catholics will admit that there is any such thing. The Protestants say: there is only one sort of Catholic, — and that is a bigoted man with an enslaved mind. The Church says: there are only two kinds of Catholic, and they are not Liberal or Conservative but good Catholic and bad Catholic, devout and renegade. The Catholic liberal is caught between two fires.

Americans do not realize that socially speaking we are a century and a half behind Europe. To go back to a period in European history where a similar intolerance to difference in race, language, color, customs, and creed were shown in Europe, we have to travel nearly two hundred years. The present-day world is suddenly faced with the spectre which everyone thought had passed from this earth a century ago — theological hatred. A new censorship is established on men's customs and writings; a new theological barrier is raised to science; a powerful organization arises which employs violence to men differing from them in

color and creed. The Catholic liberal is forced back into the ranks of orthodoxy from sheer self-defense.

But it isn't the actual violence that hurts most or is the most unjust. No Protestant without a Catholic wife can have felt the depth and unfairness of this religious prejudice which condemns all Catholics merely for the fact that they are Catholic. Believe me, it is not due to a fear of the political machinations of the Catholic Church that Catholics are disturbed. It is due to a bitter theological hatred, a narrowness of being, and is directed just as much against the Jew and the heathen. It is not the Catholic Church that Protestants in America hate but the Catholic faith.

Let me give you a small example of how Catholics in America are treated outside the large cities. After my wife's sister was graduated from State Normal, she received several offers of positions as teacher from various countries, since she was graduated the first in her class. Upon learning that she was a Catholic, all offers were withdrawn. Finally she obtained a position teaching in a small village. Upon arriving she went to the boarding-house and asked for a room. Among the first questions they asked her was one regarding her religion. When they learned she was a Catholic, she was told that they were sorry, but there never had been a Catholic boarder in the house, and she must search elsewhere. Leaving her baggage there, the girl had to go from house to house through the village in a search for rooms. Nightfall found her tired, hungry, weeping, and still roomless. When it was found out that she was going to be left without shelter for the night, she was begrudgingly taken back into the boarding-house. The landlady probably thought herself an extremely charitable soul for having done this little last act of kindness.

Why is it that Protestants are attempting to revive that terrible fallacy which brought such discredit once to the Catholic Church? Why is it they insist upon thinking: if my religion is right and the other fellow's religion is wrong, anything I care to do to the other fellow in the name of my religion must be right. If I were the head of the Eucharist Congress that is going to be held in Chicago, I would cause a medal to be struck to commemorate the best ally the Roman hierarchy and retrogressive Catholicism has in the United States, — Bitter Protestant Intolerance.

It must not be assumed from what I have said above that I am trying to depict American Catholics as a band of angels. They are most certainly not. For the most part they are Irish. Now I know of only one people more fanatic than Irish Catholics, and those are the Protestant "Nordics". But the Irish have been forced into fanaticism by centuries of religious persecution by Protestant England, which was even continued in the glorious land of the free, whereas Protestant "Nordic" has no excuse for being a fanatic except his own warped nature. But leaving these fanatics aside, let us examine some of the causes for Catholic bigotry. It will be found that in America both Catholic and Protestant are suffering from the same maladies.

American bitterness between Catholic and Protestant is paralleled in Europe by the bloody seventeenth century. To establish its spiritual balance, Europe had to pass through the heathen eighteenth century, after which it was able to establish peace on a firm foundation of the liberal trend of mind of the nineteenth century. Just so, America now is experiencing a good, healthful, cleansing heathen wave, — which, instead of being, as often said, a sign of the degeneracy of the time, is merely a natural revulsion against religious bigotry. But I do not think (heathen as I am) that America will find its salvation in paganism. It is too difficult and lonely a road for many to follow. It is too hard to keep on traveling, admitting frankly to oneself that one doesn't know whither the road is taking him. Paganism is a good purgative to society, but it is not a life-sustaining food. No, the future of liberal thought in America depends upon how closely liberal Protestant and liberal Catholic can be made to realize the community of interests that binds them in common as liberal-minded citizens of a great Republic.

This spirit of tolerance will never be brought about by appeals to the intellect. The American character is more emotional than logical. Religious tolerance in America is best fostered by personal contacts, — in business association, sports, social life in common, and above all common schooling. Religious bigots on both sides realize the tremendous power social intercourse is against the formation of mass prejudices. Who can hate Catholics or Protestants who has had one of them as a boyhood friend? So these bigots do everything in their power to prevent contact

from taking place lest their children become contaminated and actually come to love their fellow Christian of a different creed. They strive to have their children educated only among those of their own sect, they organize social groups containing people only of one creed. We must break away from this tendency to create mass prejudices, if our existence as a democracy is to continue.

In this struggle of liberalism versus bigotry, the intermarriage of Catholic with non-Catholic, of Protestant with non-Protestant form bright spots on the horizon. It is the general idea that mixed marriages turn out to be failures. My wife and I have counted over thirty mixed marriages of our personal acquaintance, only one of which failed, — and that was a boy and girl love affair which resulted in a forced marriage. When two people love each other enough to marry in spite of everything, they stay together in spite of everything. The wife cannot hate the religion of her husband or the husband the wife's; both must adopt a sympathetic attitude. He brings his friends, she brings hers; they both make new friends. But any friend, old or new, who brings an illiberal spirit into the home is instinctively excluded by both as a menace.

I have asked you to look at the Catholic and Protestant question through my eyes, not because I claim a superior knowledge, but because affiliations with both sides gives me a superior sensitivity. Too many people have religious callouses. Also, as a non-Catholic who has lived in the heart of the Catholic world, let me tell you that I found it as liberal, humane, and individual as Protestant or Catholic America. It demonstrated to me the fallacy of the belief that a man of the Catholic faith cannot be liberal-minded. To my eyes, the only solution of the religious problem is the uniting of good Catholic, good Protestant, and good heathen in a common sense of humanity and patriotism to work for the progress of liberality in thought.

Of course all I have said is merely personal opinion founded on my own experience. But after all, how much of that which is given forth as authoritative truth in religious discussion is merely personal opinion? How much of religion is merely human thought and action, and how little is really Divine? Distil the essence of the Divine from the various creeds, and there will be no disagreement. Will God be found to be quarreling with Himself through the various sects? We are but variable factors in a great experiment.

FARMING THE OCEAN

JOHN TREADWELL NICHOLS

Seventh Paper in the "War or Peace?" Series

*The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain!*
— Whittier.

IN a previous article in this series, Vilbjalmur Stefansson pointed to the possibilities of the sub-Arctic pasture lands for herds of ovibos whose meat could be substituted for our present beef, and Herbert J. Spinden, in "Also The Friendly Tropics," drew attention to the enormous food producing potentialities of the tropics. In the present article, Mr. Nichols, Associate Curator of Fishes in the American Museum of Natural History, states the case of another food reservoir with vast possibilities.

MAN is a land animal. He lives on the land, both literally and economically, — drawing his sustenance from the vegetables that grow in its soil and from animals that range its spaces feeding upon vegetables. But man is not bound to the land like other land animals; because of his intelligence and the degree of social organization he has achieved, he may transcend it. He may go down to

the sea, modify its economy to his use, and draw from its teeming life sustenance for his increasing numbers.

The oceans and seas, and the rivers that flow into them, are a vast storehouse of food, and one that has scarcely been tapped. The land surface of the earth is only 52,000,000 square miles. The water surface is 145,500,000 square miles, nearly three times as much. Of the land surface of the earth, only a limited portion can be used for agricultural purposes; and of this limited area only a part may be devoted to food growing. Man demands standing room. He builds great cities, ringed with ever widening suburban circles. He dots the land with industrial regions; traverses it with a network of railways and highways. Not all the forests can be cut down; not all the mountain sides terraced; not all deserts irrigated; not all swamps drained. Man must have parks for his recreation, and productive land on which to grow those essential non-food crops, such as cotton, upon which the existing economy of civilization depends.

The ocean, on the other hand, is limited as a food producing area only by the small region toward the poles where cold locks its waters in ice. Even this limit is probably more fanciful than real, in view of the pasturage that seals find under the ice. And this is not all. Though we plant seeds *in* the land, we grow plants *on* the land and reckon the land in two dimensions. The ocean has *three* dimensions. In some places it is over five miles deep. At the surface, in the depths, and to an uncertain degree between, it teems with myriad forms of vegetable and animal life.

From time immemorial man has utilized some sea food. He has picked at the edges of this vast storehouse. There have been, and there are, insular and littoral tribes whose main food is fish. Every country with an extensive coast line has an important fishing industry. And even on the limited bases of their yield to-day it is inconceivable that these industries cannot be increased several-fold. But the problem of increasing the world's food supply by means of fish is not merely one of catching more fish. We must know what fish to catch. We must apply to the problem our growing scientific knowledge of the economy of the ocean.

Fish eat fish, and there is a prodigious productivity to meet this wholesale destruction. Man's interference in the delicate balance of ocean life may be such as to reap benefit to himself while leaving the balance unchanged. Or again, his operations may destroy the balance and work almost irreparable detriment without real profit to himself. The ocean's yield to man may be increased, — how many times it would be hard to say, — but it can only be increased in direct ratio with our understanding of the sea's life processes and their conservation.

Those who question the possibility of greatly increasing the yield of marine fisheries, can point, not without reason, to certain of these fisheries which already show signs of depletion and are in need of conservation regulation. I am convinced that there is a fallacy in the argument that need for conservation implies that the point of maximum permanent yield has been reached and passed. On land it is doubtful whether, even in the years when the hordes of buffalo were being wiped from their range, the yield of beef per given acre approached the possible limit.

Man gets more from the land than a pack of wolves. It would be a pity if he couldn't get more from the sea than the sharks.

Conservation of wild life of economic value is as necessary as the protection we afford to the life more directly under our control. No one raises sheep who does not protect them from dogs. No one raises flowers that his neighbors may trample them. Man cannot control his ocean pasture as he controls his fields ashore; but at least he can work it according to the laws of reason, — that is, in a spirit of coöperation whose watchword at present is *conservation*.

To the uninitiated there hangs about marine products the glamour of something for nothing. The free ocean is there, plentifully supplied with fish waiting to be caught. But to take them calls for toil, coöperation (capital), and, above all, brains. If it takes a day to catch a fish, which, when eaten, will support life for half a day, the fish, however delicious, is only a luxury. For any food product to be of economic value, the energy required to obtain a given unit of it must obviously be less than the food-energy to be derived from it. Speaking mathematically, the value of the ratio between energy from a product and energy to obtain it must be greater than 1 or the product is a luxury, worthless as a necessity. Draw a line through the ratios which have a value equal to 1, and you have a barrier beyond which man may make only short excursions. This is probably the barrier Malthus wished to illustrate in less abstract terms. I say probably, because one never really knows what is in another's mind.

A moment's thought will make it clear that the value of these ratios is not constant; it changes with changing circumstances. The increase and organization of populations lowers a denominator while its numerator remains constant. Enterprise gambles on this social law, and frequently wins, and the barrier moves back. We are so accustomed to the march of these events, that, as regards anything with which we are familiar, we speak of the potential with confidence. We have all seen fish on the table, then why should not every last species of fish that is good to eat render tribute to Caesar and help support us?

Since the beginning of time, inorganic matter has been synthesized into food through the agency of plants, and by no other means. The synthetic potato may be closer to hand than the first human expedition to the moon, but it is still advisable to

keep both projects in the same mental pigeon-hole. The basic food supply of the ocean, as of the land, is in the vegetable kingdom. Not, however, in those representatives, more or less, of the land plants, — such as seaweeds along the shore, or the gulfweed that drifts at the surface. These are but insignificant factors in the economy of the sea. The ultimate sea-food is to be found in the microscopic atoms of plant life induced by sunlight on salt water, the diatoms and other plankton (small floating life). The waters of the ocean are literally alive with these minutiae.

The food manufactured by the diatom must pass through several (probably three or four) mouths before it reaches man. First come the myriads of small crustaceans (shrimp-like creatures) which feed directly upon the diatom; second the bait fish; third the food fish; and fourth the larger predaceous fishes, the competitors of man. There are, too, multitudes of organisms which feed on dead organisms; there are small creatures which eat the eggs and young of larger marine animals; in this way the food originally manufactured by the diatom may remain in circulation indefinitely, and an indefinite number of mouths may intervene between diatom and man. At each step some of the organic food is lost, — that is, it goes back to the inorganic. Some of it goes to the ever-present bacteria, from which comparatively little is salvaged by the small organisms that consume bacteria, humblest of organic food, to be in turn consumed by their superiors.

We have said that a comparatively small factor of the ocean's basic food supply is derived from seaweeds along the shore. That which does come from this source is difficult to differentiate from the considerable amount contributed by the organic waste from continental lands. Fishes, crabs, shellfish, worms, — the great variety and concentration of shore-life is supported jointly by this continental waste and the marine source just discussed. Great rivers contribute a large volume of food washed from their inland basins, and there is, as a result, invariably a concentration of marine life about their mouths.

Thus we see from the preceding brief sketch of the complex and intricate balance of sea-life how the basic food manufactured by marine plant life and brought to the sea by rivers is gathered step by step into units of sufficient size and quality to commend

itself to man. Besides the fishes, the lobster and the oyster are among such units.

Of fishes alone, the ocean contains a multitude of diverse kinds, the majority of which are good food for man. But at the present time comparatively few of them find a wide market.

This is due to several causes, — to lack of sufficient economic incentive, to ignorance, and to prejudice. In the first instance it would be easy enough to point out fisheries which would immediately become important if men were hungry enough to need them. In the second place, there is the typical case of the *Squalus acanthias*, the horned dogfish or grayfish. Its meat is unusually rich in ammonia and for this reason objectionable. But if properly prepared and cooked, it becomes a rare delicacy. On land there is the parallel case of tapioca. If it were marketed and used without the elimination of the objectionable features of the plant, it would be no more popular than the worst of illicit liquor. In the third place there is the inevitable human prejudice with regard to the unknown. We like to know what we are eating. And perhaps a dozen fish names are as many as the ordinary citizen can remember. When fish is scarce, fishermen save kinds they ordinarily throw away, and, through the magic of some hotel menu, these are pressed into service. The world's supply of fish could be doubled merely by utilizing species for which there is now no market.

Most of the world's important food fish come from temperate or cold northern waters, — the cod, the mackerel, the herring, and the halibut-flounder tribe, for example. As a matter of fact, pound for pound, fish life is probably more abundant in cold than in warm waters.

But along the tropical coral reefs conditions are very favorable for the evolution of a great variety of fishes. Season after season, year after year, century after century, the environment remains uniform. Nothing comparable to the changing seasons of the north occurs to upset the delicate balance and allow one species to achieve an undue preponderance. Hence many different types evolve side by side.

Almost everywhere in the tropics fishes are an important source of local food supply. But only a small part of the supply of fish available is at present actually used.

Proper marketing is an essential factor in the future development of tropical fisheries. Of all foods, fish is most liable to taint, and most poisonous when tainted. Much that is now wasted could be conserved if the fish, immediately on being caught, were always properly cleaned, washed, and bled. The introduction of live cars, fishing boats with wells wherein the fish may be brought alive to shore, pens in which they may be kept in good condition until required, cheap ice, and cold storage plants may, at some future date, make fishes of the tropics available in the general market.

It is not to be supposed that man will ever draw sustenance from the microscopic diatom. The next larger stage, the small shrimp-like crustacean, presents interesting possibilities. They are so abundant at times in certain places that great areas of sea are colored with them, — sufficiently abundant to have wide economic potentiality despite their small size. It may be that they will not as a whole be found suitable for human food, but it is more likely that some varieties may prove a delicacy comparable with caviar. I understand that the Japanese already use such small crustaceans as food.

We should realize that certain fisheries' products are fundamentally more economical than others. The mackerel, which feeds to a considerable extent on small crustaceans, is more economical than the predaceous blue-fish and tunny. The herrings, the oyster, and the clam concentrate, into usable units, food otherwise too small to be of service.

There are other fishes almost all of predaceous ancestry, that have become specialized to gather and utilize almost microscopic food. The herrings as a family have long gill-rakers which form a fine-meshed sieve in their throats for this purpose. So has the basking shark, one of the very largest of fishes, and the enormous whale-bone whales have whale-bone for the same purpose and can utilize food no larger than that sought by the mackerel. Fishes that reach back towards the basic supply in this manner, eliminating one or more "middlemen", find a pasturage sufficiently rich to support either great bulk, as in the shark and whale, or schools which are numerically very large, as in the herrings. One of these, the menhaden, actually feeds on diatoms. Menhaden occur off our shores in immense compact schools

throughout the summer. As they swim, their wide mouths are kept constantly open, gulping salt water, which is strained out through the exceedingly fine, long gill-rakers. The fish thus secure a food supply so rich that they get very fat. The compact schools of menhaden are much preyed upon by other fishes, and are netted in bulk by man to be used for oil and fertilizer, but hold their own by initial weight of numbers and power to multiply.

Coming now to the great predaceous fishes themselves, even these, at present man's rivals for the sea's food, may be pressed into man's service. Probably sharks take a toll of food from the sea equal or even greater by several times than man. We may then set out not only to use sharks, but to use them up, with the greatest economic cheerfulness. If the sharks were gone, man would have what the sharks now take from him. The usability of sharks has been demonstrated by recent investigations. Many of them are perfectly good to eat. Their oil has various desirable properties, and excellent leather can be made from their hides. The residue may be ground up and used for fertilizer. At present writing it seems that one thing only stands in the way of a great shark industry. As regards shark products, there is still some question as to the value of our familiar ratio, yield over cost (in energy). Populations must be sufficient for the value of this ratio to be greater than 1 before such an industry is possible. The ratio must be sufficiently high to compare favorably with that for other competing products.

As regards fresh water fishes, fish culture has reached a point where we may look forward with confidence to the ability to make lakes and streams produce as many or even more fishes than they did in a state of nature. The principles of fish culture are the same as of agriculture. The great natural waste in seed (corresponding to the eggs and fry of fishes) is eliminated, and a small amount of seed is artificially planted in ground suitable, and kept suitable, for its growth. At time of harvest the desired amount of seed is again reserved for the purpose of planting. It may well be asked, why not do the same for marine fishes? Take the case of the cod. Each mature female produces over a million eggs annually, large ones several times that number, — nature is lavish in providing seed to start with. The problem of taking and hatching these eggs artificially has been solved, — in fact, cod

eggs have for some years been taken, hatched, and planted artificially. But here we come to a complication. The cod fry passes through a critical stage, corresponding more or less to the period when it ceases to subsist on nourishment from the egg and begins to feed independently. In nature the mortality of cod fry at this stage is cataclysmic, except when by chance conditions are exactly favorable for their survival. Then it is surprisingly low. It seems to be the lucky swarms that pass this point of danger which populate the sea with cod. The fry of other salt water fishes have such a critical stage, and so far, fish culture has been quite unable to tide them over it. They must always be planted first and meet it in the ocean without human aid. We have no knowledge if hatchery fish are better equipped to do this than those naturally spawned, — perhaps they are not so well equipped. Until science knows how to tide their fry over the critical stage, the culture of marine fishes is of questionable value.

Is the ocean as productive, acre for acre, as the land? This is a question often asked, but like the age of man, science has as yet insufficient data from which to answer it. It is one of those hypothetical matters concerning which one's opinion is influenced by one's general philosophy. Certainly there are wide stretches of ocean which appear to be comparatively little productive, yet their currents may be carrying minute organisms, of which schools of fish, hundreds of miles beyond, are but a by-product. It would be hard to match with anything ashore the richness of the teeming waters of the Humboldt Current, or with anything at sea, the barrenness of the adjacent Peruvian coast. Were there any doubt concerning an affirmative opinion to the question, it would be eliminated by the ocean's third dimension: there are fishes at the bottom of the sea, not easy to reach, but there.

The sea is free. It is not held in parcels by the great to be bartered for toil to the multitude. Its riches, except in restricted areas along the shore, are free to those who would take them. But the successful taking of them upon a large scale demands a degree of intelligent coöperation among men and nations. This much is certain: when once the necessity arises, the sea can stay man's hunger for a long time.

A HINT TO LECTURERS

NORMAN ANGELL

FOR over a century the lecture has been a very widespread and powerful agency of adult popular education in America. Mrs. Trollope in her travels a century ago notes the fact of the frequency of lectures; Dickens, dealing with a generation later, bears witness to the same thing, both in his notes and in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and many a foreign observer since has added similar testimony. In America, more than in any other country, has the use of this educational institution been developed. And it has survived the competition of cheap books, a wider dissemination of the newspaper and the magazine, to say nothing of the cinema, the phonograph, and the radio.

But there are more than a few signs now that its vitality is beginning to yield, not so much, it is to be feared, to the alternative agencies of exposition and education, but to counter interests which by no stretch of language could well be called educational; and to yield also, it must be confessed, to the fact that the lecture field is being invaded more and more by those who have no special quality or equipment for dealing with the subjects with which they deal, their lectures being often the recitation of a mere learned lesson. That type is even encouraged, because such a visitor is not likely to say anything which might disturb some existing idea, provoke some speculation or controversy, — “complete sterilization guaranteed” as it were.

But even if this handicap were less than it is, the decline of the lecture would be inevitable so long as it adhered to the form with which we are familiar, so long as it merely made by word of mouth a statement or description which, so far as matter is concerned, could as easily be made in writing. It is true that the author of the statement or description is there in the living flesh, capable of giving, by tone or emphasis, shades of meaning not to be transmitted on paper. But the rôle of the audience is as passive as that of the readers of a book; and, in a sense, even more passive.

Unless we can give the lecture a new form it is likely to decline very much indeed as an active instrument of education and

enlightenment, and to survive, if at all, merely as a sort of raree-show, exhibiting some new notability. And this would certainly be a loss to popular enlightenment in America. For it is not the book or the more pregnant printed word which would usually take its place, but the comics of the Sunday supplement; not the fine drama, but the cinema and the noisy end of the wireless program.

It is here suggested that the form of the lecture could be so adapted as to correct its present weaknesses and develop that element of vitality which has kept it going so long. This could be achieved if we came to look upon the lecture as something in the nature of a conversation with the audience, in which the latter can freely avail itself of the opportunity furnished by the actual presence of an author, playwright, or authority on any given subject to ask questions about his craft or art, or some aspect of the matter he has made his own.

Any one who has lectured much on an idea or an interpretation which is a little unfamiliar to the general public, and afterwards had questions from the audience, will have realized that very often those aspects which seem to him the simplest and least needing elucidation are precisely those which many of the public find difficult to understand. And if he has written books on the subject, the painful reflection occurs: "No wonder the books were misunderstood if *that* point needed explaining." How often do we not hear the remark: "What I do not understand is how the Free Trader, — or Christian Scientist, or psychoanalyst, or inflationist, or deflationist, or pacifist, or socialist, or dramatist, or novelist, or Arctic traveler, or Indian mystic, as the case may be, — explains that, defends the other, gets over such and such a difficulty." For the average busy man to get an answer to his question would mean his going through books he has not the time to go through, and then probably not getting the right answer.

Well, does not the use of the lecture come in precisely at this point? To be able to interrogate the author himself would be of the greatest possible help to the casual student of a subject, — and we all have to be casual students of some subjects, and subjects too on which, as voters, or parents, patients, employers, we have to give decisions, — and give to the lecture a real value.

It is true that of late years a large number of "Forums", where questions and discussions after lectures are part of the entertainment, have been established, and, on the whole, these Forums do very good work. But two points are to be noted. First the questions are quite secondary to the lecture, and secondly, the atmosphere of this type of gathering is not so favorable to clarifying and enlarging ideas as would be the atmosphere of such assemblies as clubs and chambers of commerce, for reasons to be explained in a moment.

As to the former of these points, often after the question period at a Forum it has struck me that if I had had these questions before the lecture, the whole scope of treatment would have been different. And the questions serve no purpose for the next lecture, for the audience is almost certain to be of totally different composition. The questions should come before the lecture instead of after. This is not as difficult as it sounds. The lecturer might state in ten or fifteen minutes the outline of his subject, thesis, plan, reform, suggestion, and then put it to the members of the audience to say what they thought, and where they supposed it would not work, what their objections to it were. A half dozen or a dozen questions would arise, and the lecture would be an answer to them. The lecturer would largely in this way be his own chairman by omitting to deal with those questions which were not germane to the subject.

This main method could be varied and modified indefinitely, according to circumstances. The atmosphere of a club dinner is more favorable to the method of pure conversation than is the atmosphere of the Forum. Usually at the Sunday afternoon Forum are one or two talkative cranks, — and it is more difficult for the chairman to keep the discussion in the straight and narrow path of relevancy on this occasion, than it is on the occasion of less public functions. The rule should be for chairman, lecturer, and questioners alike to remain seated and talk. Where the thing has been done in this informal way, I have known the function to go on until one in the morning, everybody making his contribution, each getting help and benefit from this full exchange of ideas. Without the presence and lead of the lecturer, — of some one a little more filled with the subject than the others discussing it, — the conversation would not have taken that

fruitful and instructive turn. The lecturer should be a point of crystallization.

Incidentally, of course, it is plain that such an institution, if widely disseminated, would develop in America one of the greatest of all social arts, — the neglected art of conversation. For it is implicit, of course, in the suggestion that the lecturer should drop the attitude of the schoolmaster, that he should never try to score off the questioner, but show himself receptive, and by so doing make his audience similarly receptive.

It will be said, of course, that there are two fundamental difficulties. First, it will be pointed out with some truth that many a man can deal efficiently with a subject when the phase he is treating is limited to what he has prepared beforehand, but whose qualities do not run to dealing with unexpected questions. Then that man's medium should not be the spoken, but the written word.

Another difficulty, it will be urged, is the audience. American audiences do not readily ask questions. But there again the art of the lecturer comes in. If his tone is conversational, with the decent implication that he is making suggestions on a subject and not laying down the law, if it does not plainly imply that he intends to browbeat any one who questions him, the members even of an American audience soon begin to take their part in the conversation.

And need it be added that the real education in such a process would come not so much from the actual "new facts" an audience might acquire, but from the habit of open-mindedness, other-mindedness, the realization that nearly all questions are open questions, that the price of wisdom and understanding is a certain temper of the mind which can only be acquired by cultivation, a cultivation to which the acquisition of an art of conversation is an immense aid? Let the American lecture become an incident in the acquisition of that art.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

FOUR WOODCUTS

BY
CHARLES WILIMOVSKY



PRAYER FOR THE DROWNED



HARBOR • MASTERS BALCONY



ON THE WAY TO THE MANGROVE LAGOONS

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SUNLIGHT

HORSE BANDITS AND OPIUM

KEN NAKAZAWA

*M*ANY people will be astonished to hear the important rôle played by mountain bandits in the growing and distribution of opium in China. It is, however, more surprising to find that these hordes wield a power against which the Government finds itself helpless. One of the chief difficulties in exterminating them lies in the tendency of the Chinese to idealize anti-governmental heroes. Apparently, by defying the law in China one can win substantial illicit profits and an official post!

MOST of the opium traffic in China is conducted by "Ma Fei", horse bandits, that powerful, well organized, ably directed band of outlaws in Manchuria, and unless we find the means to control these bandits, we cannot hope to suppress the traffic in narcotics. But, as to the members of Ma Fei themselves, how they are organized, what power they have, how and where they operate, we have little knowledge.

Ma Fei derives its name from the fact that its members move about on horseback. As it can be seen from the old saying, "South ship: North horse," the people of Southern China are skilled in navigation, while those of Northern China show marked aptitude at horseback riding. That is why most of the pirates come from the South, while most of the land robbers come from the North.

But Ma Fei is not the only name these bandits have. They are frequently called Red Whiskers, Horse Mark, or Scarlet Robe. Some think that the first name was born of the fact that there were a number of Russian exiles in the band, while some maintain that it might have originated from the fact that some of the bandits kept their faces stained the color of blood.

The name Scarlet Robe is mostly used in Korea. It really belongs to the bandits who preceded Ma Fei. These bandits, by the way, were the successors of the famous Yellow Turban; and, under the able leadership of Huang Ch'ao, Yellow Nest, they terrorized the whole country.

Modern Ma Fei appeared about fifty years ago. It includes men of all classes and conditions. There are common robbers as well as political exiles. There are soldiers out of pay, and aspirants for governmental positions. This turning of soldiers into bandits occurs quite frequently, as can be seen from the adage that

"To maintain soldiers is to maintain robbers," as well as from the fact that soldiers in some of the regions infested by Ma Fei are not permitted to carry firearms except in the hours of drill.

It may seem strange that aspirants for governmental positions should attempt to realize their ambition by entering the ranks of Ma Fei. But, as a little study of Who's Who in China will prove, the Chinese Government actually does give high positions to bandit leaders. As there are many who conduct banditry as an avocation, — tradesmen and farmers who participate in order to tide over hard times, — it is impossible to determine the number of men who constitute Ma Fei. All we know is that it consists of about ninety-five divisions, and that each of these divisions has one leader and from forty to a thousand men. Some of these divisions bear such poetic names as Green Mountain, Golden Butterfly, High Cloud Tower, Nine Forests; but, most of them have names suggestive of their trade: Black Hand, Great Black Dragon, Nine Dragon Mountain, and so forth. A division known as Blind Men comprises from eight hundred to a thousand men.

Ma Fei operate under the command of five officers: Gun Head, general of attack; Water Hold, general of defense and spy work; Army Master, tactician; commissary officer; and book-keeper. The Army Master is not a tactician in the real sense of the word, because his duty is to foretell the fate of his army in the coming conflict by reading the tags of prophesy.

Ma Fei are thoroughly acquainted with the land they work on, and move about with the stealth and swiftness of the fabled ghost riders. Because they must be prepared to meet larger armies, they seldom congregate on one spot, but scatter themselves over a wide area. They have a genius for night attack, and, when they march in the dark with their swords painted black, as the saying is, and leaves in the mouths of their horses, few armies can hold their ground. They are well supplied with firearms, from machine guns down to revolvers. The rifles of Russian style and mauser revolvers are most popular among them. But they are not well equipped with ammunition, and seldom waste it. Any one found wasting bullets is given three incense sticks; which means that he must stand guard until three incense sticks burn to ashes. Ransom is sometimes demanded in terms of powder as well as of money.

Because terrorism is their only weapon, Ma Fei are highly

vindictive, punishing their enemies with unspeakable atrocities. It is not unusual for them to carry off the wife and children of their enemy, and sell them into slavery, or torture them to death, writing in the meantime to the enemy of the treatment his loved ones are receiving at their hands.

We can surmise the extent of the power wielded by Ma Fei from the fact that the Government often offers high positions to some of them. Another proof of their power is the existence of the system of burglar insurance which is conducted, not against Ma Fei, but in coöperation with them. The express company where the insurance is sold, insures the safe transportation of luggage on the strength of the pact it has made with the bandits. No wonder, then, that Ma Fei speak of police as "negligible scarecrows".

Ma Fei have their headquarters in the plain at the base of Chang Pei Shan. This place has been the rendezvous of outlaws ever since it was closed against the public about two centuries and a half ago. I do not know why it was closed, though some say that it was done because the place was in danger of becoming the Balkans of China. At any rate, it remained closed until about fifty years ago, constituting an excellent breeding ground for bandits. Here they established their kingdom and followed their lawless trade.

So much about the general character of Ma Fei. Let us now glance at their relation to the opium traffic.

Like other bandits, Ma Fei rob, kidnap, and blackmail. But in most cases they indulge in these pursuits in order to earn the cost of opium production. That is why they are comparatively inactive, — that is, inactive as robbers, — during the opium season between June and August. During this period they are too busy with the care of the great secret gardens to waylay travelers, or kidnap them for ransom. They hide themselves in the forests of the northwestern part of Kirin province, and grow the "dream flowers", or protect those who grow them.

This care of the great secret gardens is an ideal occupation for Ma Fei. In the first place, the dream flowers do not require much care, needing but to be thinned and seeded occasionally. In the second place, they bring enormous profit, which amounts to about two hundred dollars per capita, — a profit which it takes an average farmer in China about four years to earn. This profit doubles

if the opium is held over until the following spring, when it is scarce. Is there any other trade that takes so little care and brings so much profit? Of course, there is danger of the crop being spoiled by rain. Opium is manufactured from the sap extracted from the capsule of white poppies. The capsule is cut near the stem, at first lightly, then deeply. The sap which flows from the cut is gathered, boiled down, bottled, and buried in the ground. It is really better to sun-dry the sap than to boil it, for then the product will be pink in color instead of brown, and have a much better flavor. But Ma Fei do not like to risk discovery.

This process of harvesting dream flowers takes about fifteen days. If during that period rain should come, the water will soak into the cut, and stop the flow of sap. That is the only danger that threatens opium growers. But as the first crop is harvested at the driest time of the year, and as Ma Fei seldom grow a second crop, this misfortune does not affect them.

In addition to the actual profit on the crop, Ma Fei collect a fee for protecting the growers. This fee varies considerably, according to the amount of money and labor invested, the amount of bribe paid to soldiers, the ammunition used, the men lost; but the average fee is from forty to seventy dollars' worth of opium for each "One Hand Knife". The term One Hand Knife means two men, because of the fact that in harvesting opium two men work side by side, one knifing the capsules and the other collecting the sap. As there are vast numbers of growers working under their protection, this fee amounts to thousands of dollars. The yearly output of opium in Manchuria is about fifty thousand pounds, and nine tenths of this opium is produced by, or under the protection of Ma Fei. Moreover, the narcotic so harvested, or collected as protective fee, can be sold for thrice its value if placed on the market at Shanghai or Shantung.

Opium manufacture is therefore an ideal occupation for Ma Fei, and the bandits will not give it up while there is breath left in them. That is why experts on the opium situation agree on the point that Ma Fei must be exterminated before the opium traffic can be suppressed.

Yes, Ma Fei must be exterminated, but how? This is the question no one is able to answer with certainty. Of course we can say many things, — that the Chinese Government should open a

direct attack upon Ma Fei and not stop until the last member of the organization is brought to justice; that the Government should stabilize itself so that there will be more national unity; that the soldiers should be paid regularly so that they will not be tempted into bribery; that the police system should be reënforced so that the citizens can overcome their fear of the bandits; that the Government should find some profitable form of livelihood for the people in Manchuria, and thereby keep them from the lure of opium money; that the roads should be further improved, and the red tape removed, so that soldiers can move about more swiftly. But no one knows how effective and feasible these measures are.

There is, however, one thing we can do, one long, fundamental course we can take. We can help the Chinese to have more constructive patriotism, and less hero worship. This statement may sound a bit strange; but a little study of the Chinese mind will show that it is not so absurd as it seems. The Chinese are great hero worshipers. They are always waiting for some such superman as Chang Liang, Con Ming, or Tseng Con Ming to appear and lead them into fame and fortune. And one of the easiest ways to become a hero in their eyes is to collect a number of men and defy the Government. Why this is so will become evident when we study the history of China. Fundamentally China is a democratic country, and the people have the right to banish any ruler who has proved himself unworthy of his position as the Son of Heaven. In the last twenty hundred years China has been governed by many dynasties succeeding one another, not through inheritance, but by the right of conquest, and whenever a new dynasty came into power certain subjects of the former dynasty have shown their courage and loyalty by turning themselves into bandits and defying the new Government. These subjects have performed many remarkable feats, and the memory of their heroic deeds are treasured and glorified in the literature of their country.

It is this tendency to idolize the anti-governmental heroes that must be toned down. It is a slow, laborious task, requiring years and years of effort; but it must be done if we would free China from the grip of bandits. In this respect I am glad that America is spreading Christianity in that country, and at the same time educating Chinese students in accordance with

Western ideals. There may be danger in worshipping men, but there is only great peace and happiness in worshipping God. And many wonders are being worked by sons of the dragon who have been educated in America. May this work of christianizing and westernizing the Chinese continue, and drive from its throne the power behind the opium traffic.

PORTRAIT IMPRESSION:
HELOISE

When, in later life, Heloise is established as mother superior at the Paraclete, Abelard's early refuge, later deserted by him, the real drama of their love-life is enacted, for to this convent Abelard comes as father confessor, and the following sonnet is written around that circumstance. Here we have the nobly born Heloise, the religieuse buried alive with memory, the mother superior par expiation, occupied with many duties, but never to the exclusion of the one recurring, unfinished thought of her lover . . .

I THINK, Pierre, these lilies should be set
Close up against the wall; the wind sweeps low
Over this desert wilderness, you know.
They need a sheltered spot . . . Yes, Antoinette?
Another woman begging? Take this key
And get the cloak that hangs upon my door.
(What is an idle garment patterned for
If not for use?) Tell her to come to me
Before she leaves . . . One moment, Sister Rose;
I feel that all the younger nuns should seek
Unbroken meditation through this week . . .
(Yea, conscience, this is Heloise; suppose
He comes from Brittany to hear them make
Confession? For my comfort . . .? For my sake . . .?)
— *Margaret Tod Ritter*

ILLNESS — AN UNEXPLOITED MINE

VIRGINIA WOOLF

CONSIDERING how common illness is, how tremendous the spiritual change that it brings, how astonishing, when the lights of health go down, the undiscovered countries that are then disclosed, what wastes and deserts of the soul a slight attack of influenza brings to light, what precipices and lawns sprinkled with bright flowers a little rise of temperature reveals, what ancient and obdurate oaks are uprooted in us in the act of sickness, how we go down into the pit of death and feel the waters of annihilation close above our heads and wake thinking to find ourselves in the presence of the angels and the harpers when we have a tooth out and come to the surface in the dentist's arm-chair and confuse his "Rinse the mouth — rinse the mouth" with the greeting of the Deity stooping on the floor of Heaven to welcome us, — when we think of this and infinitely more as we are so frequently forced to think of it, it becomes strange indeed that illness has not taken its place with love, battle, and jealousy among the prime themes of literature. Novels, one would have thought, would have been devoted to Influenza; epic poems to Typhoid; odes to Pneumonia, Appendicitis, and Cancer; lyrics to Tooth-ache. But no; with a few exceptions, — De Quincey attempted something of the sort in *The Opium Eater*; there must be a volume or two about disease scattered through the pages of Proust, — literature does its best to maintain that its concern is with the mind; that the body is a sheet of plain glass through which the soul looks straight and clear, and, save for one or two passions such as desire and greed, is null and negligible and non-existent.

On the contrary, the very opposite is true. All day, all night the body intervenes; blunts or sharpens, colors or discolors; turns us to wax in the warmth of June, hardens us to tallow in the murk of February. The creature within can only gaze through the pane — smudged or rosy; it cannot separate off from the body like the sheath of a knife or the pod of a pea for a single instant; it must go through the whole unending procession of changes, heat and cold, comfort and discomfort, hunger and satisfaction, health and illness, until there comes the inevitable catastrophe: the body

smashes itself to smithereens, and the soul (it is said) escapes.

But of all this daily drama of the body there is no record. People write always about the doings of the mind, the thoughts that come to it; its noble plans; how it has civilized the universe. They show it ignoring the body in the philosopher's turret; or kicking the body, like an old leather football, across leagues of snow and desert in the pursuit of conquest or discovery. Those great wars which it wages by itself, with the mind a slave to it in the solitude of the bedroom against the assault of fever or the oncome of melancholia, are neglected. Nor is the reason far to seek. To look these things squarely in the face would need the courage of a lion tamer, — of ten thousand lion tamers, — for these lions are within us not without; and a robust philosophy; and a reason rooted in the bowels of the earth. Short of these, this monster, this miracle, of the body and pain, will soon make us taper into mysticism, or rise with rapid beats of the wings into the raptures of transcendentalism.

More practically speaking, the public would say that a novel devoted to influenza lacked plot; they would complain that there was no love in it, wrongly however, for illness often takes on the disguise of love, and plays the same odd tricks, investing certain faces with divinity, setting us to wait hour after hour with pricked ears for the creaking of a stair, and wreathing the faces of the absent (plain enough in health, Heaven knows) with a new significance, while the mind sports with them, and concocts legends and romances about them for which it has not time nor liberty in health.

Finally, among the drawbacks of illness as matter for literature there is the poverty of the language. English which can express the thoughts of Hamlet and the tragedy of Lear has no words for the shiver and the headache. It has all grown one way. The merest schoolgirl, when she falls in love, has Shakespeare, Donne, Keats to speak her mind for her; but let a sufferer try to describe a pain in his head to a doctor, and language at once runs dry. There is nothing ready-made for him. He is forced to coin words himself, and, taking his pain in one hand and a lump of pure sound in the other (as perhaps the inhabitants of Babel did in the beginning), so to crush them together that a brand new word in the end will emerge, and it will be something laughable. For who of English

birth can take liberties with the language? It is a sacred thing to us and therefore doomed to die, unless the Americans, whose genius is so much happier in the making of new words than in the artful disposition of the old, will come to our help, and set the springs aflow again.

But it is not only a new language that we need, — primitive, subtle, sensual, obscene, — but a new hierarchy of the passions; love must be deposed in favor of a temperature of 104 degrees; jealousy give place to the pangs of sciatica; sleeplessness play the part of villain, and the hero become a white liquid with a sweet taste, that mighty prince with the moth's eyes and the feathered feet, one of whose names is Chloral.

But to return to the invalid. "I am in bed with influenza," he says, and actually complains that he gets no sympathy at all. "I am in bed with influenza," but what does that convey of the great experience: how the world has changed its shape; the tools of business have grown remote; the sounds of festival romantic become like a merry-go-round across the fields; and friends have changed, some putting on a strange beauty, others deformed to the squatness of toads while the whole landscape of life lies remote, fair, silent, like the shore seen from a ship out at sea; and he is now exalted on a peak and needs no help from man or God, and now grovels supine on the floor glad of a kick from a housemaid. The experience cannot be imparted and, as is always the way with these dumb things, his own suffering serves but to wake memories in his friends' minds of their influenzas, their aches and pains which went unwept last February, and now cry out, desperately, clamorously, for the divine relief of sympathy.

But sympathy we cannot have. Wisest Fate says no. If her children, whose lot is hard enough already, were to take on them that burden too, adding in imagination others' pains to their own, buildings would cease to rise, roads would peter out into grassy tracks, there would be an end of music and of painting; one great sigh alone would rise to Heaven, and the only attitudes for men and women would be those of horror and despair. As it is, there is always some little distraction, — an organ grinder at the corner of the Hospital, a shop with a book or a picture to decoy one past the prison or the workhouse, some absurdity of cat or dog to prevent one from turning the old beggar's hieroglyphic of misery into

volumes of sordid suffering, and the vast effort of sympathy which those barracks of pain and discipline, those dried symbols of sorrow, ask us to exert on their behalf is uneasily shuffled off for another time.

Sympathy nowadays is dispensed chiefly by the laggards and failures, women for the most part (in whom the obsolete exists so strangely side by side with anarchy and newness) who, having dropped out of the race, have time to spend upon fantastic and unprofitable excursions; C. L. for example who, sitting by the stale sickroom fire, builds up with touches at once sober and imaginative the nursery fender, the loaf, the lamp, barrel organs in the West, and all the simple old wives' tales of pinafores and escapades; A. R. the rash, the magnanimous, who if you fancied a giant tortoise to solace you, and a theorbo to cheer you, would ransack the markets of London and procure them somehow, wrapped in paper, before the end of the day; the frivolous K. T. who, dressed in silks and feathers, painted and powdered (which takes time too) as if for a banquet of Kings and Queens, spends her whole brightness in the gloom of the sick room, and makes the medicine bottles ring and the flames shoot up with her gossip and her mimicry.

But such follies have had their day; civilization points to a different goal; if the cities of the Middle West are to blaze with electric light, Mr. Insull "must keep twenty or thirty engagements every day of his working months," — and then what place is there for the tortoise and the theorbo?

There is, let us confess it (and illness is the great confessional), a childish outspokenness in illness; things are said, truths blurted out, which the cautious respectability of health conceals. About sympathy for example; we can do without it. That illusion of a world so shaped that it echoes every laugh, every tear, of human beings so tied together by common needs and fears that a twitch of one wrist jerks another, where however strange your experience other people have had it too, where however far you penetrate into your own mind someone has been there before you, — is all an illusion. We do not know our own souls, let alone the souls of others. Human beings do not go hand in hand the whole stretch of the way. There is a virgin forest, tangled, pathless, in each; a snow field where even the print of birds' feet is unknown. Here we

go alone, and like it better so. Always to have sympathy, always to be accompanied, always to be understood would be intolerable. But in health the genial pretense must be kept up and the effort renewed, — to communicate, to civilize, to share, to cultivate the desert, educate the native, to work by day together and by night to sport.

In illness this make-believe ceases. Directly the bed is called for, or sunk deep among pillows in one chair we raise our feet even an inch above the ground on another, we cease to be soldiers in the army of the upright; we become deserters. They march to battle. We float with the sticks on the stream; helter-skelter with the dead leaves on the lawn, irresponsible and disinterested, and able, perhaps for the first time for years, to look round, to look up, — to look at the sky, for example.

The first impression of that extraordinary spectacle is strangely overcoming. Ordinarily to look at the sky for any length of time is impossible. Pedestrians would be impeded and disconcerted by a public sky gazer. What snatches we get of it are mutilated by chimneys and churches, serve as a background for man, signify wet or fine weather, daub windows gold, and, filling in the branches, complete the pathos of disheveled autumnal plane trees in London squares. Now, become as the leaf or the daisy, lying recumbent, staring straight up, the sky is discovered to be something so different from this that really it is a little shocking. This then has been going on all the time without our knowing it! This incessant making up of shapes and casting them down, this buffeting of clouds together, and drawing vast trains of ships and wagons across the sky, this incessant ringing up and down of curtains of light and shade, this interminable experiment with gold shafts and blue shadows, with veiling the sun and unveiling it, with making rock ramparts and wafting them away, this endless activity with the waste of Heaven-knows-how-many million horse power of energy has been left to work its will year in year out, and we have not known it. The fact seems to call for comment and indeed for censure. Use should be made of it. One should not let this gigantic cinema play perpetually to an empty house.

But watch a little longer, and another emotion drowns the stirrings of civic ardor. Divinely beautiful it is also divinely heartless. Immeasurable resources are used for some purpose

which has nothing to do with human pleasure or human profit. If we were all laid prone, frozen, stiff, still the sky would be experimenting with its blues and golds. Perhaps, then, looking down at something very small and close and familiar we shall find sympathy. Let us examine the rose. We have seen it so often flowering in bowls, connected it so often with beauty in its prime, or June, or youth, that we have forgotten how it stands still and steady throughout an entire afternoon in the earth. It preserves a demeanor of perfect dignity and self-possession. The suffusion of its petals is of inimitable rightness. Now perhaps one deliberately falls; now all the flowers, the voluptuous purple, the creamy, in whose waxen flesh a spoon has left a swirl of cherry juice, gladioli, dahlias, lilies, sacerdotal, ecclesiastical, flowers with prim cardboard collars tinged apricot and amber, all gently incline their heads to the breeze, — all, with the exception of the heavy sunflower, who proudly acknowledges the sun at midday, and perhaps at midnight rebuffs the moon. There they stand; and it is of these, the stillest, the most self-sufficient of all things that human beings have made companions; these that symbolize their passions, decorate their festivals, and lie (as if they knew sorrow) upon the pillows of the dead. Wonderful to relate, poets have found religion in nature; people live in the country to learn virtue from plants. It is in their indifference that they are comforting. That snowfield of the mind, where man has not been, rejoices in the cloud itself perhaps, in the upright rose, as, in another sphere, it is the great artists, the Miltons, the Popes, who console, not by thinking of us, but by forgetting us entirely.

Meanwhile, with the heroism of the ant or the bee, however indifferent the sky may be or disdainful the flowers, the army of the upright marches to battle. Mrs. Jones catches her train. Mr. Smith mends his motor. The cows are driven home to be milked. Men thatch the roof. The dogs bark. The rooks rising in a net fall in a net upon the elm trees. The wave of life flings itself out indefatigably. It is only the recumbent who know what, after all. Nature is at no pains to conceal that she in the end will conquer; the heat will leave the world; stiff with frost we shall cease to drag our feet about the fields; ice will lie thick upon factory and engine; the sun will go out. Even so, when the whole earth is sheeted with ice, some undulation, some irregularity of surface will mark the

boundary of an ancient garden, and there, thrusting its head up undaunted in the starlight the rose will flower, the crocus will burn.

But with the hook of life within us still we must wriggle. We cannot stiffen peaceably into glassy mounds. Even the recumbent spring up at the mere imagination of frost about the toes and stretch out to avail themselves of the universal hope, — Heaven, immortality. Surely, since men have been wishing all these ages they will have wished something into existence; there will be some green isle for the mind to rest on even if the foot cannot plant itself there. The coöperative imagination of mankind will have drawn some firm outline. But no such thing. One opens the "Morning Post" and reads the Bishop of Lichfield on Heaven, — a vague discourse, weak, watery, inconclusive. One watches the churchgoers file to church, those gallant temples where, on the bleakest day in the wettest fields, lamps will be burning, bells punctually ringing, and however the autumn leaves may shuffle and the winds sigh, hopes and desires will be changed to beliefs and certainties. Do they look serene? Are their eyes filled with the light of their sublime conviction? Would one of them dare leap straight into Heaven off Beachy Head?

None but a simpleton would ask such questions; they lag and drag and pry and gossip; the mother is worn, the children fidget, the father is tired. The Bishops are tired too. Frequently we read in the same paper how the Diocese has presented its Bishop with a motor car, how at the presentation some leading citizen has remarked, with obvious truth, that the Bishop has more need of motor cars than any of his flock. But this making Heaven available needs time and concentration. It needs the imagination of a poet. Left to ourselves we can but trifle with it, — imagine Pepys in Heaven, adumbrate little interviews with celebrated people on tufts of thyme, soon fall into gossip about such of our friends as have stayed in Hell, or, worse still, revert again to earth and choose, since there is no harm in choosing, to live over and over, now as man, now as woman, as sea captain, court lady, Emperor, farmer's wife, in splendid cities and remote moors, in Teheran and Tunbridge Wells, at the time of Pericles or Arthur, Charlemagne or George the Fourth, — to live and live till we have lived out those embryo lives which attend about us in early youth and fade

in the shadow of that tyrannical "I" who has conquered so far as this world is concerned but shall not, if wishing can alter it, usurp Heaven too, and condemn us who have played our parts here as Mr. Jones or Mrs. Smith to remain Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith forever. Left to ourselves we speculate thus carnally. We need the poets to imagine for us. The duty of Heaven-making should be attached to the office of Poet Laureate.

Indeed, it is to the poets that we turn. Illness makes us disinclined for the long campaigns that prose exacts. We cannot command all our faculties and keep our reason and our judgment and our memory at attention while chapter swings on top of chapter, and, as one settles into place, we must be on the watch for the coming of the next, until the whole structure, — arches, towers, battlements, — stands firm on its foundations. The *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is not the book for influenza, nor *The Golden Bowl*, nor *Madame Bovary*. On the other hand, with responsibility shelved and reason in abeyance, — for who is going to exact criticism from an invalid or sound sense from the bed-ridden? — other tastes assert themselves; sudden, fitful, intense. We rifle the poets of their flowers. We break off a line or two and let them open in the depths of the mind, spread their bright wings, swim like colored fish in green waters:

". . . and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows
Wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind —"

Or there is a whole three volume novel to be mused over and spread out in a verse of Hardy's, or a sentence of La Bruyère's. We dip in Lamb's Letters (some prose writers are to be read as poets) and find, "I am a sanguinary murderer of time, and would kill him inch-meal just now. But the snake is vital," and who shall explain the delight of that? or open Rimbaud and read

"O saisons, o châteaux
Quelle âme est sans défauts?"

and who shall rationalize the charm? In illness words seem to possess a mystic quality. We grasp what is beyond their surface meaning, gather instinctively this, that, and the other, — a sound,

a color, a stress, a pause which the poet, knowing words to be meagre in comparison with ideas, has strewn about his page to evoke, when collected, a state of mind which is not in one word or in one sentence, nor can the reason explain it. Incomprehensibility has an enormous power over us, more legitimately perhaps than the upright will allow. In health, meaning has encroached upon sound. Our intelligence domineers over our senses. But in illness, with the police off duty, we creep beneath some obscure poem by Mallarmé or Donne, some phrase in Latin or Greek, and the words give out their scent, and ripple like leaves, and chequer us with light and shadow, and then if at last we grasp the meaning it is all the richer for having traveled slowly up with all the bloom upon its wings. Foreigners to whom the tongue is strange have us at a disadvantage. The Chinese must know better what *Antony and Cleopatra* sounds like than we do.



From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes

FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

THE FORUM in an editorial announcement in March launched a Definition Contest. "Americanism" is the first word to be defined: definitions of this term are due in the FORUM office by April first, and those selected by our committee will be published in the June number.

This is an era of definition; the FORUM, with controversy its keynote, must lay stress on clear thinking, — and clear thinking requires automatically a definition of terms. There are at least a dozen words in daily use, practically indispensable words concerning which there is entirely too much haziness. Will you not help to establish clearer thinking through more accurate interpretation? You may remember Humpty Dumpty's reply to Alice: "When *I* use a word it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less." All right, then, what, to you, is the exact meaning of

SUCCESS

Any one, — man, woman, or child, citizen or alien, is invited to compete in this contest. The only definitions ever remembered are short ones, so definitions exceeding *one hundred words* will probably go straight into the waste paper basket. Strive for the epigrammatic, eliminating "wise-cracks".

All definitions submitted must be typewritten. No copies will be returned to the sender, even though postage be included. Have your name and address on your manuscript, however, as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication. Probably ten or fifteen will be the maximum number of definitions printed of each given term.

Definitions of "Success" must be in the FORUM office by midnight of May 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the July number. It will greatly facilitate the work of the committee if you will send them in as soon as possible. All definitions should be addressed as follows:

Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City

AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED!

VIOLA PARADISE

"**I**N fact the newest," said Mr. Anthony Trovewell, at his headquarters to-day. "Almost a virgin field. Endless possibilities. Why, take myself, for instance. A year ago what was I? A poor writer not knowing where his next rejection slip was coming from. And now. . . ." Modestly, he paused.

"Where did you get the hunch?" encouraged the reporter.

"An inspiration," conceded Mr. Trovewell. "I was at the end of my tether — had gone hungry three days; my last pencil was worn to a dull stub; the last razor blade as dull as my one remaining possession, — my knife. Gloomily, appraisingly, alternately, I thumbed its edge and my Adam's apple. 'Too dull, too tough. Too tough, too dull' the words beat upon my mind. To shake off their dismal spell I went forth and pawned the knife for the price of a morning paper. By chance the Lost and Found column arrested my eye, and gloom gave way to philosophy: so many things lost, so few found! See, here is the list." Mr. Trovewell reached for his desk file, and the reporter read the following:

Lost: Platinum-diamond wrist watch, between Ritz and Automat, \$500 reward.

Lost: Elks' Pin, in Pink Octagon Taxi. Reward.

Lost: Satin skirt and pair glasses on a number 3 bus. Return to Sarah Egan, Metropolitan Club. Reward.

Lost: Bull mixed female, snout yellow, half tail, named Myrtie. \$5 reward.

Lost: Female Boston Bull, sore hind left leg, answering to name Girlie. Suitable reward.

Lost: Envelope containing marriage license and gas receipts near Brooklyn Bridge, no questions asked.

Lost: False teeth, vicinity East 50th Street, sentimental value.

"Hmm," remarked the reporter. "Funny how most lost dogs are ladies."

"Yes," said Mr. Trovewell. "Our statistical department shows that the female of almost any species is more often lost

than the male. And the most prolific losers, as well. Otherwise, where would our business be to-day?"

"You were saying?" the reporter brought him back to his original theme.

"Ah yes, so I was. The way I started the whole thing. Well, I sat a while pondering that list of losses, and the human drama behind them. How did Sarah come to lose her skirt and glasses on a number three bus? And why should they be returned to the Metropolitan club? Why, whole novels have grown from smaller things. Imagine a story starting in Greenwich Village, going on — on — wherever a number three bus goes, and ending — where? Why, all I had to do to get material for the Great American Novel was to ride about on number three buses, find the skirt and glasses, meet Sarah at the Metropolitan club, and see if she was the heroine or — well, or otherwise. I leaped to my feet. And then sank back. Reality had me in its clutch. I did not have the price of a number three bus fare. Gone, my dream of The Great American Novel. I sighed bitterly, and thought enviously of the lucky fellow who should find almost any of those lost articles, and get the reward. \$500! Think of the breakfasts and sharp razor blades it would buy. Indeed, even the \$5 for Myrtie . . .

"It was here that my inspiration came. I am fond of animals. Suddenly I remembered the village idiot who found the lost cow when everyone else had failed. 'I jest thought,' he had explained, 'where would I go if I was a cow. And I went there.' At the same moment I thought, 'Why should not *I* be the finder of one of those dogs?' But steady, — which to choose? Girlie, of the sore left hind leg? But Girlie's loser was not specific. What, after all, was a 'suitable' reward for Girlie? No, though Girlie would be easier to find than Myrtie, the bull mixed female, snout yellow, half tail, — after all one could be sure of five dollars.

"You have guessed the result. I spare you the details, — the long search, the hundreds of dogs erroneously addressed as Myrtie, with their snarling or bored rebuffs, but, at the end, the thrill, the real thrill, when the right tail wagged its joyous recognition. It was that wagged tail," — Mr. Trovewell was almost overcome with emotion, — "It was that tail which made me what I am to-day.

"Curiously, it was not till I was strap-hanging in the subway, — trying to make Myrtie, concealed under my coat, look like a natural bulge on my own anatomy, — that the possibility of loss-finding as a profession presented its full significance. I was smarting from the humiliation of having to crawl under a subway turnstile all for want of a nickel, and resolving to use part of the reward for a taxi back home. And why not a Pink Octagon Taxi? Need I say that I put the whole of that reward back into the business, so to speak, and that I rode about in Pink Octagon Taxis till I found the Elks' pin? From that time I went on to bigger, better rewards. Now dashing about in taxis, now bouncing about on buses, now walking carefully from hotels to automats, I retrieved jewels, bonds, bank books, teeth, skirts, spectacles — anything.

"You can guess the rest. With that knack for organization which is the birthright of every American, I engaged a capable corps to clip and classify all the lost ads; to sort them in order of the value of rewards; to district the city; to make a study of the localities where articles of various types are most likely to be found, — or I should say, retrieved; and to estimate their retrievability rates. Time and breakage is thus reduced, jewels recovered before stepped upon, — the depreciation charges for crushed diamonds, for instance, almost eliminated, and the wrist-watch repair department relieved of much traffic."

"Any by-products?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, there is the Human Interest Department. Unlike the Chicago stockyards which has never learned how to capitalize the pig's squeal, we exploit our clients' pain and joy, by selling them to reduced writers at reduced rates, — almost a philanthropic venture. I was once a writer myself. It is only my literary past which tempts me to retrieve many a profitless loss. This one, for instance." Here Mr. Trovewell drew from a file the following:

Lost: Naturalization papers. Return to Max Ascake-nasy, 730 E. 82nd Street.

"No profit in it," said Mr. Trovewell, "but think of its cacaphonic value!"

"What is your favorite recreation?" asked the reporter.

"My favorite color is pink," responded Mr. Trovewell. "But recreation, — that I am postponing for my old age. Just now there are serious problems ahead, — reform and expansion."

"Reform?"

"Yes indeed! Take rewards, for instance. You've no idea of the anarchy in rewards. They must be standardized. I am appealing to the Department of Commerce. Only recently this government department performed a signal service to the hosiery industry and therefore the hosiery wearers of the country by standardizing the sizes of stockings. If you buy a number eleven, it is not likely to range more than an inch from the established standard. Whereas the sizes of rewards have not even a norm about which to fluctuate! Something must be done. And then the losing public must be educated in certain matters of — shall I say good taste? Certain losers — still, I suppose it takes all kinds of losers to make a business. But observe this ad:

Lost: Brown leather bag containing lady's engagement ring, dinner ring, wrist watch, \$225 cash. Finder keep cash, return jewelry to Smith, 27 Boston Road. No questions asked.

Imagine the effrontery, the insult of that advertisement to the very philosophy back of our business. 'No questions asked!' What she probably meant was 'no questions answered!' *I'd* like to do the asking. Why wasn't the lady wearing her engagement ring, dinner ring, and wrist watch? Why carry them in a bag, even in a brown bag? No questions asked indeed!"

"Are you a vegetarian?" asked the reporter hastily, to draw Mr. Trovewell's mind from the painful subject. "And do you think your profession has a future?"

"Our statistical department has not yet worked out the relation of various diets to losses other than physiological. But as for the future, — the business is almost all future! The next ten years will see great progress, expansion. New York is, of course, fairly well covered, but the Great Open Spaces are calling, — Brooklyn, New Jersey, and the appending West. A few years hence The National Retrievers' Association will have its rightful place along with the National Realtors' Association and the National Morticians' Association. We shall then be a Power,

and I venture to predict that our influence on legislation will not be negligible. Already we are drafting a constitutional amendment to prohibit Memory Training Courses. Already we are launching a campaign against this long stubborn epidemic of bobbed hair. Why, in the past year alone, the loss of hair ornaments in lavender taxicabs has fallen off 67.94 per cent! But the future is bright. Our technique improves daily. And the more easily and efficiently articles are retrieved, the less care will be taken of them by their owners. We are constantly gaining the confidence of the public. Our slogan is 'what can be lost can be found.' The public can now lose its jewels, its dogs, its documents, its teeth, in comfort. I look forward confidently to that day when the list will include lost causes, jobs, tempers, time, and reputations. Indeed —" Mr. Trovewell's eyes glowed as at a sudden inner vision, and his voice stirred with a deep spiritual throb. "Indeed, America is still young, the whole future is ours, — so why not — why not Lost Souls?"

"Do you believe in Fundamentalism or Psychoanalysis?" asked the reporter. But the Loss King gave no answer. He was himself lost in his newest, biggest dream.

"Souls retrieved. . . ." he murmured absently.

Softly, the reporter tiptoed from the room. . . .



From a woodcut by Clare Leighton.

THE AGE OF REMINISCENCE

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

CONTEMPLATING the output of books of to-day, it is almost impossible to believe that not until a certain famous traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his place on a broken arch of the Brooklyn Bridge to sketch the ruins of the Woolworth Building, will there be an end to the publishing of the reminiscences of those amiable gentlemen who helped make Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson the great men they unquestionably were. In the past year the writer has had two people come to him with the naïve suggestion that they be helped in the writing of a book about Roosevelt, although they admitted that they knew the man very little.

There is another gentleman who has a number of letters from Roosevelt which he says he intends to incorporate some day in a book. The epistles that he showed me are of a kind the Colonel wrote in thousands, — “Thank you for your kind letter, Sincerely yours;” “I am glad you liked my speech;” “It was kind of you to send me a picture post card from Hot Springs.” When the volume is published we shall doubtless learn that each one of these single sentence letters had a great and hidden significance.

It never seemed to have occurred to these gentlemen that what we needed was not so much new books on Roosevelt as a proper assimilation of the ideas that were contained in what had already been published, particularly by Roosevelt himself. Thoreau, in his *Walden* I believe, says that there are many who write about philosophy but few who are philosophers, and many of those who write about Roosevelt would spend their time much better if they studied his life and works. His influence in American life to-day is at its nadir and still they write.

The real explanation of most of the books on Roosevelt and Wilson is that they furnish the authors with an opportunity to write about themselves. It is a perfectly human impulse, but the frankness that makes good books is necessarily missing.

An interesting phase of the Roosevelt reminiscence is furnished by the books written by journalists. The best of these is the one

written by John J. Leary, the "World" correspondent; and an important book ought to be that now being written by Henry L. Stoddard, the former editor of the "Evening Mail". In contrast with the workmanlike performance of Mr. Leary is the latest Roosevelt book "released for publication" by Oscar King Davis, in which the author very frankly states that he has not taken pains to consult with those whose recollection of the events he chronicles might be at variance with his own. The result is a book that has little value as history, for the author has given undue emphasis to his own adventures and has unconsciously minimized the part played in 1912 by William Howard Taft, Frank A. Munsey, Hiram W. Johnson, and even members of Mr. Roosevelt's own family.

There is one aspect in which this book is important, and that is its apparent justification of the charge by Mr. Taft's friends that the ill-feeling between Colonel Roosevelt and his successor was partly due to the bullying tactics of some of Roosevelt's officious but unimportant friends. Mr. Davis sets down his own part in nagging the man who was the President of the United States with apparently little appreciation of the fact that it was not the business of a reporter, even a reporter on the New York "Times", to tell the Chief Magistrate of this country how to run the government.

Mr. Davis's own story of his life does not indicate that either by political experience or study he had any qualifications for acting as mentor to a man who had had the varied successful and professional career that preceded Mr. Taft's election to the Presidency. With something of a shock, therefore, one reads that after patiently standing for Mr. Davis's self-constituted guardianship for a long time, the President of the United States shook his fist in Mr. Davis's face and exclaimed, "By God, you can't bluff me by talking that way." One would be inclined to feel that this unfortunate attitude toward Mr. Taft was the result of an exuberant loyalty to his predecessor, if it were not that Mr. Davis with an odd ingenuousness writes out at length incidents of his bumptious disregard of some of Mr. Roosevelt's important associates.

After he left the New York "Times", Mr. Davis became the Secretary of the new Progressive Party. The Chairman of the

National Committee of that party was a United States Senator, Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana. Mr. Davis gives the impression that Senator Dixon played a minor part in the memorable campaign of 1912, and that he himself was the chief director. He gives many instances of his assumption of power and then relates with charming naïveté the complications that nearly always followed what one of Colonel Roosevelt's leading financial supporters described as "his bungling".

The book is really more important as a record of what befalls a journalist who travels into a strange field than it is as a picture of Roosevelt. On the subject of getting "beats" for his newspaper, Mr. Davis is quite illuminating. Having got an idea from one of his associates that the big political "beat" of the year 1908 would be to get the Republican Platform in advance of its "release for publication", he went to work early on this idea, keeping it a secret from even the fellow worker who had furnished his inspiration. As Senator Borah of Idaho was under obligation to him, Davis states that he called on him and asked him to help, although he knew it was "well nigh inconceivable" that the Senator should show a document given to him in the strictest confidence.

When the Convention met in Chicago, Davis spent a whole day hunting for Senator Borah. Perhaps it is best to let him tell in his own words what followed:

It was a quarter past eleven that Sunday night when I found the Senator and accompanied him to his room. I didn't even know then whether or not he had been able to get the document, and it was not until we were in his room, with the door closed, that he relieved my anxiety. Then he did not tell me in words what he had. He simply opened a small gripsack that stood on the dresser and indicated a folded document that lay on top. A minute later I was hurrying up Michigan Boulevard to the hotel where the Times Staff was quartered.

The "Times" had the "beat" on the platform, and after the Convention Mr. Davis was called to the office of Mr. Ochs, who, after a few pleasant words, presented him "with a beautiful gold watch". It occurs to me that a man who so quickly assimilated the ideas of a co-worker, had a Senator do what he himself described as "inconceivable", and then published the Senator's part in the affair, didn't need to have any one give him a gold watch.

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

CASTE

I'M sorry my boy ain't goin' to college," a poor toiler said to me recently; "but there ain't no use in keepin' him in school if he won't stay at his books."

"But why should you want him to go to college?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, with blind faith rather than conviction in his eyes, "I kinder figure he could do better in business if he went to college. I've allus worked with my hands 'cuz I didn't know no better" —

Something pathetic about this, — the old man saving up to send his son to college, and the young man revealing a persistent attachment to the seventh grade. But the really pathetic aspect of it is that the father and many others like and unlike him suppose that in some miraculous way a college education will prove the open sesame to success in Wall Street.

Just why prolonged contact with books will make a good trader, just how scholarship is to provide solvency is an arresting puzzle to a pedestrian mind, for somehow the lives of school-teachers, clergymen, and other book-learned folk do disastrously belie the assumption. But that is "another story", — a red herring drawn across our track by a disputatious devil. The matter now before us is a question of caste. It makes very little practical difference that a college education does not confer the benefits ascribed to it by the workingman. The fact is that he supposes it does and that with the supposition he conjures up in his imagination a superior group, the mark of which is business success.

That such an American caste does exist, even if college has nothing to do with it, is a favorite notion of foreigners, too. But it was a foreigner, Hilaire Belloc, who pointed out not long ago with vigor and convincing logic that the really successful American does not care for dollars and cents, that it is power which at bottom attracts him. Power, to be sure, is often expressed in hard cash, and money itself is often mistaken for

power; but the great captains of industry, we were told, are far less worshipful of money for its own sweet jingling self than the very Europeans who condemn them.

Be that as it may, substitute "power" for "money" if you like, — any group set up by such power or by money can hardly solidify into a caste. Caste is a social distinction held rigid by some fixed tradition, as of nobility or gentry abroad, or of religion in India. But power in business or money through business is too shifting, too temporary to make a permanent caste. The group is too full of intruders, of rank outsiders, to permit the development of caste technique. Small farmers, insolvent professors, and apostate clergymen move as easily in the "best circles" as opulent bankers and manufacturers do. This notion of a superior business caste, it appears, is largely a fiction, — not indeed because of "the indestructible spirit of democracy in this great land of ours" (with or without trumpets), but simply because caste requires a more permanent element than money or power. The nearest we ever came to a caste was in Colonial Massachusetts, but even that broke down when the fixed element, Puritan theocracy, went to pieces. And we are far more likely to-day to develop a caste of fundamentalist reformers than of successful business men. People hold to religious prejudices much longer than they hold on to money.

It is unquestionable, nevertheless, that there is a widespread notion that there is a superior business caste into which any one may climb by way of a college education. The desire to better your financial condition is common enough and is no doubt commendable, but by itself it could never become a worthy faith, an ideal to serve. But education! — there is a word to conjure with. The American people do ardently believe that education will unlock any door, — even the door of business success. Therefore, instead of saying, "I want my son to understand and enjoy some of the finer things of life, so I am sending him to a college of liberal arts, even though that experience may take the edge off his business acumen," a good many appear to reason as follows: "I want my son to succeed in business and so, with unquestioning faith in education, I am sending him to a college of liberal arts."

What emerges from all this, to a pedestrian way of thinking,

is that many people have an entrenched notion that our life is compounded of horizontal castes and that the chief aim of life is to get out of the caste you are in, — unless indeed you reach that miraculous upper caste. Of course those who really reach it find that it isn't there. Well, replies the sentimentalist, isn't that always true of ideals? Yes, of course; and it's equally true of delusions. It is the delusion, not the fact, regarding this business caste that makes the effort pathetic, — the delusion that it is better to be a salesman with a white collar and a flivver than to be an honest ditcher with a stout pair of legs.

Now of course it *is* better, if the question is one of a decent living wage. But, except in certain cases, that is not a serious problem in America. Workers by and large are better off, if they only knew it, than the professional classes; and skilled workers are far better off. The real point is that, though labor is in most instances getting its fair reward and in some instances a good deal more, too many laborers don't want to remain laborers. They would rather abandon the thing they can do well for something they probably cannot do well. Someone has persuaded them that this is "rising".

Hence restlessness and a desire for change. The consequence is many misfits, — the competent laborer parading as an incompetent salesman, the potential mechanic doing a bad job in Wall Street. Our business districts are full of men who might do well if they would work with their hands but who linger on as failures, as "overhead charges", just because they have been to college and are "above" manual labor. Our mails are clogged with material devised by these illustrious wasters of energy. Why aren't they hoeing corn and building bridges? For the work to be done in this country there are too few skilled laborers, too few contented farmers. There are too many bossing, too many trying to make and sell things nobody really wants, too many doing the heavy looking on. Our sudden restriction of immigration has already begun to reveal that many native Americans are too proud to work. But work they must, sooner or later, if they are unwilling to import cheap foreign labor. And if they are to work well, I suspect that they must look on labor not as a temporary durance, but as a natural and enviable lot.

This they will not do, however, so long as they condemn

the idea of caste, — especially when at the same time they fervently yearn to get into an imaginary top caste.

It is quite possible that what we need is more caste, not less. What, after all, is the matter with castes? Purely the foolish notion that they are horizontal. Envy depends on the belief that there is a better caste above you. Incompetence springs from discontent with the caste you are in, — you hardly have time to become an effective teacher or artisan or farmer because you are spending your time trying to look like the people in the flat above. But they are really not there, except in your imagination; your caste, if you would only believe in it, is vertical, or may be, with the sky the limit.

Caste is of course a hateful word to Americans. But the trouble is not with the word, but with the use we make of it. If in one moment we deny its existence, in the next we act as if it were a reality; and when we do so act, we take for granted that it is horizontal, above or below some other caste. Wouldn't it be franker to recognize it as a necessity and at the same time to realize that it can be beneficent only when it lies in a vertical plane?

Ideally, of course, such a conception of things would amount to a revolution. For every man, woman, and child of us would have to learn to rise, not on our neighbors' necks, but on stepping stones of our dead selves. That would be rather Utopian, preposterously Christian in a world still haunted by "moods of tiger or of ape". But practically such a conception does already exist as between professional and business people; and in the Middle Ages, when there were competent and contented artisans, it existed pretty much all along the line. Success apparently meant, not to dispossess the other man, but rather to repossess your own soul.



TO THE LIGHTED LADY WINDOW

I KISS my hand to you,
Mary, Holy Mother!
I kiss my hand to you,
Jesus, little brother!

Lady, I love your robe
Like a wave in a deep sea;
Your aureole of stars
Is very dear to me;
And the beauty of the soul
That met the Holy Ghost,
And the wonder of the life
Wherein the guest was host.
But Lady, even more, —
And you would have it said, —
I love the little child
That shines above your head.

I kiss my hand again,
Mary, Holy Mother;
I kiss my hand again,
Jesus, little brother.

JESUS OF THE RED ROBE

JESUS of the red robe, have mercy on my soul.
(I am dropping pennies in an old sugar bowl —
Pennies for the ashlars, the mortar, and the wood,
Pennies for the altar, the chalice, and the rood;
Let my pennies help to build Thy house before I die,
Jesus of the candlesticks lifted in the sky.)

And save Thy poet daily from anger and from pride,
From the fear of walking where the rich people ride,
From the scorn of happy folk who have no need of kindness,
From the love of honey-lips that praise me for my blindness;
Keep Thy poet simple, Lord, of hot and loving heart;
Wound my spirit with Thy word and help me bear the smart;
Jesus of the sevenfold light in the vivid sky,
Far below the cherubim, hear Thy poet cry!

(Dropping copper pennies in an old sugar bowl —)
Jesus of the red robe, have mercy on my soul.



The New Dawn in Education

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THERE are hopeful signs that the American Mind is crossing a Rubicon, as far as education is concerned. "Democracy can only continue to exist if the individual, superior in mind, character, or personal power, has the opportunity to rise above his fellows." Such texts are being beeded by the wise and the earnest, and Mr. Chapman draws attention to two recently published books which seem to prove that a highly significant and contagious new spirit is animating certain educational leaders.

THE symposium on Education which THE FORUM published last month is a good sign of the times. It is a great thing when the scholars of a country rouse themselves and speak with authority. It was the sign of a new epoch when, in 1837, Emerson delivered his famous Phi Beta Kappa address, which was in fact followed by a revival of intellect and of literacy in America. The tone of censure which vibrated in Emerson offended many persons, for our politicians had all but convinced everyone that we Americans were the advanced guard of civilization, — the glory of the human race, — when, behold, a Jeremiah arose, rent his garments, and cried, "Perhaps the time has come when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron eyelids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertion of mechanical skill."

When a scholar steps forward in defense of his own calling he is at a great advantage, for he not only knows his own subject but knows how to talk; and if he happens to be fired with anguish or with indignation, so much the better.

The materialism of our own age has grown to be so noisy, gigantic, and overpowering that one looks back on the Massachusetts of Emerson's day, with its mills and streams, as a kind of Arcadia. To-day the cranes, steam-shovels, and skeleton towers; the unceasing sound of the drills; the yawning caverns of excavation, make suburban life ugly and turn city life into a nightmare. Our mind and spirit seem to partake of the pandemonium that reigns without, and we murmur, "Can the

soul of a people survive this epoch?" The question hovers in each thoughtful heart. Certainly something has happened to us that never happened before in history.

Such rapid changes as we have undergone during the last fifty years, — changes in every form of education and avocation, in the habits and aspirations of our people, and in the make-up of the population itself, — never took place before in any nation except through external conquest, — through the dissolution of one civilization by the imposition of another. And yet we have not been conquered, — at least from without, — and all that we see is but the blossoming of certain seeds that were always with us and which grew and spread with such vigor as apparently to crowd out all other forms of vegetation.

The most palpable change which began to come over us about seventy years ago was the gradual but steady fading out of the influence of the thoughtful classes in the country. Our men of mind became scattered and shadowy personalities. The authority of intellect survived as towards the specialists, but there was ever less of that vaguer reverence for character and intellect which is in its nature a religious emotion. Piety and the respect for past history and for human experience were all but lost with us. We lived ever more and more in the present.

In Europe the learned classes constitute a great phalanx of enthusiasts who spend their energies in keeping alive all that is great, true, and permanent in past history. They act as powerful stabilizers of the general consciousness of nations and serve to anchor them in the intellectual

inheritances of the world. But we in America had become so engrossed in our daily pursuits that we had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as world-wisdom, when, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a new impulse ran through the land.

It was Dean West of Princeton who first recalled the country to its senses by his indefatigable activity in the cause of true scholarship, and by his many papers and addresses in which our situation was summed up with adequacy, with absolute courage, and with bonhomie. Whatever may be the future history of the Graduate School at Princeton, its foundation marked a turning-point in American civilization. It was a monument large enough to be seen. It was articulate, specific, enduring, and it proclaimed the need of a return to liberal studies. "And liberal they truly are," said West, "for they are the studies which supremely enfranchise, universalize, and elevate human nature the world over."

It is worth noting that this resurgence of humanism appeared first in a university, the place where in theory it ought to have arisen, — in the place where (to quote Browning)

. . . man's thought
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.

While we must agree that a university is a furnace whence the flames of new thought should issue, or a mountain that ought to break into eruption now and then, we know also that the general state of cultivation in any country has a great deal to do with such explosions. Universities are also thermometers, and they not only record the boiling point but the freezing point of learning. Many people in America think that, in spite of Dean West's efforts, a well-defined zero is to be discerned in our own seats of the higher education. In order to find the cause of this we must look abroad into the lives, homes, occupations, and ambitions of our people at large, and find out where it is that the fires have gone out.

Our scholars have begun to examine these questions. The simultaneous appearance of two books, one about university life, and the other on school problems, has recently given us a panoramic view of

what is taking place in the hearts of many American educators who are finding their way back to those ideals of character and conduct, of religion and literacy which are the most precious possessions of mankind. One of the books is in the form of a Report to President Hopkins of Dartmouth College by Mr. Leon B. Richardson, and is called *A Study of the Liberal College*. It takes up each subject in the shape in which the question meets the college professor; and, moreover, it is written by a man of the world, and its pages are full of wit, irony, and practical wisdom. The second book is in the form of a round robin. Seven men, the headmasters of our well-known private schools, have contributed papers, each on a separate aspect of school life. The volume is entitled *The Modern Boy*.

Both these books reflect the same spirit. On the questions of the Home, of Athletics, Scholarship, "Leadership", "Activities" of the "Average Man", and the "Influence of Money", they speak the same thoughts, smoulder with the same indignation, and break forth into the same images. Each of them represents a revolt against custom, and the breakdown of the shibboleths of Democracy as applied to Education. They deal with the subject, not by the light of sociological dogmas, but by the light of the laws of Nature. The notion that an educator's first duty is toward the child of talent has sprung up quite suddenly all over our country. The suspicion has dawned on us that we have been spending too much time over the lower two-thirds of the class, and neglecting the bright scholars because they seemed to take care of themselves, — to give no trouble and perhaps to need no attention. We never before had stopped to reflect that these talented boys were our future editors, statesmen, writers, and divines, and that the quickest way to raise the general average was to do our best by them and let them loose on the community; that it was *they* who would raise the general tone and temper of our intellectual life and set a pace for the others.

The fact is that people are influenced not so much by their elders as by their contemporaries, and if you will but train the exceptional boy to the height of his capacity his influence will do for his own generation something that you yourself

can never do. Our recent recognition of the claim made by talent is of most hopeful and most profound significance. It is a recognition of what might be called the first natural law of education: to him that hath shall be given. So rapidly does life move on that the present widespread re-awakening in the United States to the meaning of this natural law will probably show in our general literacy within half a generation.

It is by following one or two great ideas, and by gradually adapting and remodeling our school systems and our university systems to them, that real progress will be made. Both systems are to-day so full of makeshifts, malpractices, and absurdities that it is error to try to amend them by any great frontal attack. They must be eased up here and there according to the illumination of the persons in charge.

We are all familiar with the extravagances and, as it were, the crazes that rage in our university life, the craze of the administrators for building and for expansion in every form, and the craze of the students for athletics, fraternities, and distractions in every form; for the making of acquaintances that will be of use in a future business career, and for the taking of courses that will help to get them jobs on graduation. The students bring these ideals with them from their firesides, — or rather from their steam-heated apartments in tall buildings. They come in shoals, the rich ones from an environment of sport, pleasure, and social excitement which they hope to continue in college and return to on leaving college; and the poor ones with a determination to make college an ante-chamber to a life of business success with as much sport, pleasure, and social excitement in it as college can teach them. The early training of the richer students is closely related to the famished visions of the poorer students, and both classes are about as eager for cultivation as a red Indian would be who, having been bred in the woods and sent to a seminary, longs for the forest, the tomahawk, and the chase.

Such are the main outlines of our university life: the eyes of the college president are on vast schemes of expansion, and the eyes of the student are on pleasure. Let us now look beyond the boundaries of the university and note the larger national

conditions which our colleges reflect. Whether we examine our political or our business methods, our press, our theatre, or our social life, we find the same giddiness and superficiality, — a sort of supernormal love of the excitements of the moment. The proofs of our strangely depleted mental condition and of its cause lie on all sides, and every road leads to them. To-day we in America are passing through an access, a tornado, a frenzy of prosperity. Can we survive it? Shall we be rescued by some timely difficulties that create a wholesome moral pressure; or shall we lose all the strong, manly qualities that blessed our origins, and go under, as so many nations have done, through the influence of pride, luxury, and comfort? The danger that faces the Republic arises, as we all know, from the destructive power of wealth. Almost all the degradations that we see in the United States can be traced to the influence of prosperity.

Is it not clear that the administrators of our colleges merely exhibit one variety of money-madness and their students another? How can one hope to reform or civilize either of those elements, the administrators who are afflicted with a mania for grandeur or the boys in their charge who feel Business in their blood, — Business, as it were, the *Call of the Wild*?

It is easy to see that the love of money is at the root of both diseases, just as this love is the explanation of almost everything that is happening about us in America to-day. But what are you going to do about it? Can you banish the love of pleasure from the American breast or put a barrier between the great public and college football? Can you examine the smile of each applicant for admission to college and take the silver spoons from the mouths of the sons of profiteers as they pass in? Would it help for a millionaire to raise the salary of every professor in some small college to \$50,000 a year; or to import a dozen Oxford dons and plant them about a campus? Such devices would do no good. Mr. Richardson in his book on the Liberal College sees all the distortions and follies of our college life with a calm eye, the expense and fanatic fury of the athletics, the childishness and heartburn of the fraternities, the reflection in college life of that contempt for superior intelligence or special talent which qualifies our

Democracy, and a hundred other points of which every professional educator feels the prick. But Mr. Richardson does not propose to abolish athletics or to invade the fraternities with hostile legislation. He has many a trenchant page on the evils of college life but his remedy is always the same:

"To raise in the great body of the students interest and ideals which will make them, not scholars in the technical sense but men in whom the intellectual appeal strikes a responsive note and insures an understanding and sympathetic response,—that is what is meant by scholarship." "We must apply ourselves to making strong and effective and *primary* the intellectual purpose of the college." "Before the undergraduate can be convinced, or the public can be convinced, those who guide the institution must themselves be convinced of the principle." This is somewhat like saying, Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all those things will be added unto you; and that is why I like it. It avoids laying down any dogma, yet suggests that the cure is within reach.

The composite book, written by headmasters of our best known private schools, is equally frank and more militant. We are apt to conceive of educators as dogmatic persons, perhaps even as supercilious and pompous men. But these men are beating their breasts. They proclaim their dilemmas frankly and ask for aid in their search for the remedies. The scorching flames of the iniquities that rage in the country at large have been felt by the authors. Certain deadly tendencies of the times are seen more keenly by the schoolmaster than by the university professor, perhaps because a schoolmaster deals with childhood, and it is upon the child that the devastation is most visibly working.

Dr. Stearns of Phillips Andover Academy, after giving some truly terrifying statistics about the juvenile crime in the country at large, says: "Again we must face facts. Wealth and social position may add a superficial refinement to human frailties, but neither wealth nor position can change the innate nature of such weaknesses nor alter their ultimate effect on character; and the heads of schools that deal with these boys and girls from the homes of the well-to-do, are as deeply disturbed and as keenly alarmed over the

breakdown of home standards and influences as are their colleagues who guide the destinies of our high schools."

"The utter and unpatriotic lawlessness of so many of the older generation, blessed with wealth and social standing, is one of the strange anomalies of the times. . . . Lawless parents cannot hope for better than lawless children. Homes in which parental authority has been banished, discipline and restraint abolished, idealism quenched, and spiritual values discarded, can never produce high-minded and effective citizens."

This is cutting near the bone, and I leave the reader to reorganize his opinions on our fashionable schools, as I was obliged to reorganize my own, after reading the volume; for I had been inclined to regard such schools as places controlled by the ideals of their clientele.

Dr. Peabody of Groton says, "There is no thought of giving an able boy as advanced instruction as he is capable of receiving. . . . In the English schools a pupil is carried on as rapidly as he can profitably travel. Promotion may be gained at any time of the year. He may reach the upper form at an early age, much below his time for university life, and there in the upper class . . . become a highly trained scholar. Such an ideal is possible to us. We have a supply of boys who are capable . . . and many of our masters are able to give this higher instruction."

Dr. Thayer of St Mark's School, Southborough, whose paper is a masterly brief for the independence of the private school, says, "The future trends of the private school, if it is to be wholesome and progressive, must begin with a declaration of independence of college examinations." "The sole contention is that the school period is the time for making the scholar and not for preparing him to be made in college." "Democracy can only continue to exist if the individual, superior in mind, character or personal power, has the opportunity to rise above his fellows. By the same token, a private school has no right to exist within a democracy if its aim be the education of the average gained by the neglect or suppression of the superior."

Such thoughts as these on education represent the crossing of a Rubicon by the American Mind.

Chimes

A Novel in Six Instalments — VI

ROBERT HERRICK

CHAPTER SIX

I

AFTER the Armistice they came back, slowly, even reluctantly, as their different war "services" terminated, from camps, from Washington, from "the other side", came back to the university. Not all. Some of the younger men having enjoyed the tonic atmosphere of the competitive life, the freedom and delight of male companionship outside the campus, found other promising avenues into that new world every one talked about those days. Day, a promising instructor in Clavercin's department, stayed on in France, organizing instruction for the troops left there; Bard in chemistry was employed by some crafty men who had bought up German patents cheaply; one of Sanderson's best men was hired by a New York bank. But the older men returned to the academic nest, discarding regretfully the uniform, their honorable khaki and spurs, feeling somehow that the great vacation of all their lives had ended, with the freedom of being "under orders"! Now they must enter the treadmill once more and give orders to themselves. They must resume the dull tasks of study and classroom, get out of the desk drawer the old lecture notes, which looked more dingy and lifeless than after the usual vacation. Caxton, who refused to consider the Armistice as final, stayed on in Washington until the following spring. He had made an astonishingly good intelligence officer mitigating regulations with a little common sense, and after his experience with some thousands of undergraduates had acquired a shrewd judgment of men. To go back to his dusty office in Founder's Hall every morning and get at the text of Chaucer had not the same reality it had had before 1914.

So gradually they got back to the common level of the old daily task, in a world not so new and "reconstructed" as they had fondly dreamed it would be, thanks to

their exertions in beating the Hun. For a time some of the glamour of the war hung about their minds: they swapped experiences over luncheon in the faculty club, held reunions, revived old animosities and disputes, criticized the roster of club members who had done war work. Once more they revived the pleasurable emotion of an unrestrained hate over the Reds, the terrible Bolsheviks and their unpatriotic sympathizers at home. But this aftermath of the dear, delightful war spirit also wore off in time under the steady grind of the old mill and the grudging reminder of the scholar's conscience to remain skeptic and try to see the other side. The talky ones, the propagandists and speechmakers, kept up a chatter over the peace treaties; for Eureka had its representatives in that grotesque assemblage of academic "experts" at Versailles. Chittering, the head of the history department, boasted for a time, "I made the Polish corridor!" And Dolittle had something to do with the Turkish treaty. For a couple of years after the Armistice they carried on their verbal warfare, defending the treaties, and felt that they had had a hand in molding destiny, at several hundred removes from the centre.

For once the university had been in touch with actualities. To be academic, with a professor or doctor before one's name, had not been a cause of tolerant contempt on the part of the "men who do things". To be academic had not been a reproach, often a recommendation. Faculty members felt, "They had to come to us with some of their problems, — they did not know, — and on the whole we did our part well, certainly as well as, or better than, those cheeky men of affairs who bungled ships and aëroplanes and grafted scandalously." The university, they felt, had acquitted itself handsomely in the national crisis, had proved its worth, its importance, and they meant that never again should the university slump back into insignificance. In this new world,

which they had helped to make, their place should be both more honorable, with enhanced prestige, and more comfortable, with higher salaries. Just how they did not know.

And first of all they were overwhelmed with students, their classes crowded beyond endurance. For the youth of the country had flocked into the universities in astonishing numbers after the war. "We showed them we had something here they would need," the professors thought complacently. Also, it was true that there was less for them to do, now that its youth, having been made into good fighters, the world suddenly decided to settle back into peace. "You might as well go back to school for a few years," parents said, "and prepare yourselves," — for what? For that new world. Besides, parents had the money, much easy, cheap war money, and the boys, girls too, deserved a vacation, a little petting and loafing and bragging. So back in floods they had come to the pleasant walks of academe, to the halls of learning and the sound of chimes, the rah, rah of football, and jazz and bootleg liquor and all the rest, — to the university.

Now what should they do with all this promising, clamorous youth, — what should they teach them? They were a bit tarnished, some of them, by their war experience, disillusioned, frustrated, with a nonchalant "show-us" air they had never had before. The old question, but more urgent with this mob of disillusioned youth. At the first full faculty meeting many of the old faces reappeared, singularly freshened and fattened by the war. Mallory who had come back from Washington with a medal, — some said to take over the presidency, others said to leave Eureka for a much more important post, — was there, sitting beside old Bayberry, gaunter and homelier than ever and a trifle unsteady on his thin legs. Also Clavercin, whiter, grimmer, burning to speak out at last in behalf of a new university. Beckwith was there, in worse repute than ever since his connection with the imprisoned pacifists, the communists, and all the other "down and outers" as Mallory mockingly called his protégés, and beside him Walter Snow with a fresh repertoire of the foolish doings of his colleagues with the map of Europe. And of course Sanderson came, more self-assured and provoc-

ative than ever, his moustache thicker in the centre, shaved back at the sides like the youth of the day, full of the "splendid record of my department," — every man in it having "served in some useful capacity the duration of the war." In this new academic world as in the new outside world there would be coming for him a suitable place, a very responsible place, nothing less than the presidency of Eureka, at last.

For old Donothing, in spite of his talent for publicity, for pronouncing authoritatively the current commonplace, had reached the end of his long academic tether and was about to retire, "as soon as a suitable successor could be found."

Past seventy, in this new, newest of old worlds, there was obviously nothing more for him but a harmless old age spent in writing his memoirs. His good friends in the British propaganda service had invited him to join one of those eminent junketing parties popular after the war to look into the Chinese situation, which would occupy him, thanks to the leisurely and luxurious manner of such excursions, with its official entertainments at least a full year. So this might well be the last full university function at which he would preside. (He had already officiated in the giving of honorary degrees to French, Italian, English dignitaries, civil and military.) As he sat on the platform dais at the end of the bare faculty room, surrounded by his minions, deans, and secretaries, his little green eyes blinking out on the faces below him, some of whom he could remember for over a generation, listening to the lisping secretary of the curriculum committee read the long delayed report on the reorganization of courses, he might well conclude that the "safe policy" had succeeded. Eureka was "sound", ready to leap ahead to those new "opportunities for service" which luncheon club orators were so fond of celebrating. In the report furbished up by the glib secretary there were paragraphs about the "quickened sense of service", the position the university should take in "our reconstructed world". Those two honorable words, "service" and "reconstruction", were so much overworked that Beckwith, suddenly leaning forward, remarked to Mallory, "We are in short to remake the universe and serve everybody

from charwomen to God; we are it!" Finally the secretary's lisp died away, and Dolittle, coming back from a long reverie of China and boards and banquets, mumbled, "Gentlemen, you have heard the report of the curriculum committee, which has been delayed due to the interruption of the war. What is your pleasure?"

"I move," Beckwith said in flutelike tones, "that the committee be discharged and that the report be laid on the table until we know more about that New World the report seems so familiar with."

A dozen members of the faculty rose nervously from their seats, and there was the usual mess of motions, counter-motions, amendments, withdrawals, points of order characteristic of Anglo-Saxon procedure applied to faculty meetings. Dolittle sat in puzzlement, while the wrangle proceeded with acrimonious exchanges that displayed temperaments rather than convictions about the curriculum. At last after an hour's waste of time, as the sun was disappearing behind the lofty campanile, the faculty got at the report itself, and the debate began acidly, tempers having been strained by the preceding futilities. Heads of departments had their say. Sanderson, recognized leader of the committee, made a brutal attack on the "futilities of culture", to which Caxton retorted sneeringly against "business colleges". Bayberry rose waveringly from the rear of the room. The President, who had been dozing as if from his seat of vantage he had already passed beyond all this academic patter into the larger life of international conferences, recognized the Professor of Greek with relief, shutting off the eager youngsters who were panting to speak. Bayberry so rarely spoke in faculty, although he was punctilious in attendance, that he was always listened to respectfully. The room settled into quiet, curious to hear what one so remote from life in subject and thought might have to say on the burning question of the great future.

Although he represented, he said, one of the least practical branches of learning, one that attracted least the modern mind, nevertheless it was traditionally the oldest culture on the globe; something might be said for the Greek point of view even in a world of tanks and aëroplanes and publicity bureaus. "We know that these

ancient sages were concerned with the same puzzling question, — what is education? Nobody knows — that is the simple truth. It is like asking what is nourishment or clothing! One thing for one man in one time and circumstance, another in a different time and circumstance. There is something both ironic and pathetic in this recurrent strife among us doctors of learning, each working for his own subject, his own craft, trying to make out of the scraps of knowledge we have an ideal balanced ration of education, like an ideal suit of clothes, standardized for all youth. It can't be done, gentlemen! You will take another unit away from English or Modern Languages and give its place to some form of science or business administration.

"That will not make education. For education is within! You talk of the new world, of reconstruction and all that. I venture to say that to our successors here it will be found to be much the same old world we have known, essentially, with the same problems, the same enigmas, because it will be a world of men and women. I shall vote, therefore, as I voted when the question of curriculum first came up before this faculty in President Harris's time, as I voted ten years later when the existing arrangement was introduced, — I shall vote 'no!', not because I am opposed to change, to experiment, but because I do not believe that we or any similar academic body of men can establish arbitrarily an ideal of education, of life for the coming generation, by taking a pinch of this and a dash of that and combining them with something else in so many units and thus make a suitable intellectual ration for all spirits. Let us leave the eternal problem to the generation now entering the university. Let them choose from the feast we offer whatever they happen to want!"

He sat down as abruptly as he had risen, and there was a squirming in the room, whispered conferences among the leaders, interrupted by the tired, droning voice of Dolittle, "Are you ready to vote, gentlemen? Let the secretary read the amended proposal as it now stands," and the Little President lisped for a few minutes. Then the faculty proceeded to vote without much confidence in what they were doing, and the President announced more briskly

than he had spoken hitherto, "The measure is carried. A motion to adjourn is in order."

Thus the new world was ushered into Eureka.

II

Efficiency was the watchword of this new world, with "reconstruction" and "service" hanging vaguely in the background. Everybody realized that a brand new curriculum recognizing "functional subjects" did not make a new educational world. That was the screen behind which the "new forces" must operate. What men talked about among themselves was a new president and the drive. The two went together. The new world demanded an immensely increased endowment, and to procure this it was necessary to secure a "magnetic" personality for president. Mallory was persuaded to lay aside his other ambitions for a time and accept the leadership of the "Fifty Million Dollar Endowment Drive", which was to recreate Eureka, give it the equipment and the "Plant" to meet its obligations in the new world.

"Why fifty millions?" Clavercin inquired plaintively.

"Because it is a big round number. You must think in large terms, Clavey, these days. Pretty soon they will be asking you to declare your needs for prosecuting your studies, and you must be prepared to ask for five millions,—for that theatre; you were always talking about a library of dramatic literature,—at least five new instructors, and a perpendicular rise in salaries, say twelve thousand for you, Clavey."

"I don't want it," Clavercin replied sombrely, unable to respond at once to Beckwith's facetious acceptance of the new world. "I think we are paid pretty nearly enough for what we do as it is. What we need —"

"For heaven's sake, man, don't talk that way in public: they will think you crazy," Beckwith warned. "Dick Caxton is head of the publication committee to get out our literature of needs. He and Mallory will show you what you want!"

Indeed, a new wave of enthusiasm began to run through Eureka, for "the bigger, better, best of universities," and

members of the faculty who had waited anxiously for a five hundred dollar increase in salaries now talked in millions. Every one was doing it. The "drive" had become one of the most popular features of university life. Under Mallory's inspiring leadership, with his genius for organization, a new method of getting money for the drive was introduced. Instead of dropping into some rich man's office or lunching with him privately and tickling his vanity until he consented to become a donor, there was an army organization of drive leaders, whose business it was to "cover" every possible contribution to the fund. "We are not going after the philanthropist class," Mallory announced. "The day of individual benefactions, of a rich man's buying himself into respectability and social consideration, has largely gone. Of course," he added hastily with a humorous grin, "we'll not refuse any tainted money, but there isn't enough of it! To accomplish what we are after we must make the smaller people contribute.

"We must make the comfortable middle classes feel that this is their university, not only our own graduates but all earnest men and women who believe in better things. We must make it a religion to give to the university, not a social gesture!"

And that was the note of the new world: everybody who counts must support the things that count.

"You are selling the university to the public this time," Beckwith carped, "instead of a war! It will do less harm."

"Precisely!" Mallory agreed readily. "And you, Norman, are one of our best assets, if you did but know it. Your radical friends are so disturbing to all decent-minded, prudent citizens that they want something done to prevent the curse of communism and chaos. So they are sympathetic to the claims of religion and education, as they never were before; they see that we are the cement of society, and if they wish to leave their money to their children in peace, or even enjoy an orderly death, they must contribute to the cement fund, must patch the crumbling walls of society. So instead of discouraging you in your efforts to get the wabblers out of jail, to stir up insurrection in India, to recognize Russia, and all the rest of the radical program, I tell you to go right ahead and get all the publicity you can for

your activities. Every column you receive works for us, and means thousands of dollars to the drive fund."

The two old friends laughed amiably. Probably Mallory had a better understanding of Beckwith than any one in Eureka, and for his part Beckwith respected Mallory more than he did any other conservative mind. In essential character they had much in common; it would be difficult to account for their divergence in action and belief.

"I see your point, Edgar, but I can't help you rake in the endowment. Would you like my resignation?"

"Never!" Mallory laughed tolerantly. "Of course you are a reproach to the university in some quarters, not so important as they once were. But you are an invaluable asset to us in other ways than I have just mentioned. When we are told that you are dangerous and subversive to the social order we reply that we do not agree with your views, of course, and deplore your present activities and associations. But a university should be tolerant to heretics. You are our foremost heretic! So we point to you and say to any critic, 'Eureka tolerates Beckwith because we know he is sincere and able and stimulating to students. Our students are too mature, too sane to be carried away by his social vagaries!'"

"Thanks, Edgar, for your frankness," Beckwith grinned. "Now that I realize my usefulness to the institution as a horrible example I can prosecute my radical activities with an easy conscience. And you might help me with Heune's case. Some of our witch burners want to deport him. It is outrageous!"

He related forthwith at length the history of the Russian student, who had been peaceably working his way towards a degree when he fell into the net of Federal and State authorities spread to catch the seditious.

"He was working in a bank up town. Somebody in Washington discovered his name in the rolls of the communist party and had him clapped in jail. That was a year ago. Snow and I bailed him out, and he found another job, with the Federal Reserve branch. Thinking he was safe from further persecution he sent for his old father, who is now on the way over. An order has come through from Washington

ordering him deported in the next boatload of aliens that this land of the free is shipping back to Europe. A word from you to the proper authorities in Washington might very likely get him a reprieve until his case has been thoroughly looked into. He is no more a communist than you or I, Edgar. What do you say?"

Mallory's smiling face sobered.

"I'd rather it were a contribution to one of your down-and-out funds, Norman," he said at last. "I'd gladly give you a cheque. But in my position, with all the liability to misrepresentation —"

"I see! You don't want to be compromised."

"It isn't so much myself as the university," Mallory said hastily. "I have no right to involve the institution in such a controversy."

"One might think that the business of a university is to champion the victims of intolerance," Beckwith suggested with gentle irony.

"You can't antagonize the community. We depend on the community for our support, our influence," Mallory protested.

"And for the success of the drive!" Beckwith added. "So instead of getting loose from the prejudices of big donors by going to the public for support, the university places itself under stricter bonds than ever not to offend the ideals of its supporters. The philanthropists of the last generation to whom Harris appealed were often liberal-minded men, willing to keep their hands off the university, but henceforth we are to be bullied by the opinions of the middle class, the conservative, well-to-do citizens! God help the university if that is to be its destiny."

"Oh, you take too gloomy a view of the well-to-do citizen," Mallory protested. "He isn't such a bad fellow. We molded him at any rate. He graduated from some college, for the most part, and it is his recognition of the good he got from it which is making him loyal to us now," and he ran on in the style of the drive literature, being turned out to the tune of busy typewriters in a nearby office.

"I know the song," Beckwith interposed. "Even old Dick Caxton has turned his hand to 'Scholarship and Citizenship'. Flynn did 'Eureka, the City, and Eureka, the University, — Shall They Advance?'"

I suspect you, Edgar, of being the author of the 'Dialogue with a Dean'!"

"No, no," Mallory laughed. "That was the Little President; didn't you recognize his style in the up-to-date man of the world Dean?"

"Well, then, you turned off 'The Quest of Truth', celebrating all the services to humanity that the university has accomplished."

"That was a composite. Dexter helped," the new president admitted, laughingly.

"And 'A New Epoch at Eureka'," Beckwith continued pitilessly enumerating the titles of the drive literature, "with a ten million laboratory for business science."

"We had to give Sanderson that, he's so infernally successful in bringing in money!" Mallory explained ruefully. "But we are going to build Caxton a special library and —"

"And a new faculty club house, I hope? And raise salaries all around so that every professor can own a sedan and keep a smart young lady secretary with a typewriter? Oh, the new Epoch at Eureka will be another crop of buildings and facilities! Hope you'll get a better architect than Harris had, by the way! Well, your drive is running to plant and equipment, true to form. Good luck to you! I hear you have forty of the fifty millions in sight."

"Not quite that," Mallory corrected cautiously. "But we hope by the end of the year to make some interesting announcements on the drive."

"The women are in it too," Beckwith went on, "it isn't safe to go down town in the train unless you have pinned to your coat 'I have done my bit and more for Eureka'! Quite right, Edgar," he continued his banter as he groped for his hat. "Customer ownership, every student a stockholder, — that's the slogan! The community's university, for upholding the community's ideal of service with profit. Well, I must be off. I am lunching with Jessica, trying to interest her in my kind of university, my labor college. We can't rival your plant, but we have a large field, — ten to fifteen millions of labor families."

Mallory's face assumed a curious expression at this last sally.

"Perhaps you will be more successful

with Jessica than with me," he remarked dully as Beckwith disappeared from the president's office.

The outer office was no longer the cold, somnolent place it had been under Dolittle. Mallory had insisted when he assumed the responsibilities of Eureka that if he were to conduct a successful drive for fifty millions he must delegate the various functions of the president. To the Little President had been assigned routine administration, with a corps of young deans under him. Caxton had been given charge of the literature of the drive, Sanderson the social activity of the drive, and so on. Office room for all these had been found in convenient proximity to the President, so that this wing of the big Administration Building resembled closely an army headquarters in full blast, with a noisy chorus of typewriters all day and far into the night. Chairmen and chairwomen of the many committees to which the active field work of the drive had been entrusted now sat around in the outer office waiting for a few words with the drive leaders. Beckwith, as he passed among them, observed that the personnel of the drive was much the same as that of Penniman's Vigilants. Just as the most active propagandists for war had been drawn from the ranks of "our social leaders", so now the most active workers for a new epoch at Eureka were from the same aspiring class. "After all," he reflected, ducking his head to Louise Clavercin, who was chatting with big Mrs. Grant and Constance Fenton, "it is their world. The war hasn't altered that fact!"

The women were all in it! They had got the habit of "doing big things" during the hectic war months and were loath to slip back into obscurity and dinner parties. The women were behind all the university drives in the country, and Eureka women, who had been prominent in selling war bonds and running war charities, fell upon the big drive as a heaven-sent opportunity. Louise Clavercin had discovered a pleasant individual niche for herself at last. She had become liaison officer between the city and the university, which involved a great deal of dining out and lunching and interminable conferences. She had become very intimate with Maida Grant, who had promised Mallory to "get Eureka society behind the drive". Louise was her adju-

tant and obeyed orders, collecting the more presentable members of the faculty to be infiltrated into dinners or to offer parlor lectures at the homes of important people. Often she had an informal sort of committee meeting at her house so that Clavercin formed the habit of lunching always at the club. "Poor Beamen is so delicate," she would say in explanation of her single appearance at a dinner. "You know I think he has never recovered from his war work, poor dear!" The tradition grew that Beaman Clavercin was a victim of melancholia and extremely trying to his charming wife, who was an angel, "and so clever." In this affair of the drive which brought her into close relation with the President of the university, Louise Clavercin at last achieved the rôle originally designed for her by Jessica Mallory as Edgar's official wife. They telephoned each other a dozen times a day, avoiding so far as possible personal interviews. When a meeting was imperative, it took place either in the city or by chance at tea at Constance Fenton's, rarely at the Clavercins'. Jessica humorously noting this effort to avoid gossip suggested as she departed on a winter trip to South America, "Do ask Louise to come in here while I am away. It would save you both so much time."

Mallory put this down to his wife's peculiar sense of humor and did not reply. Jessica, who was now enjoying full control of her father's estate, had insisted on contributing generously to the drive before her departure.

"I gave Beckwith the same amount for his labor college," she explained. "I don't believe in either, you see, and it is only fair to do for you what I did for him, to be impartial. When I come back maybe I'll give you some more. The money seems to pile up and up at the bank, — I'll see which educational enterprise shows the best promise!"

No wonder Jessica Mallory had finally achieved the reputation, not only among the college wives, but in the city, of being "queer". "If she would only find some one on the way to South America," Louise daringly suggested to Constance, "and never come back!"

"Oh, they say she has found 'some one' before, several times," Constance retorted with an amiable laugh, "but she always

comes back. That's her kind," she mused, with a certain girlish cynicism which she had never lost over the vagaries of human love. She had never married and still lived in a wing of the big brick house, the main part being occupied by the university crèche and kindergarten. Some said it had been Clavercin who kept her from marrying, others Mallory, from the necessity of having a romantic explanation.

She herself explained frankly, "I just don't care for men, having to look after them I mean. I like babies, and nowadays one doesn't have to marry to have all the babies one wants! I've thirty in there every day, besides my own specials."

Her specials were the four orphans, all girls, whom she had adopted from time to time, as occasion came and the helpless child appealed. Clavercin remembered the night when he was dining with Constance Fenton in the big house with a merry company, — she was only twenty then and loved gaiety, — a servant whispered in her ear, "Long distance." She had excused herself, and when she returned a little flushed she announced, "You'll have to play by yourselves to-night. I'm off for Michigan. Beaman, do look up the train for me. Yes, it's a baby, — parents just killed to-day in a crossing accident, and some friend has telephoned me about their child." That was the first one Maude, who was now in the university Clavercin who had kept warm his affection for Constance through all the vicissitudes of his career now received over a cup of tea after his late class the latest gossip about the women's end of the university drive.

"Maida Grant is clever," Constance gurgled confidentially. "She's worked off that Women's Hospital she used to organize balls for, you know. She got bored with it, — it was always in need of money, — and so she has handed it over to the university. She's very able, Maida, an important person in the city. They can't put over any big thing from a reform mayor to a university drive without her help. I wonder how her husband likes it! Or Edgar Mallory for that matter," she added with a chuckle.

"Marriage is no longer woman's destiny," Clavercin observed tritely.

"Oh, it never was, — merely an arrangement for having children," Constance volunteered hardily. "How much better

off we'll all be when we don't make that natural desire so painful socially!"

"You talk like Jessica Mallory."

"You know, I like that woman!" Constance observed triumphantly. "I didn't used to, — thought she was a prig and fearfully selfish."

"She is a prig," Clavercin sighed.

"But she is a wise woman all the same. She never fools herself long."

"I wonder if that is the highest praise a human being may aspire to?" Clavercin remarked sentimentally.

"Oh, yes, for a woman it is!" Constance rejoined positively, bending a smiling face over the tea tray. "Of course men must be able to fool themselves with one thing or another, — and we women have to help them in their make-believes! That's our lubrication function as Jimmie Flynn says. And we perform best when we aren't fooling ourselves! There's dear old Uncle Tom coming across from his house to get his tea," she remarked, pulling down a shade in the front window of the big room, which made it seem more livable. "I always give him a signal when I am to be home, by leaving up this shade!"

Presently the Flynn's dropped in on the way from the city, each with a small child by the hand. Clavercin realized that pretty Mrs. Flynn had lost much of her good looks. "Getting old like all of us," he commented, "all but Constance! and Jessica Mallory! They will never grow old, Constance because she was born radiant with the simplicity of a child, and Jessica because somehow she has achieved peace with her mind. One is purely instinctive, the other purely mental, and both have rounded out themselves somehow as no men I know have done. They have filled out their characters and got into adjustment with life, — one by plunging into it breathlessly, the other by withdrawing from it discreetly!"

They were talking about the drive. Jimmie Flynn had been addressing a gathering of women in a house on the other side of the city.

"We have too many rivals in the field. Vassar has just combed the city, and Elmwood is beginning. However, we have the biggest body of graduates, and ought to beat 'em to it! Besides Eureka is the home institution. Let the East look after its own colleges, I told 'em."

"Patronize your *neighborhood* druggist," quoted Bayberry with a chuckle.

"Sure! We are as good as any of 'em!" Flynn rejoined with the imperturbable complacency of Eureka. "The missus and I want to get that trip to Europe when the drive is over. Mallory has promised it!"

"The drive will never be over," Clavercin observed.

"Oh, sure," Flynn rejoined. "We've twenty in sight already, and Mallory expects to wind it up by Christmas in a whirl of last hour pledges. I think he has some special gifts in reserve, to announce when the proper moment arrives."

Flynn was enjoying Constance's good bread and butter and tea, hungry after his exertions in the city. He took the drive optimistically, naturally, as he had taken the war, the university, Eureka, life. There seemed to him nothing derogatory or unseemly in a university drive for money. That was the way one worked these things. The technique of arousing the community had been immensely improved by the experience of the war, and Eureka was employing the last wrinkles of salesmanship learned in the bond-selling drives. They were receiving pledges on the instalment plan, — so much a week or month, — also writing endowment insurance, on a scheme that Sanderson had worked out. "You give the university so many thousands, and we guarantee you a fixed income for life. Our tables are much more favorable than those of the best insurance companies, and so forth." Another plan was "the favorite professor endowment". A prospective donor or a group of donors could select one of the popular professors and contribute a fund for his endowment, also for his retirement allowance. That scheme was "taking like mad".

"Adopted orphans!" Bayberry chuckled, wrinkling his thin face ruefully.

"It gives the individual touch. Lots of folks want to see the object of their benevolence. If they can't afford to give a building that they can look at, they can take pleasure in their own professor!" Flynn chatted on amiably. "Our most dangerous competitor is the church movement, endowment for poor ministers. That is just getting started. It's a pity we can't come to some sort of arrangement with them, division of the territory or a per-

centage basis. There's a danger in overworking the community. They may go on a gift strike if they are teased too often."

"Not while they are in fear of the Reds!" Clavercin suggested as he rose to leave. "They are your best friends, as they were to the bitter enders in the war. Anything to keep out the Bolshies, — that's your winning slogan!"

"Oh, we are working that! We tell them no educated person will stand for communism. The church and the university are the two great bulwarks of society as it is," Flynn purred, quoting from the drive leaflets.

The Flynnns were in the thick of the drive, in the ranks, trying to secure hundred dollar subscriptions from young graduates and ambitious households that expected to send their children to the university some day. They left "the big graft", as Flynn would put it, to Maida Grant, Louise, Mallory, and the other drive leaders. They belonged to the democracy of the university and functioned there happily.

On either side of Constance Fenton's kindergarten home were fraternity houses; also across the street all the houses once known as "professors' row" were now occupied by these colonies of the new rich youth that flocked to Eureka. They had driven out the faculty, who had retired either into more economical flats or block houses on quieter side streets. On a warm spring evening like this a clamor of youth came from the open windows, the noise of musical instruments badly played, shouts, and songs. Up and down the street on either side motor cars were parked close, expensive cars often in which boys and girls packed tightly rushed back and forth on aimless business. When a fraternity gave a dance the noise kept up far into the night until occasionally the good natured police on the beat intervened on behalf of private citizens who lived in the neighborhood. At last Eureka had become not only popular but even fashionable. Moneyed people from the surrounding States sent their children here rather than to eastern colleges. The community had become rich in the war, and this was its flowering.

Clavercin asked himself if they were the same sort of youth he had encountered first at Eureka, with merely another veneer? These boys and girls whom he

encountered on his twilight walks in parked cars with curtains drawn, on lonely drives in the parks. While their elders were bickering over the right sort of education for a reconstructed world, they went gayly to jazz, bootleg gin and whiskey, and sexual freedom, with a new note of scorn or frank indifference for the old commandments. "Get the dough!" "Put it over," "You have but one life to live," were the profound truths they seemed to have brought back from Armageddon. It was to provide this youth with more commodious quarters and to pay their instructors more highly that the great drive for the fifty million fund had been organized. That was unfair, the sour prejudice of age, Clavercin knew well enough, for behind this noisy façade of the fraternity houses was the great mass of the student body, hungry and eager, poor rather than rich, seeking life.

III

The Snows had acquired a tiny piece of the bluff on the opposite side of the lake, where they went week-ends and vacations with their friends. They picnicked in the little shack Snow had built beside a gaunt pine and on the beach below the bluff. Behind the tumbled masses of sandy bluffs along the lake a flat country stretched off in misty miles of orchards and farms. "The Shack", as they called the place, had been a refuge during the war and after, an escape from the passionate chatter of the city and the university, where one could quickly revert to a primitive simplicity of instincts. There Snow was working on his *Lessons of History*, an ironic commentary on the war and its aftermath, and there he had sheltered on occasion some of the victims of the red mania, stray communists and labor journalists, until bail could be secured for them, and there Beckwith brought his friends of the new labor party.

One warm October afternoon as the university drive was nearing its close Clavercin came out to the Shack with Beckwith and Palli, one of Beckwith's graduate students, whose Italian father was a coal miner and who had dug in the pits himself as a boy. Short, thick-set, black-eyed, Palli listened saturninely to the conversation of the older men in regard to a meeting of labor leaders and com-

munists to be held the next day in a little village on the lake shore. Beckwith was to attend the meeting, which was expected to formulate plans for a new political party.

"Lester will be there," Beckwith said, referring to the leader of an abortive strike in the steel works.

"I've read his book," put in Alice Snow, poking her head from the closet kitchen. "He's a corker! Will you take me, Norman?"

Clavercin noticed that Palli smiled quietly and shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you think of the new party, Palli?" he asked.

"Nothing doing!" the Italian replied succinctly. "I know labor. I've worked in the mines," and he stretched forth two hard fists. "They are all the same as the rest, capitalist at heart. They want the money, nothing else."

Snow laughed ironically.

"We'll ask them to subscribe to the university drive!"

Palli laughed softly.

"That's more likely," he said. "No, this country won't become communist, not even socialist, not now, too rich!"

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"A new world! No, same old world, always. The only way to live in it is not to depend on it too much," and he smiled sympathetically at Alice Snow, who had paused in her effort to provide food to listen to him. "Mr. Beckwith offers me a job teaching students, but I'd rather dig my living out of the earth, when I have to. What is best is to be free, to move about, to see and try to understand. One is tied down in a university to certain ways of looking at things, same in Russia, same in politics. Just keep your baggage light and move about and depend on yourself, that is all the wisdom my education has given me!"

He rose from the floor where he had been sitting with his big arms laced across his stomach and began to help Alice Snow handily. Clavercin watching his deft movements felt that judgment had been delivered, the judgment of the coming generation. Neither Mallory nor Beckwith had discovered the true way: it was neither revolt nor conformity, neither the revolution nor the drive. It was a clear-

sighted individualism. In the end the revolution would become as tyrannous, as boring, as sterile as capitalist society, with its own conventions, its own futilities. And it would "do things", much the same things as now.

After Beckwith had left them to attend his meeting (which although supposed to be quite secret was under close observation by a score of secret service agents) they lay on the beach watching the sun set across the placid lake, in a great orange band, content and peaceful.

"All the same," Alice Snow remarked after a time of rumination, "I like Norman Beckwith's spirit better than Mallory's!"

"Of course!" Palli grunted. "One likes a fighter, a clean fighter, always. They ought to make him the next president of the university!"

Snow laughed hilariously.

"Lots of the younger men think so," Palli said, "the ones who write and think. That's the kind of man they'd follow."

"Well, after Mallory finishes up the drive there may be a chance," Clavercin remarked in jest. "I hear Mallory is to be called to some place in the East."

"Another drive! He's the new kind of evangelist. After one community is sufficiently stirred he moves on. Our educational Billy Sunday!"

"And he has a good time too," Alice Snow laughed. "Beckwith has a good time with the Reds and Mallory with the Whites."

"That's it," said Palli, "and Mr. Snow can tell us that it has always been so, — the Whites and the Reds, those who get their fun conforming and those who get their fun revolting. Well, friends, I'm off, tramping back to the city."

"To-night!"

"Yes, why not? I like the night. One sees less and can think!"

And presently he disappeared into the darkness softly padding along the edge of the beach. After Palli's departure Walter Snow built a fire on the beach, and the three lay there talking desultorily of the past, recalling the early years of Eureka under Harris, contrasting the bustle of that era with the bustle of the present.

"All the difference, at any rate the most obvious difference, between the Harris days and these is size. There are more buildings, more students, more courses,

and more money to-day than then. The essential motives remain the same!" Clavercin mused. "I wonder if that is not true of all human history: what seems so peculiar, so dramatic, so important at one time quickly loses its special character as experience and merges into the whole."

"But one has to live the present as if it was singular and significant. Those who are most convinced of its importance are the ones who make the best use of it, are most thoroughly vitalized. Harris in his time, Mallory now, and Beckwith."

"I wonder," Clavercin mused. "Do you know that they are rejecting most of the new discoveries in medicine, about contagious diseases? Dexter tells me his famous pneumonia serum is worthless, probably never saved a life?"

"Will somebody get me a blanket!" came sleepily from Alice Snow's corner of the fire as the drone of an aeroplane sounded from above their heads.

"The eastern mail,—it's late tonight," Snow remarked, as once he might have noted the whistle of the night express.

IV

Again the academic procession wound across the Eureka campus following the old trail of the cement walk first laid out in the Harris days. It kept on past Founder's Hall, out through the gap between the burly Administration Building and the Modern Language Hall, crossed the Boulevard, in considerable disarray due to the speeding traffic. The black mortar boards and flowing gowns, a few silk, many of less luxurious material, with the doctors' colored hoods, bobbed into the sunken roadway, and reappeared on the other side before the excavation for the new College of Business Science. There a small gathering of people in the neighborhood, attracted by the students' band and the gowns and hoods, watched with momentary curiosity the ceremony of laying a corner-stone. There were three addresses. Mallory quite imposing in his gown, tall, square-shouldered, pale, smooth-shaven, alert, spoke briefly of the recent effort of the university to enlarge its facilities and provide for the needs of the new world. "In dedicating this great building to the service of business," he said, "the university recognizes the signif-

icance in modern life of the economic factor." Pliny Lucas, who had given the building, next spoke panegyrically on the civilizing influence of trade from the time of the ancient Phœnicians to the present day, and somewhat floridly sketched the dawning future of mankind when "under an improved and extended system of commerce all peoples should be as one," and the will to fight would be forgotten. Sanderson who concluded the speech-making emphasized the peculiar contribution of ideas and ideals which the university had to offer business life. "We are all in business!" he concluded.

Tom Bayberry's thin lips moved in an ironic quaver as he murmured to himself, "Yes, the business of life!"

There was some confusion over the affair of cementing in the box of prepared documents (which contained among other things a copy of the Versailles Treaty and a complete set of drive pamphlets, together with the day's "Thunderer" and the World Almanac). The audience tittered with relief over Sanderson's somewhat plethoric handling of the trowel and applauded mildly Pliny Lucas's deft way of splashing in the mortar, not realizing that his introduction to the business life had been as a mason's assistant. This ceremony over, the caps and gowns wandered back in little groups to the campus, passing on the way the site for the new medical buildings to be erected about a large hospital. That corner-stone was being saved for another occasion, thriftily.

At the luncheon which followed in the university commons there were a number of "snappy speeches" in the "lighter vein", for which Mallory still retained his taste. The theme of these was of course the success of the great drive. The big gilt hand of the drive clock on the face of the campanile had been pushed to the thirty million mark that morning, which was considered the present goal, although as Mallory warned the trustees facetiously, "This is but the end of the first half!" From the drive the speakers moved naturally to "superpower", a word then just coming into common use. Pliny Lucas described enthusiastically the effort being made to link up all the little scattered units of industrial power throughout the nation into one great system of superpower, and likened it to the movement in

the church and the university to enlarge the scope of their influence by drives and amalgamations, "so as to canalize efficiently the stream of idealistic purpose."

Beckwith, who had come in with some others after the luncheon and was leaning against the rear wall of the commons, shouted "bravo", so loudly that the audience craned their heads to discover who was making a disturbance. Pliny Lucas subsided abruptly into his seat next the President, and Mallory tactfully started the band to play Alma Mater. Then Maida Grant, who with Louise Clavercin was seated at the speaker's table, rose massively to speak on behalf of "Women in the Drive and in the World", and paid some pretty compliments to the ability of the President, and the generous response of big business represented by Mr. Pliny Lucas. She took occasion in referring modestly to her own efforts to shy a rock at Beckwith and "the malcontent minority; we used to call them traitors during the war, — and they are traitors still." She said that she was proud to be a woman helping to create a man-and-woman world; one thing women could never be converted to and that was communism in any form. Some flighty persons had been flirting with communism even within the walls of the university, theorists merely, but dangerous theorists. The best answer to them was the magnificent college of business science. It was considered the speech of the afternoon. Once again the band played Alma Mater, and the audience joined in singing, a bit uncertainly, the academic hymn and then broke up. As they trooped through the cloisters to the street the chimes from the great campanile rang out, "Oh, be joyful!" The repertoire of the chimes had improved during the present administration, but this touch was not unpremeditated. The lively carol rang gayly into the winter twilight, and many heads craned upward to the belfry, beneath which extended the gigantic hands of the drive clock, pointing to the illuminated figure thirty.

Students lined the street about the base of the campanile and cheered as the distinguished guests and faculty appeared. It was felt everywhere that this was a great day for Eureka, a more imposing, more dignified triumph than the univer-

sity had witnessed since Dr. Harris had bestowed the doctorate on the lumberman Larson or the football team had beaten Yale ten to nothing in the home stadium. All were smiling, joking, as they pushed through the crowd of students and motors on their way homeward. Jimmie Flynn was confiding to Constance Fenton and Tom Bayberry the itinerary of that long anticipated excursion to Europe. Caxton in a fresh silk gown with a brilliant purple band was sketching a magnificent scheme for coöperation between European and American universities in the exchange of facilities. Maida Grant sipping a restoring cocktail at the Clavercins' sighed, — "That's over! Now the next will be — "

"What?" Louise Clavercin demanded hungrily.

"The new President."

"You think Edgar will leave us?"

"I know it," Maida said, closing her eyes impressively. "He told me as much at the luncheon."

Louise Clavercin had already received from his own lips this information, but she discreetly permitted Maida to think that she was hearing it for the first time.

"It will be a fearful loss to Eureka!"

"We couldn't expect to keep him long, he's so splendid! What will Jessica do!"

"Oh, Jessica is beyond such trifles. She will write a new book or organize another expedition to Asia or Africa!"

V

Shortly after the triumphant climax of the drive the news spread over the university campus that the efficient Mallory, having fulfilled his promise to the Trustees, was about to be translated to some mysterious post of responsibility in the East under the auspices of the Larson Trust. Some said it was philanthropy, others education, — a new kind of educational survey of the world, — at all events a position highly paid and extremely important, which would necessitate a great deal of travel and public speaking. The trustees were already considering presidential material in the faculty and outside and had asked certain influential members of the faculty to coöperate in the selection of the new President, an innovation that created a very happy impression on the campus.

And yet when this informal committee

representing the faculty canvassed the situation they could come to no agreement about a candidate. Of course Sanderson was in the thought of all, but as one member put it, "We have had about all of Sanderson we can stand,—he has his College of Business Science." Poor Jorolman of Education was no longer even considered because of his marital griefs. Odd as it seemed the name most insistently mentioned on all sides was that of Norman Beckwith. No one denied his ability and his devotion to the university.

The voices of the thousands of young men whom he had taught were coming back to the campus in no uncertain tone. "Beckwith is no Red; he's just alive. The world is moving; move with it!"

Eight years before Beckwith had been burned in effigy in the oval of the campus because of his pacifism. But many of those who were most vociferously for war in those days had become devout pacifists by now. Even the red of the Russians no longer seemed so gory or so dangerous as it had just after the Armistice. As remembered, many of Beckwith's most hated remarks became merely caustic common-sense, premature in utterance, perhaps. Whereas, as his partisans pointed out, "The spirit of the man is more truly modern than that of any of us!" The movement for Beckwith, at first taken as a joke, rapidly gained ground, eliciting the support of all the so-called "progressive" and liberal spirits in the community. His enemies,—and he had not avoided making enemies where possible,—under the leadership of old Dolittle, who had come back to Eureka to write out the memories of his wonderful experiences, became alarmed and laid their lines of battle "against radicalism in Eureka". The matter threatened to become acute, for it had been some years now since the pursuit of the Reds, and people's emotions were hungry for a rousing fight. The trustees were supposed to be about evenly divided between those who would rather resign than allow Beckwith to become president of Eureka, and those who admitted guardedly that they would vote for any candidate who had the support of the faculty. But the faculty thus appealed to was helplessly divided and uncertain. In the height of the campaign Beckwith

characteristically went off to Europe for six weeks, saying, "I am not a politician looking for votes." This indifference whipped up the ardor of the young supporters of his candidacy, and when he returned the fat was still in the fire, sizzling.

"Do you really want it, Norman?" Mallory asked Beckwith when the two met by chance in New York.

Beckwith colored like a youngster.

"Sometimes I think I do," he admitted, "but not unless the better part of the faculty and the trustees want me unreservedly."

Mallory shook his head soberly.

"You know that could never happen. Not for years! It would be a long and a petty fight to maintain your leadership. The majority of faculty and trustees can't understand what you are after, and would suspect your every move."

"I suppose so!" Beckwith admitted, a little wistfully.

"Wait another ten years!" Mallory urged.

"Oh, hell, by that time our labor college will be running Eureka off the field!"

They laughed companionably.

"Not so soon as that, Norman! It's more likely Eureka will be affiliating your labor college."

"See here, Edgar," Beckwith said after a time, "Sanderson is not to get it?"

Mallory shook his head.

"Not a chance. Every one is fed up with business administration and business science."

"Who is your dark horse?"

"What would you say of Dexter? Now that his wife has died he has no encumbrances. He is in science, and it is along that line the university can advance most easily. He doesn't make enemies. He is not brilliant, but everybody respects him,—his professional reputation is sound."

Beckwith nodded approvingly.

"Good man, old Dexter!"

"Neither radical nor conservative, just a hard-working, clear-headed, good-tempered scientist!" Mallory pronounced eulogistically.

"You ought to marry him to Louise Clavercin or Maida Grant, and he would be perfect!"

"Perhaps that can be arranged, too," Mallory concluded.

THE END



The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns

Alien Restriction

The debate in the March issue of THE FORUM on the subject of registering our aliens has brought to the Editor many letters of which the following two are representative:

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is difficult and perhaps unfair to attempt any comment upon Dr. Fairchild's arguments in support of the registration of aliens without having his full statement before me. I take it that he would approve of the Ashwell bill (H. R. 5583) now pending before Congress. I have studied this bill and have tried to consider with an open mind all that its friends have to say in its behalf. I am still thoroughly convinced that the proposal is impractical, un-American, and full of danger.

The sufficient condemnation of the measure is the hardship and injustice it would inflict upon the millions of aliens who have lawfully entered the country and who have a legal right to be here. A most unfortunate stigma would be attached to an industrious self-respecting element of our population. Serious handicap would be placed upon efforts that are being made to encourage in our alien neighbors such a respect for our institutions and traditions as may lead them to seek naturalization. It would deepen the lines of cleavage between native Americans and foreign groups, already a matter of serious concern to thoughtful citizens.

But apparently Dr. Fairchild would justify this obnoxious measure on the

ground that it would "prevent bootlegged immigration". Does he really believe that the immigrant who has been shrewd or unscrupulous enough to evade the present ample regulations will voluntarily seek registration under this law, or that he will not find numberless ways to evade detection if he does not wish to register? And how will government agents refute the claim of an unregistered alien who declares that he is a citizen? The measure could not be enforced unless, indeed, a Government that seems already to have troubles enough in securing proper respect for its laws, is prepared to adopt the unthinkable expedient of requiring every American citizen and all his minor children above sixteen years of age to register annually. Will our people tolerate for themselves the requirements which Mr. Ashwell holds to be necessary for the effective registration of aliens? Do they wish to report to the post-office every change of address, of name, of physical appearance, or any temporary absence from their place of residence? Do they wish to be compelled to show on demand to any one of a host of government agents or police officers an easily lost or misplaced certificate bearing their photograph or finger prints? Until we are prepared to subject ourselves to such intolerable annoyances the proposed registration of aliens will prove to be a farce more disgraceful and humiliating than the Volstead Act is now held to be by its opponents.

CHARLES K. GILBERT.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In answer to the question "Shall We Register Our Aliens?" after thirty years experience in foreign lands, chiefly in Asia and Europe, I would reply with an emphatic *No* because I believe the step to be

(1) Reactionary.

(2) Unconstitutional class legislation, to which we ourselves would object, as we have in the past, if our own citizens abroad in business, missionary work, for health or travel were forced unwillingly to registration or citizenship.

(3) It is unjust, impractical, and impossible of fulfilment.

(4) It is self-defeating and will deeply alienate the alien, and become provocative of growing ill-will toward our country.

(5) It will add to law evasion and lawlessness already rampant and growing. If we were better enforcing our dry laws we might have more hope of enforcing this impossible legislation for 7,000,000 in our midst.

(6) It would be the thin edge of the wedge leading to the registration and militarization of our own citizens.

(7) It will add to race prejudice, espionage, and class division. It would be eagerly advocated by all reactionary hooded orders.

Finally, it would be costly and fill our country with a vast network of spies and officials. I am therefore utterly against it, because it is un-American, it would rouse the hostility of millions of half-enfranchised Americans who are already here, and bring us into strained relations with foreign nations in Europe, South America, and Asia.

SHERWOOD EDDY.

New York, N. Y.

Youth Protests

Richard Mott Gummere, Headmaster of the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia, gently reminded us in his article in the January FORUM that some of this glitter in our Golden Age of Education is dross. Promptly rises an American youth to turn the other side of the blackboard:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I wish to express my ideas concerning the article of Richard Mott Gummere en-

titled, "Education Tosses In Its Sleep." The style is easy flowing and I was more than charmed with the excellent composition of the author. But after this beautiful maze had cleared away, I was aware of a mistaken idea this work conveyed.

I have been out of school about six months, so that I have a right to defend my fellows. I am assuming Mr. Gummere has described the old method of schooling correctly; but he has failed to do justice to the modern fashion. When he is describing this modern method, he speaks only of the grammar schools and the first years of high school; the university and the later years of high school have been ignored. I want to defend the university more than anything else.

When attending this form of high education, a person will find instruction similar to that described in his own education with numerous modern additions. The university student is the most independent human on earth. His studies are arranged to suit his own wish, and very seldom the professor's. It is true he does not spend his time wandering around the Swiss mountains but he has the fine clubs of the near-by cities, and the mansions of the fraternities and sororities.

Another thing; he claims the schools are not turning out future statesmen, scholars, diplomatists, inventors, business pioneers. After this statement I am sure the author does not know the modern American University. Who runs the schools now? What are the student council and senate for? It is true a president is at the head of the school, but let this man do something the students do not like, and watch the young people rise up, not as a mob, but in the form of a deliberating body. Let the author attend a meeting of the representative of the fraternities when there is an election in question, and he will see that there are quite a few diplomats and future statesmen present. Nothing surpasses school politics in keenness. As business people, why are small groups able to build fine houses that run up into the high thousands of dollars? Mr. Gummere is like other men of the older generation, — they hate to accept the coming youth of the nation who are making business *hot* for their elders.

J. SAWYER MCKENNEY.

Kansas City, Mo.

Canadian Candor

Canadian sensibilities were obviously offended by Don Seitz's pointed remarks in THE FORUM skirmish "Canada, U. S. A.?" Even the retort courteous by Arthur Hamilton Gibbs left the wounds still smarting. Canada evidently asks only the right to be allowed to live her own life.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I speak in defense of the Province of Quebec, described by Don Seitz as a petrified relic of Louis XIV, inhabited by unthinking mysterious French-Canadians, one vast saloon enriched with the plunder exacted from visiting drunkards and motorists.

The mystery of the French-Canadian to his English-speaking confreres is more a matter of tradition than actuality. The modern French-Canadian is far removed from the "habitant" of Drummond. He is very apt to speak English quite as well as his own language. He possesses an instinctive cordiality, which makes him a pleasing companion. It is not his fault, if the visitor, eager to purchase liquor and pleasure, finds him mysterious.

As to the liquor and tourist traffics, if strangers insist upon enriching the country, does it show any lack of business acumen to take their money and be thankful therefor?

Mr. Seitz overlooks entirely a source of revenue to Quebec, which promises to be of great importance. I refer to the electrical energy available. Every development of this nature pays tribute to the government of the province on the basis of its horsepower. From 330,000 H. P. in 1910 this has grown to approximately 1,300,000 H. P. at present. The developments at Isle Maligne and Chute à Caron, in the Lake St. John region, will shortly make available an additional 1,380,000 H. P.

At the present rate of development, the Province of Quebec, with a population of 3,000,000, will have available in 1930 electrical energy equal to one third of that possessed by the whole United States, with a population forty times as great.

And it is the policy of the Province to develop this energy for our own uses, rather than permit its export. Really,

with our wealth of water power, forests, mines, and citizens, I do not see that Quebec has much to worry over.

T. M. MORROW.

Westmount, Quebec.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the January number of your magazine, Mr. Seitz, in speaking of Quebec, makes several statements to which, as one of its citizens, I take exception. In calling Quebec a petrified relic of Louis XIV, I can only surmise that Mr. Seitz is trying to be facetious. Certainly for a petrified relic, Quebec is a most popular Mecca for Americans. Perhaps Mr. Seitz means to insinuate that Americans are attracted by such relics.

I might mention, before proceeding any further, that I have been a resident of Quebec for thirteen years. Until I married a British subject and automatically became one myself, I was an American citizen, my legal residence being the State of Colorado. I mention that fact to show that I am in a position to speak without partiality or prejudice.

As for Mr. Seitz's statement of Quebec being one vast saloon, try as I can, it is impossible for me, and I consider myself at least an average intelligent woman, to fathom his meaning. I cannot believe that Mr. Seitz has spent any length of time in Quebec. He cannot have made any personal observation of the rigid enforcement of the Liquor Law in Quebec. A statement such as that could only have been made from idle hearsay, and I consider it unfair to Quebec to allow it to go unchallenged.

Since the Government has assumed control of the sale of intoxicating liquors by the means of a Commission, I can honestly say that I have never seen an intoxicated man on the streets of the city. To begin with, any liquor bought in Quebec is pure. I cannot give offhand the statistics, but if Mr. Seitz were sufficiently interested (and if not, I would suggest that he interest himself) he might inquire into the statistics showing the increase in the consumption of light wines in Quebec since the Government assumed control. The light wines are reasonable in price and therefore are within reach of the poorer people and certainly they are

most innocuous. Perhaps Mr. Seitz's conception of a vast saloon and mine are not synonymous, but even barring that fact Quebec can hardly be called a vast saloon.

Canada has always shown her loyalty to the British Empire, and it is inconceivable that any thinking person can suggest that Canada entertains the slightest idea of ever wanting to become a part of the U. S. A.

Canada is a large prosperous country, growing more and more so, and while she is a part of the British Empire, she is independent. Why change her status?

Hui, tam cito ridiculum.

FRANCES KENNEDY RATTRAY.

Quebec.

Creeds

A poetical commentary on the current religious discussions:

It is the fashion now to scoff at Creeds,
To say they cramp the intellect of Man,
And bind him under petty fears and vain,
And blind him to the Universal Plan.

For Creeds (it is the fashion now to say)
Are fit for children only, or the weak,
Or those who dare not face the fact that Truth
But in the wells of Science we must seek.

And there are men who vaunt themselves because
They have cast off the shackles (so they say)
Of Creeds, and stand alone, and have no need
Of God, nor any Faith for which to pray.

"Ah! Look at us!" they cry, "Behold, and see!
We are not narrowed by your little Sects!
We are beyond all barriers of Faith,
And we have ceased to squabble over texts!

"Ah! Look at us!" they cry, "Behold and see!
Are we not virtuous? Is it not plain
That we alone are the Enlightened, and
That we alone pursue not our own gain?

"Ye of a Creed seek only (so they say)
Your own salvation, and a God Who will
Grant all your petty wishes in a place
Marked 'Paradise' upon a golden hill.

"Ye are but foolish children. Look at us!
Our minds are broad and open as the day!
We smile at Priests and prayers and ritual,
We know you are deluded when you pray . . . "

So speak the proud Unfettered — those who cast
Aside the law of love — who do not see
In Christ a God wounded for love of men,
In men, a spark of His divinity.

So speak to-day the proud Unfettered, and
In every age their voices have been heard —
Yea, in the crowd that stood on Calvary
Were those who spoke as these speak, word for word.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Roosevelt and the League

Only one of the many straightforward answers to George Henry Payne's article, "Mr. Lodge and Mr. Wilson," in the January issue.

Editor of THE FORUM:

There are two points on which history will, I fancy, profoundly differ with Mr. Payne's opinions, expressed in his recent article in THE FORUM. First, there is evidence that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was at times neither "courteous" nor truthful in talking about President Wilson, and secondly, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, up to the day of his death, favored not only a League of Nations, but also the League of Nations, which was the personal project of the Peace President. Lack of space compels me to discuss here only the second proposition.

From 1910 to 1919, the year of his death, Colonel Roosevelt, in a series of at least seven addresses and essays, defended first the League of Nations idea, and later the Wilson proposal for the League Covenant. His first utterance was his Nobel Peace Prize speech of 1910. His last, an editorial dictated three days before his death, appeared posthumously in the "Kansas City Star", January 13, 1919. The portions dealing with President Wilson's plan for the League (the Covenant had not yet been drawn) are quoted:

"We all of us earnestly desire such a League, only we wish to be sure that it will help and not hinder the cause of world peace and justice. There is not a young man in this country who has fought, or an old man who has seen those dear to him fight, who does not wish to minimize the chance of future war. But there is not a man of sense who does not know that in any such movement if too much is attempted the result is either failure or worse than failure. . . .

"Mr. Taft has recently defined the purposes of the League and the limitations under which it would act, in a way that enables most of us to say we very heartily agree in principle with his theory and can, without doubt, come to an agreement on specific details.

"Would it not be well to begin with the League which we actually have in existence, the League of the Allies who have

fought through this great war? Let us at the Peace table see that real justice is done as among these Allies, and that while the sternest reparation is demanded from our foes for such horrors as those committed in Belgium, northern France, Armenia, and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, nothing should be done in the spirit of mere vengeance. Then let us agree to extend the privileges of the League, as rapidly as their conduct warrants it, to other nations, doubtless discriminating between those who would have a guiding part in the League and the weak nations who would be entitled to the privileges of membership, but who would not be entitled to a guiding voice in the Councils." (The lines quoted up to this point are parts omitted by Senator Lodge, both in his famous debate with President Lowell of Harvard, and in his last book, *The Senate and the League of Nations*.) "Let each nation reserve to itself and for its own decision, and let it clearly set forth questions which are non-justiciable. . . .

"Finally make it perfectly clear that we do not intend to take a position of international Meddlesome Matty. The American people do not wish to go into an overseas war unless for a very great cause and where the issue is absolutely plain. Therefore, we do not wish to undertake the responsibility of sending our gallant young men to die in obscure fights in the Balkans or in Central Europe, or in a war we do not approve of. Moreover, the American people do not intend to give up the Monroe Doctrine. Let civilized Europe and Asia introduce some kind of police system in the weak and disorderly countries at their thresholds. But let the United States treat Mexico as our Balkan Peninsula and refuse to allow European or Asiatic Powers to interfere on this continent in any way that implies permanent or semi-permanent possession. . . .

"I believe that such an effort made moderately and sanely, but sincerely and with utter scorn for words that are not made good by deeds, will be productive of real and lasting international good." (A statement also omitted by Senator Lodge).

I give fully the pertinent portions of this last message of Colonel Roosevelt's, because so-called "scholars" and "his-

torians" have seen fit, by quoting it piecemeal, to change the meaning completely. The public has thus been widely misinformed. The reader can judge for himself whether or not the sense has been warped. It is doubtful whether history can show a more brazen perversion, in a matter of public importance, of the words of a dead friend!

HENRY R. CAREY.

Germantown, Pa.

A Variety of Comment

Editor of THE FORUM:

It seems to me that "Fox Folk" by Samuel Scoville, Jr., is the sort of paper which American magazines must love to publish. The feeling for the outdoors and for wild life often finds expression in such inaccuracy and emotionalism that the experience of a man who knows is something rare and welcome. It must make all the difference to a young person to be led to the outdoors and to wild things in this sober and scrupulous fashion. No extremes, no wordy admiration for the wrong things; no extravagant expressions of that which is not there. But instead something as grave and as humorous as nature herself. I wonder if Mr. Scoville does not write as entertainingly of human kind as he does of their brothers once removed.

ZONA GALE.

Portage, Wis.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Of no particular importance but — the missing name in the "Toast" to Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, on page VIII of the Illustrated Section in the December FORUM is Florian "Slappey", the hero of Octavus Roy Cohen's stories in the "Saturday Evening Post" expository of the colored aristocracy of Birmingham.

And then again on page 99 in the Scoville article on "Fox Folk" we are told of Frank "in the wood". This is high treason to the boys of the seventies and eighties who were fascinated by Frank "in the woods". Then again lese-majesty is committed against the worshippers of Fenimore Cooper when we are told on page 100 of "Hawkeys and

Chingachuck", when *The Deerslayer* and the *Last of the Mohicans* tell us so vividly of Hawkeye and Chingachgook.

And again on page 100 we read of Mayne Reed instead of Mayne Reid and I am of the recollection that Harry Castleman was spelled Harry Castlemon when juveniles read *Frank at Don Carlos Ranch* and *Frank Among the Rancheros*. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, — at least for those who write for youth. And at that I am afraid the proof-reader must have been a lady for any boy whose veins once carried red blood in rapid circulation would always remember the "spell" these authors, books, and characters once cast upon him.

CHARLES E. HOOD.

Portsmouth, Ohio.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read a short story entitled "Justice" by Louis Bromfield and published in the December FORUM.

This story relates the experience of the author while sitting on a jury in the Criminal Court. It is done so well and is altogether so idealistic, that I cannot refrain from writing you about it. It must be that Mr. Bromfield has been a juror. He has stated the psychology of jurors in a remarkable way.

This story should be read by people who think that courts administer justice, or that there is any way to get at justice by a human institution. Incidentally, it might have the effect of making readers somewhat more kindly to their fellow-men.

CLARENCE DARROW.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Good sir, may a chance reader take the privilege of commenting upon "What the Sailors Read" which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine? He came upon the article at a neighborhood newsstand and just as, since he left the sea some two years ago, he has avidly grabbed at such things as treat of its life that happen to come his way, he pounced upon Mrs. Greene's pages and read them from first to last. He has come, in his readings, upon very few things that show intimate knowl-

edge of the life that is written about. He has almost always, to find such knowledge, to return to Conrad or William McFee.

Well within her article Mrs. Greene speaks of a wiper, "one of those poor creatures, rather tattered, not even entitled to an A. B.'s uniform, who goes sloppily about with a bucket and cloth, miscellaneously wiping the duskier and less noticeable parts of a boat." While confessedly a much more maudlin description is conceivable, still am I impressed that the words employed drip somewhat with unfounded sentimentality. I knew many wipers quite well for, shipping as an ordinary seaman, I was one of the lowly and we naturally flocked together. "Poor creatures"? — they are hardly objects for pity. Most of them are youthful fellows who are acquiring a wealth of experience and a leavening sense of futility (it matters little how vague it may be) but with it the conviction that, withal, the world is a place worth getting the most out of. They are mostly of that fortunate type to whom clothes and like material possessions are really not much of anything.

We had a rather unusual crew on the *H—*. The son of a governor of one of our states, one man with a Bachelor of Arts degree, — who was studying for a Ph.D., a boy working for his Bachelor of Arts degree and bound on his way to a university in Greece to which he held a scholarship, a pre-medical student at a western university, and a man with five years in a mid-western college. Rather than terming them "above the average" I will say that they possessed a little more culture and literacy than is usually found in like-sized crews of ships. With but one exception each had a small library of books on board. Dumas, Ruskin, Kant, Hugo, Louis Hémon, Boccaccio, George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, were among the authors whose works they had. For two months there perched conveniently above my bunk a volume of Keats which I read repeatedly when not on watch. There were scientific works, astronomies, uranologies, volumes on calculus and higher mathematics, and, one might expect it, on navigation. One might have written most enthusiastically of the interest in literature on board the *H—*. But it would have meant hardly a thing.

Illustrated journals were popular. The men liked to look at pictures. The explanations below the pictures were "easy going",—and easily forgotten. They were not profound.

I should be false if I did not assert that occasionally writings of more value were indulged in. One or two somewhat enjoyed Dumas,—Dumas has plenty of action. Boccaccio was fairly popular,—for apparent reasons. *Maria Chapdelaine* didn't take at all,—it had no action. It was a psychological tale out of which they could not make much. One or two men did labor and puzzle over the science of navigation. Do I hint at the style of thing that was liked?

Somewhere Mrs. Greene states that "the men like stories of the sea". So far as our crew was concerned the statement is absolutely false. Not a single sea story was read by the men during the time that I knew them. That Conrad was shunned was natural,—Conrad has too much "depth". But even Sabatini's *Captain Blood*, which is alive with action, was spurned. I was quite interested in the rejection of sea tales. On inquiry the explanation received was that none of the authors knew anything about that of which they wrote. Certainly it is true that most authors of sea stories have little more acquaintance of that of which they write than may be gleaned from watching the ripples and splashes set up in a family bath tub. I shall not attack their failure to observe the principle of sincerity,—which involves a knowledge of that which is dealt with,—I am not now interested in technical reasons for their failures. I am only concerned with recording the fact that the sailors I knew wholly rejected tales of the sea because the authors did not record the life truthfully.

Do not believe that shortly the seas will be peopled with literati. Do not sink into too deep sentiment when you sight a far-off trail of smoke, and croon "Truly, knowledge possesses them all." And of all things, when you find your dream of floating studies rudely awakened do not give way to remorse. For sailors, my dears, have the experience of which your books are made.

W. PHILLIPS CAMPBELL.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Release to G. K.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Except on rare occasions, I contend that the best way to say a thing is with words, but the only thing I am able to get from Mr. Chesterton's article in the January FORUM is, that Catholicism is the only thing that thinks itself the only thing.

J. R. AFFLERBAUGH.

Billings, Mont.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have the greatest respect for G. K. and his modern philosophy that has gained for him the reputation it has. Admitting that, I should like to know, not why Mr. Chesterton is a Catholic, but why he is a Christian. If I knew why he is a Christian I might better appreciate why he is a Catholic.

Mr. Chesterton leads off with the assertion that he is a Catholic for ten thousand reasons all amounting to one reason: that Catholicism is true. Why, I ask, does he say that Catholicism is true when he can not possibly know if it is the truth or not?

I am sure that an article, or a series of articles, not necessarily by churchmen, Catholic or Protestant, or by scientists, but by some of our iconoclasts, on the subject of "Why Christianity?" would be of even greater interest to FORUM readers than a series of "Confessions of Faith".

Why not a God, omnipotent, one that is not bound round by any fence of Catholicism, Protestantism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or any other 'ism? Why should Mr. Chesterton as a Catholic, I as a Protestant, or some other ignorant or intellectual soul presume to dare believe that any one particular 'ism is best, not alone for himself but for the world?

Why wouldn't it be a fine thing if the FORUM never forgetting the existence of a Roman See, a Ku Klux Klan, a Fundamentalist, a Pragmatist, a Puritan, or a Pagan, would discuss a God, a one and only Allah, a Father that looks after a happy hunting ground, that is far and away above the prattle of even G. K.?

H. WARD SEWARD.

Utica, N. Y.

Fancies

No article in months has exposed the editors to such a sharp rain of arrows as has Dr. John Roach Straton's paper "The Fancies of the Evolutionists" in the February number. And many, many subscribers seem to be alarmed lest the FORUM is closing its doors to Science, forgetting that the policy of an "open forum" lets in both sides of controversy.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Reverend Dr. John Roach Straton's suggestion as to how he would dress up a museum exhibit of the Bible story of the Creation and the effect of the Bible religion on mankind, shows real inspiration. Evidently, space prevented him from giving more than a mere outline of the possibilities. May I mention just a few pictures and descriptions which he might add?

A picture of the burning of a witch, with the Bible command "Let no witch live."

A picture of the burning of Servetus, with the caption "For Jesus' sake, Amen."

A picture of the Cortez expedition converting the savages to Christianity.

Pictures of the Inquisitions, with samples of the torture wheels, racks, dungeons, etc., used in the work of saving souls for Jesus.

Pictures of the massacre of the Huguenots.

Pictures of the burning of books and the suppression of education.

A picture of Galileo, aged seventy, under threat of torture being compelled to kneel before his Christian judges and deny that the world moves. And still we merely scratch the surface of possibilities.

But what an opening there would be for the pens and brushes of inspired men!

JOHN INGRAHAM.

Fillmore, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I sometimes wonder if any layman really understands the workings of the clerical mind! Here is Dr. Straton, in his,—for the moment,—latest tirade against science, applying such terms as

"doctored to the last degree", "pictures of three of these imaginary men," "flimsy and tricky 'evidence'," to Professor McGregor's familiar busts of ancient men; although, to take a single case, the Crô-Magnon restoration is based on more than forty skeletons, with portions of a hundred others, checked up for details by the mural paintings, engravings on bone, and figurines in stone and ivory, in which Crô-Magnon man has represented himself or his womankind.

It is well to be critical, always. But this same Dr. Straton who raises such a row because the "Old Man of Crô-Magnon" appears in public with some false teeth, only two pages further along in the same article, demands that the Director of the American Museum of Natural History shall "roll all the showcases containing these gruesome (and no longer 'imaginary') bones to one side of the Hall," and display in their stead "a picture of Moses". One wonders on just what data this stickler for accuracy in other people proposed to base his own "reconstructions"!

Incidentally, there chances to be one little fact that I'm sure Dr. Straton will prefer to keep suppressed,—that's why I mention it. This particular "evolutionist fancy" actually starts with Buckland's "Red Lady of Wales", in 1823, the first of the Crô-Magnon finds. Now Buckland was both a clergyman and a Fundamentalist.

EDWIN TENNY BREWSTER.

Andover, Mass.

Catholicism in England

"I think you are quite correct in your prognostic of a landslide to Rome,—or a rush to the Rock. The only danger is that too many may come who are unprepared and undisciplined and we may have a dilution of the Catholic body, such as happened after the conversion of Constantine,—with the resulting Arian troubles that lasted for centuries. However, that is in the hands of God."

The striking statement quoted above is the comment of a high dignitary of the

Roman Catholic Church in England on a summary of the growth of his church in England, written for the FORUM by John G. Snead-Cox, veteran British journalist, for over thirty years editor of the London "Tablet".

One hundred years ago there numbered in England approximately 250,000 Catholics. In Great Britain to-day Catholic communicants are estimated at 2,500,000. The advance of Roman Catholicism in England is illustrative of the general renaissance of the Church of Rome throughout Europe, which the editor of the FORUM observed on a trip abroad from which he has just returned. The editor refuses to take sides. In Rome his contacts were largely with priests and cardinals and orthodox officials of the church. Several important religious articles resulting from this visit will be published in the FORUM during the coming year. On all sides he noted with astonishment not only the increase of converts, but the stirring renaissance in quiet and progressive scholarship. Mr. Snead-Cox's statement follows:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The disintegration of Protestantism has become suddenly visible. The slow processes of decay which have been going on for years have done their work, and now things are suddenly moving with a rush. What of the future? Of three external events which have helped to increase the number of Catholics in England, — the coming of the French clergy and nuns in 1792, the Irish Famine, and the Oxford Movement, — none is likely to recur; but the Future has others in store, — and one is in sight.

The Penal Laws nearly succeeded in

extirpating Catholicism in England. Edmund Burke in his famous speech in Bristol in 1780 said: "The Catholics of England are but a handful of people, enough to torment, but not enough to fear, perhaps not so many of both sexes and all ages as 50,000." The first Relief Act, which did little, had just been passed; the second, which did a great deal, followed in 1791; and from that time till the Emancipation Act of 1829 progress was slow, but continuous. In the absence of a religious census even approximate figures are difficult to arrive at. There are two sets of reports from the Vicars Apostolic to Rome bearing on the subject, — one in 1814, and the other in 1837. The former gives the Catholic population as 160,000, and the latter as 400,000. Perhaps the mean may be taken to represent the number of Catholics a hundred years ago, — approximately 250,000. The official *Catholic Directory* for 1926 estimates the Catholics of Great Britain to-day at 2,500,000. Admittedly this is only an estimate, though a very careful one, but representing as it does a tenfold increase in the hundred years it corresponds very closely to the increase in the number of priests for which these are official statistics:

Cardinal Wiseman reported that in 1830 there were 434 priests, while the new *Directory* tells us that they now number 4080.

JOHN G. SNEAD-COX.

London.

In the next Rostrum we will publish Mr. Snead-Cox's comment on Science and Religion as the problem appears to Roman Catholics in England.

OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.

Carl Sandburg's Lincoln

Carl Sandburg's *ABRAHAM LINCOLN* (Harcourt Brace, \$10.00, 2 vols.) is a prose epic of the same school that produced Vachel Lindsay's *Johnny Appleseed*. Crammed with facts, realistic in treatment, with a broad setting in the world-life of the early nineteenth century, it is bathed in the poetry of the prairies, a poem from end to end and one that leaves in the reader's mind an extraordinary impression of mystery, of the adventurous beauty that rose so often from the dark and chaotic background of the old West. Vachel Lindsay has caught that beauty again and again, and Carl Sandburg has caught it in a biography that is also a history of the period.

For Lincoln's life in this book rises out of a multitudinous world. We are aware not only of the throb of immigration, the hordes that were pouring westward, the dim, shifting movements of the pioneers, struggling to adjust themselves to a new country. By a hundred opportune touches, Mr. Sandburg gives us also a sense of the remote causes of these developments, in the life of the Old World, in the economic

facts that lay behind them. Especially we feel the growing menace of slavery, with the rise of the importance of cotton, the decline, as people's minds became more and more obsessed with fears for the Union, of any living sense of the human principles that gave the Union its meaning. And in Lincoln himself we see, as never so clearly before, the man in whom, alone among politicians, the idea of the Revolution, the original passion for freedom, had survived in an age of merely political interests. "There were times," says Mr. Sandburg, "when Abraham Lincoln himself seemed to be a sort of ghost standing on a platform in broad daylight before thousands of people solemnly unwrapping the sheets about their own laws and murmuring of forgotten oaths and wasted sacrifices. He knew what the people really desired better than they knew it themselves, and this explained the strange power that raised him over the heads of so many adroit politicians and sent him to the White House.

It is Mr. Sandburg's great achievement to have taken Lincoln out of the region of myth, to have presented him in the clearest daylight, while adding to our feeling

of the mystery of his personality. He gives a long and full account of Lincoln's life as a lawyer, the countless cases in which he was involved. One of them concerned a "scrub male hog", and his client, in the end, lost three dollars. Nothing was too small for Lincoln, for he was much more interested in the study of human nature than in making money by law, and it was through these professional contacts, big and little, that he gained his astonishing knowledge of the complexity of human motives. We see him in a thousand connections, for Mr. Sandburg has neglected no scrap of evidence: as the fable-maker, as the man who picked up a fallen chickadee and restored it to its nest, as the reader of Whitman's poems, as the railroad lawyer. We see him in the great debates with Douglas, drawn to the field by six white horses, amid fluttering flags and bunting, while twenty thousand people listened in the wind. We see him at last in the Chenery House at Springfield, roping his own trunks and writing on the labels: "A. Lincoln, The White House, Washington, D. C." And still the mystery remains.

It resided, of course, in Lincoln's depth of feeling, and nothing could be more impressive than Mr. Sandburg's presentation of some of the strange moments when this was revealed. One remembers, for instance, the moment when Lois Newhall, the singer, asked Lincoln to sing a song and he brought the joking and teasing to an end by offering to repeat some stanzas of a poem of which he was particularly fond: "Then he stepped to the doorway leading from the hotel parlor to the stairway; he seemed too tall to stand in the doorframe, and he leaned against the casing, half closed his eyes, and brought out from the attic of his heart the quaint, faded poem, 'Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud.?' . . . Lois told her sister afterward that it was all she could do to keep back the tears as that long shadowy riddle of a man wandered through the sorrowful lines." Most beautiful too is the account of the death of Ann Rutledge: "A week after the burial, Bill Green found him rambling in the woods along the Sangamon River, mumbling sentences Bill couldn't make out. They watched him and tried to keep him safe among friends at New Salem. And he rambled darkly and idly past

their circle to the burying-ground seven miles away, where he lay with an arm across the one grave. . . . In the evenings it was useless to try to talk with him. They asked their questions and then had to go away. He sat by the fire one night as the flames licked up the cordwood and swept up the chimney to pass out into a driving storm-wind. The blowing weather woke some sort of lights in him and he went to the door and looked out into a night of fierce tumbling wind and black horizons. And he came back saying, 'I can't bear to think of her out there alone.' And he clenched his hands, mumbling, 'The rain and the storm shan't beat on her grave.'"

There are many subsidiary portraits in the book, most of them boldly and vividly drawn. Stephen A. Douglas, for instance, "blue-eyed, magnetic, chin drawn in, with a lionlike head, pivoting, elusive . . . his head with its big shock of a black pompadour swept back in curly waves, and his deep bass voice dramatically calling for an ocean-to-ocean American republic." There is "Billy" Herndon too, a pathetic, appealing figure, who "couldn't organize himself", with his transcendental feeling for man and nature, at home in the fields with "the wild asters trembling on wiry stems, the shrubby acacia filled with yellow blooms, the blue and purple Johnny, the May apple, the wild pansy, the scarlet honeysuckle, the fiery Indian pink." A poet and philosopher, Herndon, "torn and burned with questions and hankerings neither the fields nor the books would satisfy" — nor the whisky either. We see him watching Lincoln, aware as no one else of the depth of the man, with the realistic eye that was going to make him such a capital rustic Boswell: "Lincoln's flesh is coarse, hard, harsh; color of his flesh saffron brown; no blood seemingly in it; flesh wrinkled. His eyes are small and gray; head small and forehead receding. Beneath his rough bodily exterior Nature weaves her fine network of nerves."

Through these two long volumes the story never flags. Mr. Sandburg's vitality has carried through even the bare details of Lincoln's cases at law the strongest current of interest. The movement is never swift and never becomes dramatic, but the flow is never broken: it is like

the flow of some great river, the Mississippi, for instance, twisting and turning, exploring countless bays, fed by countless rivulets, and keeping a steady course to the end. But the first volume, the story of Lincoln's youth, is the richest in Mr. Sandburg's peculiar poetry. We feel the prairie there, the land and the man that sprang from it, more keenly than we feel it in Lincoln's political life. The Biblical starkness of the old pioneers, the wild flowers in the springtime, the songs and the wonder of the wilderness, the log-cabins and the rustling corn and the Indians, the quiltings and the shucking-bees make a poem that no reader can forget. The life of Lincoln can be told in many ways; and two existing biographies, — Nicolay and Hay's for its documents and Lord Charnwood's for its political understanding, — will always remain indispensable. But Carl Sandburg's book seems destined to a classical place in our literature. Homely, wise, informed, beautifully felt, it will appeal to many generations of American readers.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

A Tragic Snob

The kind of reader that does not like a novel unless the hero of it is the kind of person that a lady or a gentleman can like, may as well not begin *AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY* (Boni & Liveright, 2 vols., \$5.00) by Theodore Dreiser. Perhaps the bulk of the book, in any case, would warn that kind of reader away. The story is as broad and solid as a railway station; it is nearly as crowded with people moving in this direction and that. Yet even that kind of reader, touchy as he is, is sometimes not without audacity, and he might blunder into this story, and might see that the movements of its population have a large logic which is not mere accident. But once he had blundered far enough to grow acquainted with the chief character, Clyde Griffiths, that reader would be certain to disapprove. Clyde is, to put it emphatically, a sneak, a coward, a seducer, and a murderer. Above all, he is a snob, meanly admiring such mean things as the brassy splendors of a Kansas City hotel and the provincial luxuries of Lycurgus, New York, admiring them to such an extent that for the sake of indulging in

them he leaves his sister in poverty and disgrace and lets his mistress drown. What lady or gentleman could like such a person as Clyde Griffiths or want to know more of him than the unpleasant fact that possibly he exists?

Nevertheless, whoever fails to read *An American Tragedy* will have missed one of the great experiences open to readers of this generation. Whoever reads it will find that the book is bulky for the simple reason that the story is too huge and ominous to be cut down to a more dramatic length. Whoever reads it, moreover, will find out that the inept horrors of Mr. Dreiser's style look relatively unimportant beside the magnitude of his theme. For the theme has that appearance, perhaps that illusion, of magnitude which only Mr. Dreiser among contemporary American novelists is able to impart to the record of a shabby life. Indeed, he gives no sign of having paused to consider whether Clyde Griffith's life is shabby or not, or whether such consideration greatly matters. He seems to have got the suggestion for his novel from an actual murder, committed a few years ago by a youth who in order to marry a wealthy girl made away with a poor one who was pressing him to marry her because he had got her with child. In these circumstances, as ugly as could be imagined, Mr. Dreiser did not see grounds merely for killing the murderer. He wanted to discover how such things could have come about. All men, he knew, rationalize their behavior in some fashion. He set out to trace the rationalizations, and the deeds and impulses which gave rise to the rationalizations, of the criminal, backward along the line of conduct which had one end in a foul act but which must have had another end in childish innocence.

Then Mr. Dreiser, when he had found a beginning, followed the story of his hero, no longer the particular criminal of his first suggestion, from his pinched boyhood to the electric chair, always explaining, never condemning. His boundless charity never wavers, nor can the pity of his reader ever rest. Herein lies the greatness of the reader's experience. To know all is to pardon all, of course. Thousands of glib tongues have agreed with the neat saying. But *An American Tragedy* is that neat saying made flesh

and blood. To have read the book is to have lived so closely with an evil-doer, and to have understood him so thoroughly, that evil-doing has ceased to be the clear-cut thing which it is often so easy to condemn and punish. To have read the book is to have been shaken by the mysteries of evil and the quandaries of justice.

Doubtless a charity so boundless, if many people had it, would dislocate all the contrivances of criminal law. The law will as a rule shoot first and leave to other-minded men to inquire afterwards. Yet Mr. Dreiser does not lose himself in sympathy solely for the murderer. He broods no less over the victims of Clyde's conduct, his mother and his sweetheart. They are all victims. Nowhere in the book is there one of those sure-footed personages, such as Mr. Dreiser has often chosen hitherto to write about, who advance upon their destinies at the instigation of a single ruling passion. What destroys Clyde Griffiths is the fact that in him are two ruling passions, which, to use the terms of an earlier critic of Mr. Dreiser, are the will to wealth and the will to love. The will to love drives Clyde to Roberta Alden; the will to wealth drives him to Sondra Finchley. Neither impulse is strong enough to dominate him. His will to love is a brief desire, satisfied with a few kisses and incapable of rousing in him the sturdy instincts of protection and loyalty. His will to wealth, too vague and diffuse to urge him to win a fortune by his own efforts, urges him to an advantageous marriage, not that he may possess a desired woman but that he may achieve a brilliant symbol of prosperity.

When the clash comes, he can give up neither woman for the other. A more powerful lover would have clung to Roberta and have counted Lycurgus, at least for the moment, well lost. A more powerful man of action would have lived Roberta down and have won Sondra, or some equivalent symbol, in time. But Clyde is without any element of greatness or decision. His two ruling passions become entangled. The meaner of them outlasts the other. The snob in him defeats the lover. It is now, however, too late for him, hemmed in and vacillating as he is, to go on. He stumbles, and the law takes him. Then comes the long torture of his

trial and execution. When his life has ended, everything about him that can be made known has been made known.

The completeness of the record, given without apology, is what dignifies it. And this is the point with which every commentator upon Mr. Dreiser must conclude. He has been accused of carrying his formulas too far, of interpreting human life too brutally, and therefore not truthfully enough. Even if this were more debatable in connection with some of his previous novels, it is not so with *An American Tragedy*; it is as impartial as any story can be which has a beginning and an end. It does something which has hardly been done before in fiction. It lets such a light of comprehension in upon the character of a fellow-being that in that light even a pitiful snob becomes tragic.

IRITA VAN DOREN.

Rebel Saints

Cayenne pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar, and caviar have ejected beefsteak and potatoes in the menu of biographers who owe their schooling to Lytton Strachey. Mary Agnes Best is equally unsparing in the dressing down of her characters, and yet she leaves us not with another set of dissected corpses but with a new and better hierarchy of heroes each adorned by a halo of warm human virtues. Her *REBEL SAINTS* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00) is a martyrology of the Quakers. The lives of George Fox and the Lady of Swarthmore, of William Penn and the four Quakers who had themselves hanged so debonairly on Boston Common thrill us not with an odor of sanctity but a very frank brotherly admiration for these literal disciples of the Sermon on the Mount.

These laurels pinned on the Quaker are all very fine for the public at large, but will they prove unfortunate for the Quaker himself? The Quaker confession was bred in an atmosphere of persecution and contempt. How can he perpetuate his order if there are to be no more rebel saints? In the last war our Government refused even to imprison Quakers. What is to be the future of a member of the Society of Friends in America? Obviously he will not add to the military glories and territorial acquisitions of the mighty American

Empire that is being acclaimed by some of our admirals and iconoclasts. The martial roll of the drums will thrill his soul no more in the future than they have in the past. It is equally obvious that he will add in larger measure than any save the Mormon and the Jew to our material riches. He cannot help himself. For all his virtues, his thrift, his simple living, his directness and contempt of sham and circuitous routes, his elimination of anger and other forms of waste, all lay up for him, in spite of his indifference to them, treasures on earth as well as treasures in heaven. He will of course make amends by converting these treasures into institutions for the health of the body and the soundness of the mind, institutions where moth and rust do not corrupt. But this will not prove enough; to live, the Quaker must also rebel. Perhaps we can trust him, after all, to develop his own new technique of rebellion. Wherever there is vainglory abroad in the land, or sham, or intolerance, we can always rely upon the Quaker to snub it in his own quiet way.

H. G. L.

The Nation Within the Nations

Why is the Jew Jewish? Many answers have been given, all of them inadequate. As Mr. Stoddard pointed out in "The Pedigree of Judah" in the March FORUM the Jew is a selected mixture of several diverse racial ingredients. Thus his Jewishness is not racial. Neither is it religious, — for to-day there are many non-orthodox Jews, many Jewish Unitarians, Christian Scientists, Ethical Culturists, who are nevertheless unquestionably Jews. Nor can it be maintained that the Jew has evolved a wholly unique culture; he has contributed largely to the culture of nearly every western nation, but in the language and spirit of each nation. Neither race, religion, nor culture, — what then is Jewry?

In his remarkable book *ISRAEL* (Boni & Liveright, \$3.00), Ludwig Lewisohn tellingly demonstrates the real nature of the Jew's Jewishness. Israel is a nation. Because the Jewish nation lacks the usual outward manifestations of nationality, — a delimited portion of the earth's soil, sovereignty, government, courts, and

armies, — we have failed to recognize it as such. But the essence of nationality is theirs, — indestructible cohesion of the component human mass, consciousness of their uniqueness, even in the face of death and worse than death. Perhaps not the least of our debt to Mr. Lewisohn is that he has made it possible, at last, for us adequately to define that most indefinable factor in our existing civilization. The chief cause of modern anti-Semitism springs from this nationalism of the Jews. Wherever he exists in sufficient numbers, the Jew creates a nation within the nation, something which no state will indefinitely tolerate.

Mr. Lewisohn would have us believe that what is wrong with the gentile world is not nationalism, but nationalism based upon force; Jewish nationalism is a superior brand because it is based upon non-resistance. Mr. Lewisohn is putting the cart before the horse. Force is, and is the court of last resort, because there exist sovereign, irresponsible entities which give force significance. Force is not a fact, it is merely a manifestation of irresponsible will and energy derived, in the present case, from the idea and fact of nationalism. Mr. Lewisohn says it is the world-mission of Jewry to give up vain attempts at assimilation, and by pacifistic nationalism to set an example to mankind which shall eradicate the fetish of force. It is a beautiful dream. Mr. Lewisohn attributes his own higher idealism to the average of his people and he ignores the biological and psychological foundations of human nature. What would the Jews be like if their nation had a country, the seat of a potentially powerful state? Would they continue pacifistic in a world of organized force? I fear I am skeptical. If the Jews are pacifistic, it is because with them, — too sparsely scattered and unorganized politically to exert force, — pacifism has acquired a survival value. The Jew has been selected for pacifism. But in the veins of the Eastern Jews, who are the majority of Jewry to-day, flows the blood of highly militaristic Tartars, Turkomans, and other Mongoloid elements. Let the biological *raison d'être* for the Jew's pacifism disappear, and his pacifism would vanish. Mr. Lewisohn makes the common mistake of attributing conscious and purposeful motives to a whole people.

The Jews, like every other people, are what they are because of the conditioning of their biological past.

Mr. Lewisohn has come very close to stating the central problem of existing civilization, but in his preoccupation with his vision of Israel, the redeeming nation, he has missed it. Western civilization cannot be redeemed by any nation, it can only be redeemed by the concentrated efforts of that cultural élite whose civilization transcends nationality, — the philosophers, artists, and scientists who labor, not for Jewry, not for England, Germany, France, or America, but actually for themselves and in effect for mankind.

But Mr. Lewisohn is right when he says that primitive Christianity is Jewish and that it has never converted the Gentiles. Western civilization has its roots in paganism. Catholicism is a Mediterranean paganism admirably adapted to the spiritual needs and racial psychology of Mediterranean peoples. Evangelical Protestantism, on the other hand, is Jewish; and it is not attuned to the pagan culture of the Nordic. It wars with that culture and, to the degree that it triumphs, it leaves the Nordic bereft of all culture. And that perhaps is the best explanation of the Ku Klux Klan Jew-baiting, and all the other manifestations of an unculture that stultifies our efforts to be civilized.

Another book that should be read by every one interested in the problem of Anti-Semitism or in the Jews themselves is *STRANGER THAN FICTION* by Lewis Browne (Macmillan, \$2.50). If I devote less space to Rabbi Browne's admirably clear and swiftly moving history of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present, it is not because I consider it less important, but merely less controversial. In many respects it is the greater book. It has an epic simplicity which achieves deeper emotional results than the sometimes too highly decorated prose of Mr. Lewisohn. Not even Renan has drawn so poignant a portrait of the Man of Galilee as Rabbi Browne in the beautiful chapter entitled "Joshua of Nazareth".

A. W. P.

Disraeli and Gladstone

Lord Bolingbroke in his letters *Of the Study of History* gives warning equally

against those writers who "grope in the dark" and those who "wander in the light". Mr. Somervell frankly admits the embarrassment of a great flood of light upon his subject *DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE* (Doran, \$3.50). Two thousand pages by John Morley on Gladstone, three thousand pages by Messrs. Monypenny and Buckle on Disraeli are but the twin capitals to a whole realm of memoirs, articles, diaries, anecdotes, and correspondence which must be explored by the intending biographer. "A sketch such as the present," writes Mr. Somervell, "can only proceed by a system of wholesale discarding." Yet it is precisely in the adoption of such a system that his book loses the value which it might have had. The reader is troubled by that same incomplete belief which disturbs him when, in a publisher's advertisement, he scans a list of excerpts from leading reviews. The principle of discard is not one which makes for confidence.

It is absurd when any one, taking high moral or aesthetic ground on the function of history, would rule out all forms of compilation. There is room and demand in the community of historians for the delicatessen in anecdotes and the hardware dealer in statistics. But when it is a question of presenting an epoch or accounting for a change, then the various departments of history must contribute to a single work. But if the single work is to be answerable to any project for instruction or mere amusement, the selection of material must be guided by some coördinating principle. This principle is usually and most conveniently satisfied with the romantic device of a hero. Now for the purposes of history the hero need not always be a man. The hero may be the Law of Civilization and Decay, as in Brooks Adams' work of that name, or the Necessity of Monarchy, as in Bainville's recent *Histoire de France*. But the hero is always the unifying principle, whether the aim of the history be hedonistic, moral, or scientific (for are not theories the heroes of science?); the hero is the compass which guards the author from wandering in the light.

Mr. Somervell has written what he calls a "duo-biographical sketch". He has not dallied with the recently heralded methods of "psychography", but rather

has drawn his materials from legitimate history. Yet he is in difficulties for a theme. Obviously he cannot, for two such protagonists, make an equal demand upon personal admiration of the warmer sort; for admiration of the one character would obscure appreciation of the other, and even before an age in which vitality is a fetish he could scarcely make the terrific energy of both men, about their only common quality, his continual subject of appeal. He might have taken some harmonizing scheme such as the commercial prosperity of England under the guidance of a Scot and a Jew. He might have achieved unity by antithesis: parallel careers and opposed characters: preacher versus poet; prig versus poseur; the fighting Gladstone a pacifist, the Oriental Disraeli an imperialist; the consistent opportunist and the wavering man of principle, — and so on through a category worthy of a speech from the one or a novel from the other. This method Mr. Somervell does indeed use, and with great skill and discernment; but suddenly the reader is interrupted by an account of elections or divisions, and for pages the author wanders in the dim light of parliamentary debate. The contrasts, scattered or blurred, lose their cumulative force. The book is not built upon them; they but loosely tie it together. Time seems to be the principal motive power, with here and there a hurried breathing space during which one gets a partial idea of what it is all about. The reading becomes curiously like following a football game by radio, with Gladstone and Disraeli as the rival fullbacks. We hear about them, we know exactly the number of yards they have gained, but they remain distant and invisible. The experience is interesting but not satisfactory; an artist, not a chronicler, could make it complete. One is forced to conclude that in the realm of historians a novelist will be king, — with a journalist, no doubt, for his prime minister.

R. K. WOOD.

Catherine as Lover

Modern psychology has exposed somewhat the Don Juan type of lover. His prototype, the busy philanderer of many amours, can no longer herald his exploits

without fear of a searching challenge. Instead of being a great lover he is more likely to be a poor one. He may learn something about sex in love but he probably fails at love. His inability to make a satisfactory love union with one woman is likely to force him on his search among great numbers of women. The test of a great lover is the ability to give all to one union. The mark of an inadequate lover is to give a little to several. To explore one book thoroughly is probably worth more than to explore several books slightly.

NOW CATHERINE THE GREAT of Russia, — whose life by Katharine Anthony is just out, (Knopf, \$4.00) was reputed to be a great lover because she had many lovers. Incidentally Russian legend had it that she had three hundred, which is some indication of popular belief that numbers of anything are synonymous with greatness, — dollars, gems, houses, girls, what not. As a matter of fact, she had only twelve and a husband who was no lover. She did put her back and shoulders into the search for love. It seems to be Miss Anthony's conviction, — it is mine, — that she never found it. Instead she made thirteen inadequate unions. That is all.

Catherine the Great is the feminine Don Juan in numbers only. No mystical worship of the male as God. No esoteric adoration accompanied her hunts. It was a plain business of looking and hoping for a permanent mate, some one with whom to share ideas as well as delights. She never found such an one. And as with all persons great or obscure who do not find love, something within the seeker gets in the way. Things got in Catherine's way which even the power of the Empress of all the Russias could not demolish. They were more difficult to direct and control than her empire.

The chief difficulty came from the unfinished emotional business of daughter and father which continued to smite her in later contacts with other men.

At eight she was snatched from the side of the father whom she adored, to begin the matrimonial hunt conducted by her mother. From eight to fourteen she saw little of her father. At fourteen she journeyed from Stettin to Russia, never to return to Germany. She never saw her father again.

At fifteen she was married to the first man she was to know, the specially selected Grand Duke Peter. Peter was impotent.

Thrones must have heirs. After nine years with Peter Catherine was prevailed upon to take a lover who should father an heir. At twenty-five she bore Paul by her first lover, Saltikov. Incidentally, this did Peter in.

Her nine years with Peter had not helped her to obscure the image of her distant father. They had left her scared and probably with an inflated idea of the importance of sexual love. At any rate from Peter on she took no chances. The virility of the lovers was elaborately predetermined. Love is a serious business and I, for one, am not offended by her precautions. The trouble is, she did not get love. She got only sex.

This was evidently all she was able to extract from a union. Here the father image enters indisputably. The lovers were invariably tall, handsome, kindly, uniformed, and in every way were patterns of her distant and later deceased German father. They were undistinguished. They were subordinates. They were concubines. In return for youth and vitality Catherine gave everything, — new distinctions, gifts, money, houses. She lavished her favors as does a fond parent. In fact, she became parent to them. She alternated as mother and child, which two positions are practically identical when a woman puts herself in the position of authority over the man or vice versa. Catherine was the chief. But she did call Potiomkin "papa" and he did call her "little mother".

The real love relationship should be one without authoritarian aspects. Not one of Catherine's relationships was free from authority. The relationship of authority is the parent relationship. Catherine was baffled to the end in her attempts to make a family group. She never succeeded.

Proof of her valiant effort to crash through to man is seen in her continuing correspondence with men. From fifteen to sixty-two she addressed herself to men. At fifteen the sketch of her adolescent self was addressed to Count Gyllemborg. In middle life her letters went, — in addition to her lovers, — to Grimm, Diderot,

Voltaire, and Frederick the Great. At sixty-two she addressed herself to Senac de Meilhan. Intellectual communion went to some. Sex communion went to others. In so far as she failed to integrate the two, lies the pity of her life, — perhaps of most lives.

That her attitude toward love remained infantile and immature to the end is shown by the sense of moral guilt she attached to her amours. At sixty she wrote down love as a temptation to sin. This is further confirmation that the father image got in her way. Had she once found love she would not have catalogued it as guilty or shameful. She would have defended it as ennobling. "The trouble is," she wrote, "that my heart would not willingly be one hour without love." She need not have apologized for this human need. To want love and plenty of it is nothing for which one apologizes. To want it that much is something to cheer about.

Catherine's appeal as empress is to a small world. That she was a human being, — a lonely woman, — who wanted and needed love and never found it makes her appeal universal.

I cannot let pass without remark that it interests me about Katharine Anthony, the author, that she has written of two women who found emotional releases in foreign countries. Margaret Fuller, the American, found release in Italy. Catherine, the German, found it in Russia. Although Catherine is superbly done, Margaret Fuller will attract more followers to her. We identify ourselves more easily with an American rebel than with a Russian empress.

DORIS STEVENS.

A Lady to be Admired

The addition of another to the several collections of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters that already exist may serve to direct attention anew to a correspondence that is remarkable for the trenchancy of its wit and the liveliness of its observations. Mr. Lewis Melville has selected from Lady Mary's large number of epistles such of the letters as display her character, the temper of her mind, and her occupations and interests, and binding them together with a biographical chronicle of his own, has furnished

a fairly comprehensive record of her life (MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00). His own narrative lacks almost entirely the animation of her writing, and has little of the thrust of her portrayal, but it supplies an illuminating commentary on a life, and letters that touched upon many activities of their day.

Pope, who before he was done with her had showered abuse on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu no less excessive than the adulation he had earlier lavished upon her, wrote to her in 1716: "What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you to have conversed with you! They would have been strangely caught, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue. . . ."

Reason Lady Mary certainly had, — no one reading these letters could doubt either the power or the prudence of her intellect; virtue, the malicious gossip of her contemporaries or the contrary notwithstanding, she seems on the whole to have maintained, and beauty, at least in youth, was generally conceded to her. She appears to have combined a degree of erudition rare in the women of her day with vivacious spirits, keen interest in and insight into the men and affairs about her, and sufficient love of the gay world to temper her more serious personalities. Indeed, she was not above flirting, and even during the period of her engagement was at some pains to allay the jealousy of her future husband. Later she carried on an ardent correspondence with Pope whose histrionic fervor her common sense took at its proper value; even in old age she was not beyond arousing the ugly suspicions of Horace Walpole. Still, Lady Mary, as revealed in these letters, walked the path of propriety, hotly resenting any imputations of ill-behavior, though nothing slow herself in speaking ill of others. She had a mordant wit and no hesitation in using it for the discomfiture of her enemies or the enlivenment of her narrative; she liked gossip and minded not a whit if it was malicious. Indeed she was rarely good-natured. To a lively power of observation and quick turn of expression she added an ironical insight which

coupled with great frankness of speech made her a formidable commentator. Her letters are ever and again ruthless.

It is, of course, for the introduction of inoculation into England as much as for her abilities as a letter writer that Lady Mary has lived in history. "I am patriot enough," she wrote, "to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England," and, she added in characteristically caustic vein, "I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew anyone of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind." She had the courage of her convictions and had her infant son inoculated, a proceeding which not only secured him against small-pox but which served as a useful means of identifying him when at the early age of six he gave evidence of his wayward propensities by running away. But she did more than her doubt of physicians portended; she made propaganda among them until she had succeeded in having inoculation introduced into her country. Even Walpole, the most savage of her critics, after her death for this act pronounced her to one of her detractors a "universal benefactress."

The lively interest she displayed in youth in medicine, in education, in reading, she retained through a long life. And to the end she retained her vanity. It was Walpole again who in the year before her death wrote of her: "Her face changed less in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed to have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater." But she evidently retained her power to attract, for he added, "With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world who go to homage her as Queen-Mother and crams them into this kennel."

A brilliant woman, if one rather to be admired than loved.

AMY LOVEMAN.



From a drawing by Johan Bull

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

*Who believes that Americans are suffering from a fear complex
that needs immediate treatment*

See page 734



From a drawing by Johan Bull

JAMES FISK, JR.

*"The Prince of Erie", whose exploits in collaboration with Jay
Gould constitute a lurid chapter in American finance*

See page 738



From a drawing by Johan Bull

J. B. S. HALDANE

*Who sums up the relative scientific achievements of the
various nations*

See page 718

*Illustrated
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From a drawing by Harold Sichel

"Now, before the first adventure should begin, he too would keep short vigil, telling the bright company above the trees that he too would honor the Word and prove faithful to the Name"

— HIGH SILVER